

April :: Ten Cents

Chatelaine



Four Short Stories
and a Detective Novel

by Christine Jope-Slade
Martha Banning Thomas
Beatrice Furniss
Carol Brown
Maude Radford Warren

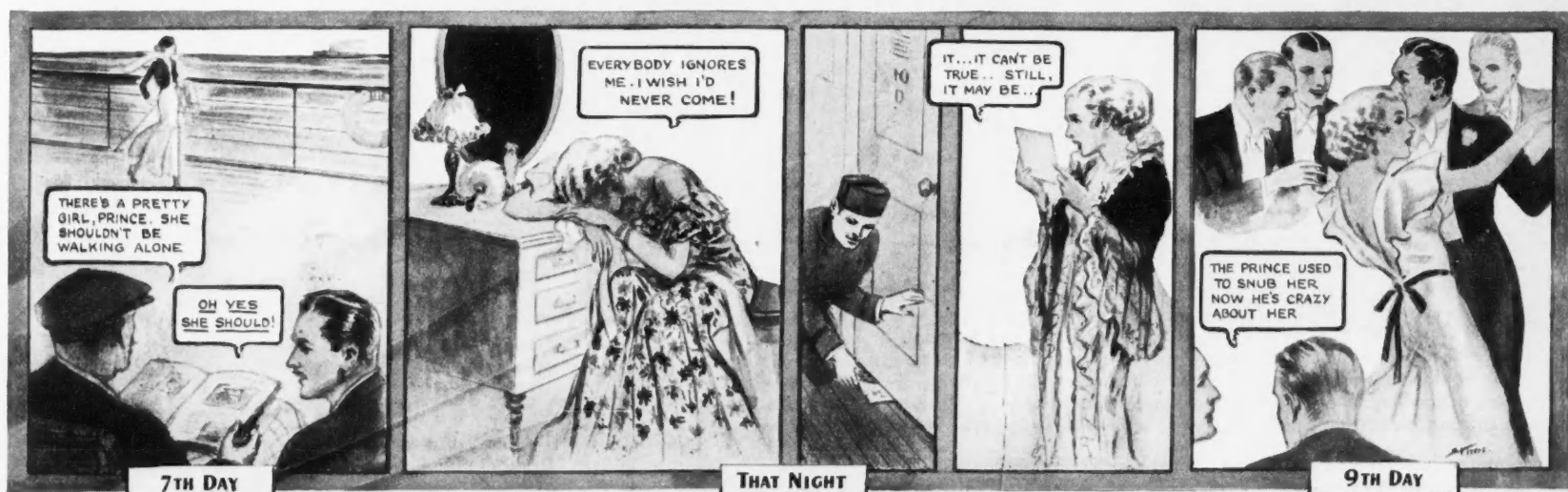
Spring Styles

as the Screen stars wear them

Patty Gets her Prince



Around the world . . . what an opportunity for a young girl . . . how thoughtful Uncle Bob had been. To Patty it was a very timely blessing; she was run down and weary. Once the very life of every party, she had in the last three months gone almost nowhere. It was beginning to worry her.



TWO WEEKS LATER

"YES, I SENT THAT NOTE MYSELF... AND AM I GLAD? WE'LL BE MARRIED IN CAIRO AND GO UP THE NILE IN MY YACHT."

"YOU DARLING!"

Are you careful about your breath?

Nice people, intelligent people, realize that halitosis (unpleasant breath) is likely to visit anyone. One authority says that 90% of cases of bad breath are due to the fermentation of tiny food particles skipped by the tooth brush.

The insidious thing about halitosis is that you yourself never know when you have it—and your best friends won't tell you.

But why run the risk at all? Why not use Listerine every morning and every night and between times before meeting others? Listerine instantly halts fermentation and overcomes the odors fermentation causes; deodorizes hours longer than ordinary mouth washes. Lambert Pharmacal Co., Toronto, Ont.

Listerine checks Halitosis { Unpleasant Breath }

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...so smart, so modern, so reasonably priced. Dominion Inlaid Linoleum is available in Embossed, Marble Tile, Monotile, Straight Line, Moulded and other distinguished effects. Our 300 designs and colour treatments are included in this season's showing, now featured by departmental and house furnishing stores everywhere. Below are shown Design No. 8804, a dignified Embossed Inlaid, and Design No. 7098, a very effective design in Moulded Linoleum.

Design shown on living room floor is No. 7315

Let Your Floors Herald Better Times

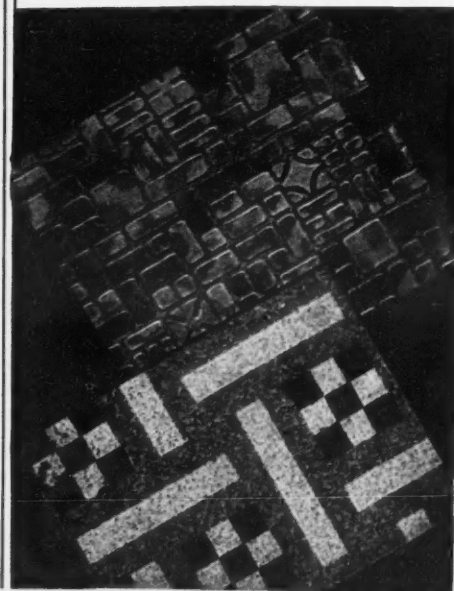
With that elusive "corner" definitely turned, rooms that for a long while simply had to do, will do no longer. They must have new floors to start with: other refurnishing follows, naturally, but the floor gives the cue.

Dominion Inlaid Linoleum at once suggests itself. Its beauty was never

more striking. Its value never greater. It transforms run-down rooms at comparatively little cost.

The living room tile floor pictured above is typical of its magic. Equally happy results may be readily achieved in any room. Let YOUR floors herald better times.

DOMINION OILCLOTH & LINOLEUM CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL



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Soft Foods

every meal of the day, every day of our lives
—no wonder we have "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

STOP to think a moment of the foods you eat in the course of a day and you will realize how little work your gums are ever called upon to do.

For, all your foods are soft, creamy, foods that give precious little exercise to your gums—too little stimulation to keep them from becoming lazy and eventually tender. So it has been since you were very young. So it continues through each day of your life.

The first sign of what this lack of exercise does to the gums is a tiny trace of "pink" you notice on your tooth brush. Then—that "pink" becomes more and more frequent.

You should know that "pink tooth brush" is often the forerunner of serious gum troubles such as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and even pyorrhea. Neglected, it

may endanger the soundest teeth you have. Fortunately, however, "pink tooth brush" can be checked — by the simple expedient so many dentists recommend. Daily massage of the gums with Ipana Tooth Paste.

From now on, clean your teeth twice daily with Ipana. Then each time massage a little extra Ipana into your flabby gums. The ziratol in Ipana, with the massage, stimulates the gums, strengthens them, brings back their healthy hardness.

You'll like Ipana — the way it cleans your teeth and beautifies them. You'll be pleased with the progress your gums make within the month. They'll be firmer, more vigorous. Continue with Ipana and massage, and your teeth will sparkle — and you will never need to fear "pink tooth brush."



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Chatelaine

"Mistress of her Castle"

This magazine is equipped to serve the chatelaines of Canada with authoritative information on housekeeping, child care, beauty and fashions, and with entertaining fiction and articles of national interest.

TORONTO, ONTARIO



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An Open Letter

to the

Hon. Joseph Francoeur

Minister of Public Works and Labor, Quebec

by Mrs. Owen Rede Campbell

Dear Mr. Francoeur:

The newspapers of Canada recently noted the fact that for a second time you attempted to have restrictions placed by Parliament on the employment of women in trade and industry as a means of alleviating unemployment.

It is an obvious fact that the right of women to work is rarely questioned by the very gentlemen who raise such a hue and cry about their right as wage-earners. They appear to believe that work, plenty of hard work, is woman's lot.

But shall women be paid for their work? Ah, there's the rub!

Some people say that women should not be employed in trade or industry lest their wage-earning capacity interfere with the employment of men. But do these careless commentators who cry so glibly that women are ousting men from employment realize that, according to census statistics, there are very few more women in business today in proportion to men than there were twenty years ago?

Unbelievable? Here are actual figures which will serve as an example. The percentage of all female persons over fifteen employed in the United States in 1910 was 25.6. In 1920 it was 24.8, and in 1930 it was 24.8. In 1910, in every 1,000 workers in American business and industry there were 788 men and 212 women. In 1930 the proportions were 780 men and 220 women.

That means that in twenty years—the main period marking women's influx into business life—women have captured just eight jobs in every 1,000 from men. Canadian figures are not available—but the same general trend would hold true.

And women, I believe are going to continue to be wage-earners in steadily increasing numbers. My sincere hope is that ere long the campaign demanding equal pay for equal work will meet with success—not only in Great Britain, where it has been started, but universally as well.

Further, speaking for a moment of my own province of Quebec, I hope that the franchise for women will soon be granted. A family is incomplete unless two be united in its management. Likewise a government comprised of men and women working side by side, could co-operate to produce laws, the enactment of which would tend to build up a citizenship strong, enthusiastic and happy.

Our sisters in all the other provinces will have noted that again the bill giving Quebec women the provincial franchise has been turned down. But, Mr. Francoeur, I'm afraid you, and those who think like you, cannot stem the forward march of women toward their ultimate goal. Women have earned their place in the world of business too carefully. You cannot turn the clock backward. For the past twenty years women have held their place there, have supported parents, brothers and sisters, children. They have learned much in the business world that has made them more efficient as chatelaines in their own homes. Yet, as the statistics show, they have not been "ousting men from their work."

"Liberty of work," says Idola St. Jean, "is a most sacred right of all human beings. All should contribute to establish this golden rule despite the selfish spirit of blind opponents."

CONTENTS, APRIL, 1934

Volume VII. -- Number 4.

FICTION

Easter Eggs For All (short story)	Christine Jope-Slade	7
Absolutely a Dying Rose! (short story)	Carol Brown	10
The Mystery of the Surgeon's House (serial)	Maude Radford Warren	15
Nancy Grows Up (short story)	Beatrice Furniss	18
Red Hair Doesn't Mean a Thing (short story)	Martha Banning Thomas	20

GENERAL ARTICLES

The Right of Women to Work	Mrs. Owen Rede Campbell	2
Painting Pictures With Flowers	Laura Allan	4
Starring Fashions from Hollywood		12
"Radioitis"	Harry Hill	14
Canada's Lost Population	Constance Templeton	22
Handle With Care	Eve Beyer	25
Marry Now?—Yes!		26
Movie Gossip	Elizabeth Hope	28
The Baby Clinic	Dr. J. W. S. McCullough	56
The Last Word		88

BEAUTY CULTURE

Beauty and the Mind	Eleanor Parker	37
Accessories as They Should Be	Mary McNulty Fix	38
You Can't Bluff April	Annabelle Lee	40
Fashion Shorts	Key Murphy	42
How to be Beautiful	Annabelle Lee	44

THE CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

The Cup That Cheers	Helen G. Campbell	60
Demonstration Dishes		62
Bedrooms Furnished by the Institute		64
Meals of the Month		66

CHATELAINE PATTERNS		83
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CHILDREN'S FEATURE

All Ready for Easter	Georgette Berkman	
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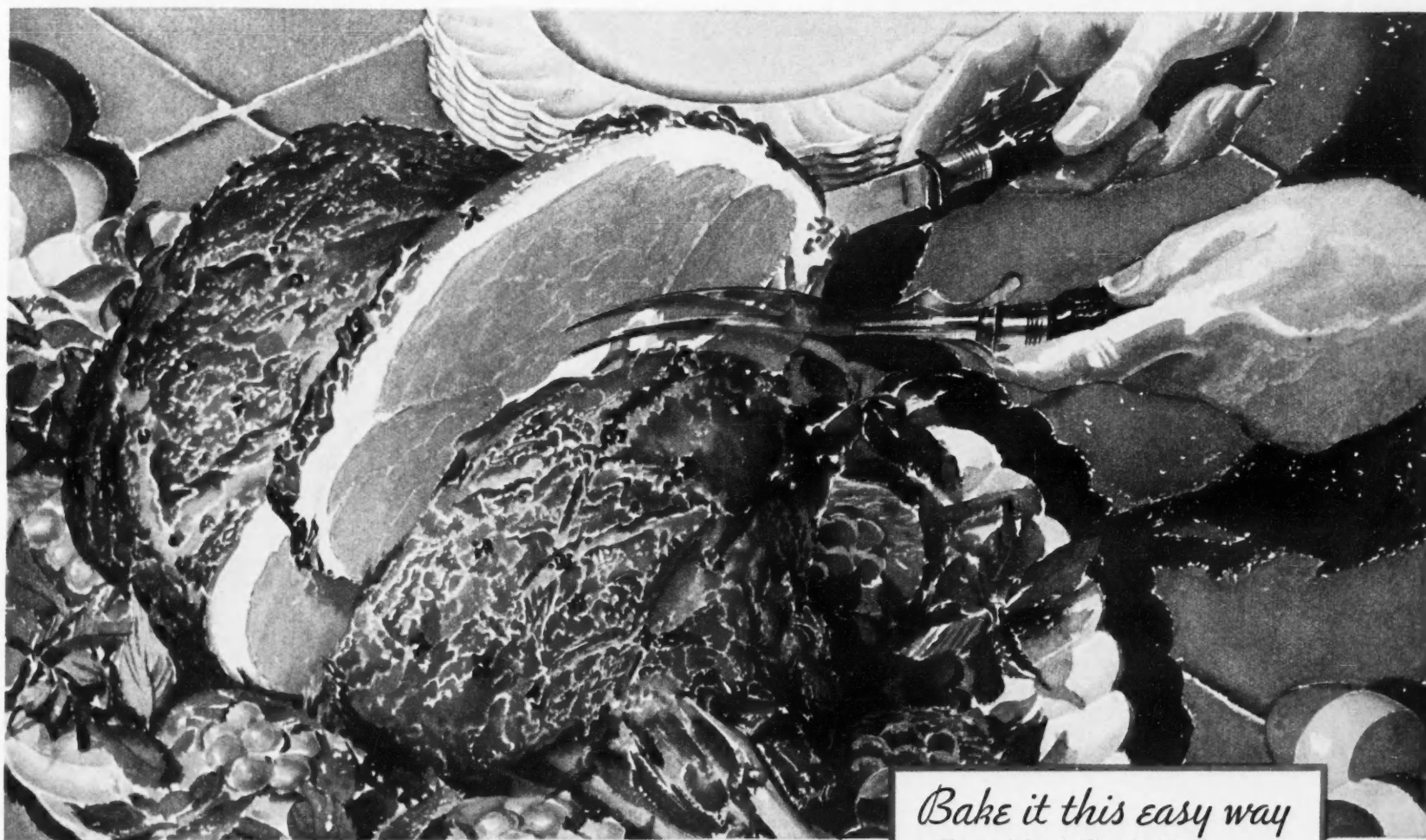
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A joyous Easter, ladies!



HERE'S A FINER HAM + THE OVENIZED HAM
YOU DON'T PARBOIL IT!



Bake it this easy way

1. Place a whole or half Premium Ham in a roaster. Add 2 cups of water, and cover the roaster.
2. Bake in a slow oven (325°), allowing 2 1/2 minutes a lb. for a large whole ham; 25 minutes a lb. for smaller (up to 12 lb.) hams or half hams.
3. When ham is done, remove from oven. Lift off rind. Score surface and dot with cloves; rub with mixture of 1/4 cup brown sugar and 1 tbsp. flour. Brown, uncovered, for 20 minutes in a moderate oven (400°).

FOR EASTER

Surround ham with fresh mint (or watercress). Sprinkle peach halves with cinnamon and sugar; dot with butter; warm; fill with canned seedless grapes or Royal Anne cherries, and place around ham.



Notice how Swift's Premium Ham is identified by the brown dots you will find on even a single slice.

THIS Easter you can serve baked ham that is tenderer, richer in flavour, more delicious than ever before... yet is actually more easily prepared! Prepared, indeed, without parboiling.

You can do this if you buy Swift's Premium. For Premium, now Ovenized, is marvelously mild and tender.

Ovenizing, Swift's special method of smoking hams in ovens, has perfected the results of the famous mild Premium cure. Has developed a delicacy of texture and smooth richness of flavour unique in hams.

So it is absolutely unnecessary for you to parboil this kind of ham. Centre slices you can broil or fry just as you buy them! If it's a whole or half ham simply bake according to directions at the right.

You'll find, honestly and truly, that the ham you prepare this easier way is a finer-tasting ham. Just try it and see how the compliments shower down!

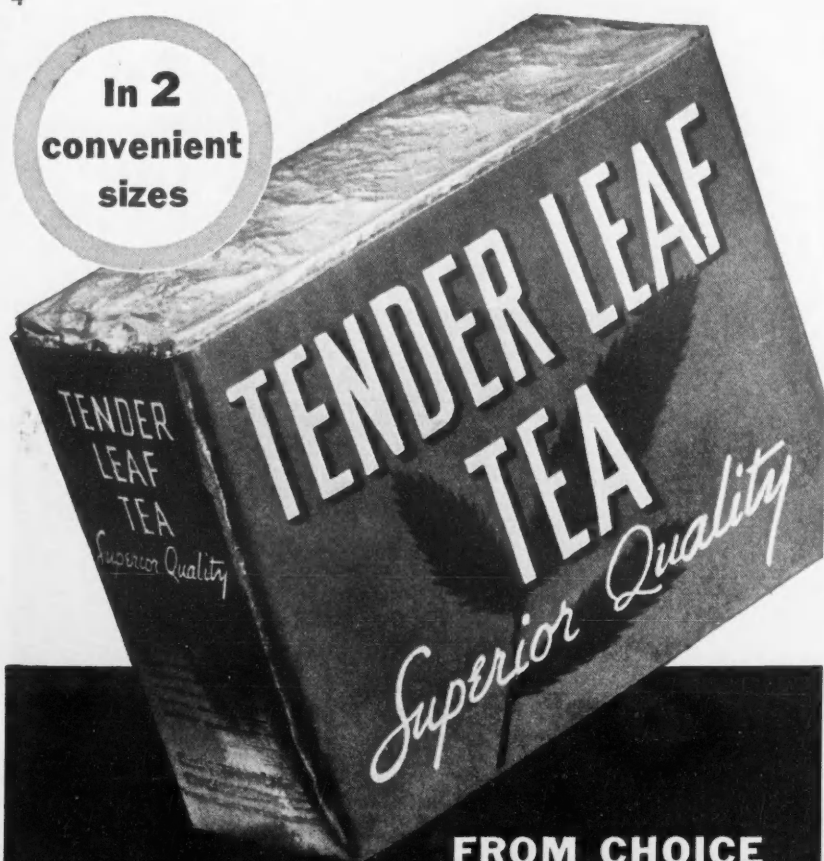
But be sure that the ham is Swift's Premium. That's essential for success. Every Swift's Premium Ham is Ovenized. No other kind is. Swift Canadian Co., Limited.

SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAM

SWIFT'S PREMIUM BACON ALSO IS OVENIZED
NEW TENDERNESS • NEW RICHNESS OF FLAVOUR

It's Ovenized

In 2
convenient
sizes



FROM CHOICE
TEA-BEARING ACRES...

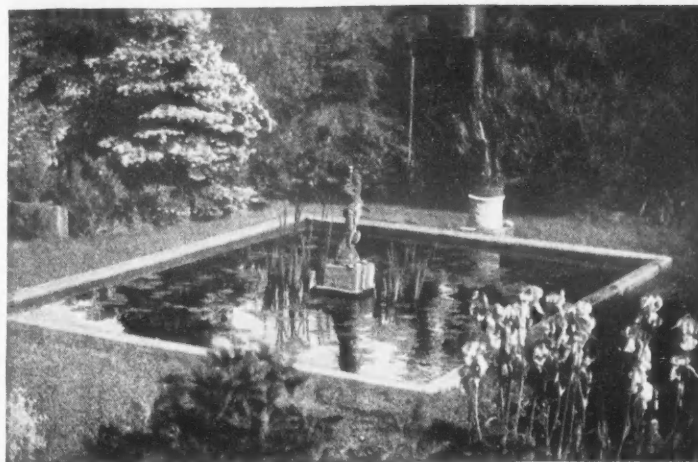
Richer
in THEOL

THEOL is the delicate oil in tea which carries the enticing flavor and fragrance. If a tea is rich in theol, you like it better. The brew has *more* flavor, *more* fragrance.

There is more theol in Tender Leaf Tea than in any but the most costly blends. Only the *tender* leaves of the tea plant are used. They are picked from the choicest tea-bearing acres during the favorable dry season—when at the peak of their flavor and potency.

Your grocer carries Tender Leaf Tea in two convenient sizes. The demand for it is growing at an amazing rate. It's sweeping Canada. Try it once and you will understand why.

BLENDED AND PACKED IN CANADA



Painting Pictures with Flowers

by LAURA ALLAN

IS YOUR garden more interesting in winter than in summer? Today we are without excuse for a single ugly spot in our home grounds. Faults in planting are not due to lack of good material. Never before were such wide range and richness of color, such vivid tones and delicate shades, such diversity of form and habit in plants. The magic of the hybridizers has placed new colors upon the gardener's palette. Take note of the delphinium: the beauty of the new hybrids baffles description. Such blendings of blues, pinks, lavenders, mauves, purples, in all the gradation from the palest to the deepest, leave us breathless with amazement. No longer are we content with just "delphinium" in our garden. Note, too, the perennial phlox, the exquisite pink of Enchantress, the brilliant French purple of Professor Went, the soft lavender of Maid Marian. The highly developed dahlia tribe offers a wide choice of color and form. With tulips in the spring garden marvellous pictures may be painted. The iris, too, has surprising possibilities in yellows, bronzes, purples, blues.

But color in flower and foliage is not the only beauty at the gardener's disposal. There is the charm of form and texture and habit of growth, an asset often neglected by the amateur. There is a place for the elegant spires of foxglove and hollyhock, for rounded trusses of phlox, for dwarf aubretia, for slender salpiglossis and lacelike gypsophila, for the massive leaves of the funkias, the feathery pyrethrum, the long, slender, arching foliage of the day lily. The unusual form of lupine leaves gives variety to the border.

It is safe to say that no color is absolutely ugly. We must see it in connection with other colors before we decide as to its beauty or lack of beauty. Take magenta, a color despised of many persons. The perennial phlox has the habit of reverting to magenta, but before we cast it out let us try planting other colors in its vicinity. To do this intelligently we must first analyze the color. The true magenta is a deep bluish pink, as distinguished from the yellow pinks of the coral and salmon colored flowers beloved of gardeners. This means that we must confine ourselves to flowers whose color has a tinge of blue. These include (in addition to all shades of magenta) mauve, lavender, lilac, orchid, pale blue and lemon yellow.

Having in mind the fact that our magenta phlox blooms in August we paint our picture with plants of the same flowering period. Behind the phlox is placed the shrub Rose of Sharon, giving magenta bloom, or budleia with its tapering spikes of lilac mauve; on either side, the violet-purple phlox Lord Raleigh, and the magenta dahlia Great Britain; in front, the dark blue and white monkshood, the reddish purple lychnis and the lemon-yellow evening primrose; below,

some rich purple petunia and white verberna. What a picture we have here, in which the magenta phlox contributes its share to the loveliness of the whole! And besides color harmony we have also acquired much diversity of plant form and habit.

Autumn Planting

AUTUMN IS now generally conceded to be the best season for planting. Trees, shrubs, perennials may be moved and borders rearranged more satisfactorily then than in the hurried and uncertain days of spring. In September plant *lilium candidum*, iris and peony; in October the spring-flowering bulbs, perennials, and on into November, shrubs, trees and Japanese lilies. There are exceptions to this rule in the case of autumn-flowering specimens which are best planted in spring, besides, of course, the annuals and the summer-flowering bulbs—which makes enough work for this fleeting season. When the growing period is ended and the garden tucked into its winter bed, it is a great comfort to know that everything is in order for the spring awakening, with only a few final touches.

Autumn seems to be the logical time to renovate the garden. All summer we have had a chance to observe where certain places might be improved. We have visited other gardens, notebook in hand, attended flower shows, and profited by summer travel to gain new ideas.

Let us never make the mistake of considering a plant by itself but rather in its relation to other plants. And let us strive for the restful diversity of alternating height and mass. For instance, in arranging plants at the back of the border, if we have just planted three rounded forms, like a damask rose, a phlox and a veronica clump, we will know that it is time to change into spires and add to the skyline such plants as *cimicifuga*, *delphinium* and *aconitum autumnale*, thereby attaining color harmony as well as a succession of bloom. So many items enter into the composition of a group picture that the effort calls for the gardener's best attention.

Seasonal Pictures

AN EARLY spring group in cream-white and blue. With mahonia (an evergreen shrub with dark, lustrous green leaves) as a background, tulipa kaufmanniana opens its deep creamy petals in the April sunshine, while below these tulips *scilla siberica* is brilliantly blue; white bloodroot blossoms near, and just behind them narcissus orange phoenix shows creamy-white pointed buds carrying along the tone of the cream-white tulip.

Continued on page 79

EASTER EGGS FOR ALL...

by CHRISTINE JOPE-SLADE

THE FORREST-LINNELLs were contemplating a separation after ten years of quite exceptionally happy married life. They were big, good-looking people with large mouths and splendid, almost fierce-looking, white teeth. Cora Forrest-Linnell was twenty-eight. Charles Forrest-Linnell was thirty-six. Their small, hard-up circle of suburban friends thought of them as an ideal couple and admired their attack on life and fortune quite extravagantly.

They had been an ideal couple and there was ample food for admiration in them both.

For months, overworked, understaffed, they had been living on their own nerves and getting on each other's.

They never consciously recognized the Financial Depression and the daily attack of newspaper news on the nerves of the imaginative as factors in their new reactions to each other.

They were so blistered with hurt pride, resentment and anger, and recrimination into a state of feverish enmity that they had reached the simultaneous mutual conclusion that they would be far happier and better apart.

Against this was the bungalow, which was their own, and Georgie Forrest-Linnell, aged five, who was also their own.

The best of both of them was invested in their son and their home. Their emotional life, their pride, imagination and ambition had helped to create both and make of them fair and intensely satisfactory possessions.

The boy was lovely, sturdy, and straight and gay.

The bungalow was thatched and picturesque and fitted unostentatiously with every new labor-saving and comfort-creating gadget. They were surrounded by youngish people like themselves with similar families, worries, prejudices and ambitions of their own; and they had grown comfortably and cosily into these people's lives. Their garden was a passion with them both.

They proposed to disrupt all this; and passionately they protested there was nothing they desired more ardently; and they even believed it, so nerve-darkened and distorted was their temporary outlook on life.

"Sell the beastly place!"

"Very well. If that's what you want, I'll sell it."

"The sooner the better. The way you live matters more than the place you live in if you are at all sensitive. Besides, it's a big place to run without any help; and who and what am I running it for! I ask myself!"

"And the answer couldn't be yourself, I suppose, my poor haloed martyr. You are doing no more, and a lot less than millions of women do all their lives and you scream about it all the time."

"That's not true. I slave without a word of thanks. Nothing but temper and grouching. What's the good of keeping a home together with that perpetual atmosphere in it! You're intolerable to live with, my dear Charles! Intolerable!"

"You are no party, yourself."

"I'm always tired out."

"Do you suppose I'm not always tired out, too!"

"Then why slave to live under the same roof in hateful conditions."

"How right you are!"

"With the garden what we have made it; and selling in the spring when the bulbs are up we ought to get \$5,000 more than we paid."

"And live separately in some decent amount of peace! You drive me mad."

"I've learned to loathe you, to hate the sound of your key in the door, knowing it only brings criticism and carping and filthy manners."

"Thank you. I hope you don't imagine you are any delight to come home to."

Snap! Snarl! Sneer! No holiday. No break for two years. All fogged-up mentally and house-bound physically. Aunt Mary, on Charles's side came to spend a few days and was perturbed and distressed by the little she saw and heard of the state of affairs; and yet they were courteously guarded and armed before her. Aunt Mary had the nice, brightly-colored, childish mind of her generation. She was a protected spinster of sixty. She had not the slightest idea what to do or say. The instinct of the true Victorian is to cover up all emotional havoc with the first thing that comes handy; so when George Forrest-Linnell said suddenly "Why are mummie and daddy so cross? Is it because they never get any Easter eggs?" she unhesitatingly replied, "Yes, dearie, that's it."

"You said so, Aunt Mary."

"I said what, love?"



"Dozens of them are in the same boat," said his mother. "Sick of it just as we are."



Safe Chipso washing has kept this dress bright and pretty for 18 MONTHS of constant wear.

"Chipso washes this rayon crepe WITHOUT ANY INJURY to the material or the color," says Mrs. Lay.

This soft little sweater is also a YEAR OLD. "Washed any number of times in Chipso," Mrs. Lay says.

NO HARM TO COLORS in Chipso suds! No red streaks on the white collar . . . no color running into the white dots.

Chipso SOAKS the blouse SNOWY, yet it's SAFE for the wool skirt! Both garments are a year old.

Last year's sweater still unfaded—and soft as a kitten's ear. Chipso is SAFE FOR WOOLS.

UNRETOUCHED PHOTOGRAPH IN NATURAL COLORS OF MRS. LAY, AUDREY, ANN, DIANA, LIBBY AND MARY, TAKEN IN THEIR OWN HOME

5..all Girls.. "but with Chipso it's easy to keep them spruce," says their serene young mother



Audrey and Mary are old enough to help. It's rather fun to wash dishes in thick, rich Chipso suds. And Chipso won't coarsen their hands. "I find that although Chipso cleans like lightning," Mrs. Lay told us, "it is as soft as a lotion on the hands." The way Chipso saves your hands shows you why it also saves your clothes.

Find the mother in this group of girls!

Mrs. T. M. Lay certainly is not aged by the cares of her household—not even with five lively daughters to wash for. "My big washes are not hard to do," she says. "I let CHIPSO soak the grimy clothes clean."

No hard rubbing—no backaches—in a Chipso washday! And no regrets for faded colors or weakened materials!

"Since I began using Chipso for my whole wash our clothes seem to wear indefinitely," Mrs. Lay declares. "Chipso isn't a bit harsh. Even silk stockings and glove silk underwear last longer with Chipso washings."

Chipso is SOAPIER—that is why it is

both quick and SAFE. It is not adulterated with harsh, "dirt-cutting" ingredients contained in inferior soaps which gradually weaken fabrics and dull their color. Chipso loosens dirt harmlessly with its RICHER SUDS. That is why Chipso-washed clothes stay new-looking for years.

With a big box of Chipso from your grocer's this week, get *your* thrill from a SNOWY WASH that you don't have to pay for with tired shoulders, sore hands, or "washed-out" looking clothes. At its modest price, you will find Chipso the biggest bargain in rich, SAFE soap on the market today.

Chipso

MADE IN CANADA makes clothes wear longer



ILLUSTRATED BY AL. PARKER

She ran out, calling a little hysterically, "Joel They'll never forgive us!"

like the mountain tops . . ." She paused remembering. "Spare me quotations."

Iris Watson shot one scared, wet glance at her hostess's white face; then, snivelling, she ran out of the gay yellow scullery into the hall calling a little hysterically:

"Joe! Joe! They'll never forgive us."

With a shaking hand Cora picked up her eleven-year-old love-letter to Charles. It was monstrous of Iris to read it. Unspeakable. Steaming with anger and humiliation she opened it at random.

"I love you so, my darling. That is the rock I build on. I shall build carefully and very, very humbly. We will fashion of life a gracious and durable thing, but the rock is yours and you set it in my life. I love you, Charles. I love you so much. Nothing can ever alter that."

Brave words with which to enter a brave new world. And the rock had toppled, and been defaced and scarred; and the thing they had fashioned of life had neither grace nor durability.

She remembered how uplifted she had been, shot through with glory and pierced with happiness. Charles had given her that experience. She had for years from Charles the thing that men and women dream about and ache for; and she had betrayed and smudged its deep, secret glory. Charles had been able to give her an intensity of feeling and an emotional and physical fulfillment which most of the wives she knew never dreamed existed. They had shared it together and betrayed it together.

Now Iris read its secrets in its grave. This letter! She would never be able to hold up her head again. It was terrible. All that lost, strange, secret loveliness ravaged and defiled.

With a ghastly fear and dismay in her heart she went to the window and called Georgie in out of the bright sunshine. She had to sit down for she was trembling so. Georgie would have ruined her whole life if he had distributed those lovely,

burning letters she had once written to her lover among her acquaintances. Her knees had turned to jelly. She couldn't run upstairs to see how many had gone. She would leave the neighborhood that morning and never, never see anyone from that part of the world again.

"Georgie," she said desperately; and her voice shook and she felt rising nausea. The delicate spun-glass world of spring light and colors outside the scullery window blew about before her dizzy eyes like a gauze curtain. "Georgie, what did you do with mummie's letters?"

"Gave 'em to people 'stead of Easter eggs to make them happy, and stop stalking like you and daddy."

"I see, dear. You mean you posted them in people's letter boxes like you did in—in Auntie Iris's letter box?"

"Yes, I did. You said they were miserable as sick monkeys. I heard you tell daddy that. Aunt Mary told me people was unhappy because they forgot Easter; and there was wars and temper, and people hitting each other and stalking. I couldn't give

them Easter eggs. Aunt Mary said lovely letters at Easter made people happy; and you told me these were lovely letters."

"Love letters," corrected Cora, stunned.

She could not believe. Those intimate letters, more personal than her secret thoughts, charged with the intense emotionalism of early love and romance, in the hands of people with whom she had always walked decently masked and hooded.

"Oh, Georgie!" she wailed in sudden sharp, uncontrollable anguish, "How could you!"

"I wanted to make people happy, mummie. Don't be cross. Auntie Mary said lovely letters at Easter made people happy. I couldn't write them, could I? I can't write yet. Don't be cross. I couldn't send one to Auntie Mary. I

couldn't write her address." He gave her a friendly smile.

Clutching the enamelled top of the kitchen table, feeling her fingers slip and tingle a little as they do under an anaesthetic, she said:

"How many people did you post them to, Georgie?"

"All our friends, mummie."

"Try and remember their names."

She looked up suddenly and saw Charles in the doorway looking at her with a face as white as her own.

"Cora, my dear," he said. "I'm so desperately, desperately sorry this has happened."

"Charles! I can't bear it. I can't bear it. All those people reading—knowing."

His face had quietened as she had not seen it quietened for years. It was the face he had brought to her bedside after Georgie was born—that strong, male, helpmate face. As if he had gathered himself into a bunch for her to rest on and be strengthened. The fretful, nervy, over-driven man was submerged in the impersonal stronger half. He wanted to be of service to her, to sustain and strengthen her. The primary, submerged relationship transcended all subsequent and less important ones.

There was a ring at the front-door bell. Charles answered it. He came back a moment later and laid a letter in his own handwriting on the top of the table before his wife.

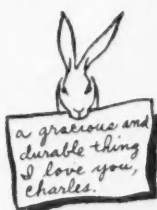
"May," he said briefly.

"Did she and Nick . . . read it, Charles?"

"She said not, dear; but we shall never know how many of them . . . have read them, I'm afraid."

"Charles—it's—it's horrible."

"What part of us cares? The overcivilized, unimportant, unreal part that is afraid to love, or feel, or be honest—and free. The part that hides and cringes and throws up a spume of mockery and clever talk. Would we have cared once, when it was the real thing in our lives, if the world had read our letters? Really cared, [Continued on page 32]



"You said that people were unhappy because they forgot Easter and there was wars and quarrels, and peoples hitting each other, and things, you said, was stalking through the land. What things did you say was stalking through the land?"

"Evil spirits, I may have said at the time, Georgie."

"That's them," said Georgie; sending a camel into the ark side by side with an outsize china duck. "If everyone had a fish or an egg there wouldn't be no stalking through the land."

"If everyone remembered what Easter stood for, Georgie!"

"Eggs and fish and chocolate rabbits, but mostly eggs," said Georgie, nodding a charming, golden-brown head. "You sent me a card last year, Aunt Mary, with a lady in a long white nightie holding a lily. It said 'Happy Easter.' I didn't have one, 'cause I scrambled my knee on the gravel."

"I like to send all my friends an Easter greeting."

"Letters?"

"Yes, or cards. It doesn't matter which."

"And then they don't stalk?"

"Stalk?"

"Mummie and daddy stalk. I hear them stalking after I'm in bed. They shout and daddy calls mummie a fool."

"You mustn't tell me things," twittered Aunt Mary.

"But you like to hear them," said Georgie shrewdly. "Your face was enjoying them, Aunt Mary. But I don't like it. It makes me sad—all this stalking."

Aunt Mary's bread and butter mind failed to follow the child's quick, fluid thought. She did not know what he meant by "stalking."

"You should go to church at Easter," she murmured.

"I do. I went with mummie and saw a gentleman standing up in a sink."

"Pulpit."

"It looked like a sink, Aunt Mary."

His mind was still picking its fantastic way through new ideas.

"Shall I write you a letter at Easter, Aunt Mary?"

"It would be very sweet of you, Georgie dear."

"Would it make you happy?"

"Very, very happy."

"It's odd," said Georgie. "I don't like letters. Only presents."

"That's because you are a little boy."

Georgie digested this. Nonchalantly he paired a giraffe with a squirrel and ushered them into the ark.

"I bet Noah had to use a lot of flypaper," he submitted. "Flies—"

"Only two, Georgie."

"I wouldn't have bothered to take them if I had been Noah. I would have shut the windows." He looked up with clear thoughtful eyes. "What kind of letters do people like at Easter?"

"Specially loving letters."

"They're difficult," said Georgie. "And they take a lot of right spelling."

THE SNOWDROPS came up in the Forrest-Linnell's enchanting garden, thicker and whiter than they had ever been. They lay in snowy drifts, and at night, staring out of the windows of their separate rooms, to Cora and Charles Forrest-Linnell they seemed like small, broken streams of light; to have an almost angry phosphorescence.

A prospective buyer had been to see the house; a bulgy creature without understanding. She seemed inclined to purchase at their own figure. It was an agony to them both to contemplate it, and their overcharged nerves flagellated each other. They could not have been so bitter if they had not been as bitterly in love. It was the toll of nerve exhaustion. He had just dragged a business back from the brink of bankruptcy; even now it tottered. She had done her own cooking, sewing, housework, gardening, and care of the child in a house that required the services of a maid and an occasional char, single-handed without a break for three years.

When the first hundred crocuses had opened their exquisite enamelled cups the bulgy creature made her concrete offer for the bungalow.

It was an excellent offer. Yet they hesitated; and in a desultory, half-hearted way, with an unconscious, sadistic inclination to add to her own extreme misery, Cora Forrest-Linnell began to "tidy" up. The debris, accumulations and possessions of ten years marital life were spread out for review.

She was so tired!

On a faintly golden, luminous wind-swept day just before Easter, her five-year-old son wandered into his mother's delightful blue bedroom to see her holding in her elegant, but work-roughened hands two packets of letters tied with different colored ribbon. She had a most peculiar expression on her attractive face. Exactly the expression she wore when the wee tortoise-shell kitten that only lived five weeks died in her lap. Georgie recognized it. Buttoned up. His mother

was buttoned up. He knew the signs.

Georgie held something out to her tentatively.

"Gentian," he mentioned. "First gentian."

"Once," she said unexpectedly, "I saw a whole field of them in Italy. A burning, unbelievable blue, Georgie. Like a bit of fallen summer sky. I cried."

"Why?"

She took the fading flower and held it listlessly, staring down at it with her fine grey-green eyes.

"Oh, I don't know. I was on my honeymoon."

"Was daddy there?"

"Yes."

"Then it was all right, that bit about your crying. What are those letters tied up for?"

"They're love letters."

"Who do they belong to?"

"Some to daddy. Some to me."

"Do people like lovely letters? Aunt Mary said they did."

"Yes—poor fools!"

"Do they make people happy?"

"Terribly happy."

"Like Easter eggs and chocolate rabbits?"

"More than Easter eggs and chocolate rabbits. Fancy that, Georgie! Beats you, doesn't it? Well, it beats me too—now."

She threw the letters into a drawer and slammed it. Her face was white and angry.

"Easter Sunday is in two days, mummie."

"Yes, my lamb."

"Aunt Mary said hope and happiness got up again at Easter—that's what Aunt Mary said. How do you know? Because you get an egg, or a letter or a post-card with a lady in a white nightie?"

"I expect so, honey."

That night there was "stalking" in the dining room below between his father and mother.

Georgie lay and listened to them, and the wall that separates eternally the child's and the adult's world deepened and darkened for him, until he was only aware of the impotence and nervousness and loneliness that engulfed him his side of it. He crept out of the bed and hung over the stairs. He heard his mother's voice, usually so soft and clear and reassuring, shrill and vehement.

"I'm glad you've seen the lawyer, Charles. We'll give that woman our decision on Monday about this place, she's away for Easter . . . and that will be that."

"Bit of a shock for some of our friends, Cora."

"Don't you believe it. Dozens of them are in the same boat. Sick of it as we are sick of it."

"Happy Easter!"

Georgie heard his mother laugh. Nasty, empty wind-bell laughter that blew over the wall of incomprehension into his lonely little world thinly and mockingly.

"Do you suppose May and Nick are happy—or Louise and Tom or Jimmie and Vera? Happy Easter be blowed! They're as miserable as sick monkeys."

"I'm not going to tell the crowd until the holiday is over."

"Please yourself."

"Happy Easter!"

Shivering, Georgie crept to his mother's room and opened the drawer in the tall-boy where she had thrown the "lovely" letters. He tucked them under the paper in his handkerchief drawer and climbed into bed.

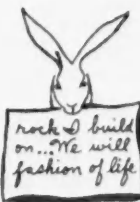
He would cure "stalking" for ever with their beautiful aid. Unhappy people should be made glad.

In three minutes he was asleep.

IT WAS the kind of Easter that haunts men, but seldom visits them. The sun burnt into the heartening warmth of June. The almond blossom almost seemed to breathe delicately against the cobalt sky; millions of minute jade butterflies were born on every black twig. Early daffodils trumpeted victoriously on golden horns in sheltered corners.

Winter had broken with a joyous shout.

Before Cora Forrest-Linnell had finished washing the breakfast things their closest friends Iris and Joe Watson were shouting cheerfully for them in the hall.



Iris joined Cora in the yellow tiled scullery with its small yellow Frigidaire, and gay, clever fittings.

Joe joined Charles in the lounge.

Georgie went into the garden.

Iris, matter of fact and genial soul, seemed uncomfortable and constrained.

"Anything on your mind?" enquired Cora, who had an immovable grey cloud of acid on her own weary one. She thought fleetingly that the Watsons would miss her and Charles and be frightfully upset when they knew.

"Well, yes," said Iris, "and I don't know how to tell you. Honestly, I don't. Joe says I've got to. He's telling Charles—if he's got to it yet."

Cora paused in the act of making a layer golden syrup suet pudding for lunch and looked at Iris's scarlet, unhappy, evasive face.

"Not murdered anyone?"

"No, no!"

"Or drunk the cat's milk?"

"No. I don't suppose you'll ever speak to me again, Cora! I found this letter in the letter box this morning—and I read it! You might as well know. It's only decent to tell you. I don't know how it came there. There is something madly fascinating about all love letters. And someone you know. Oh, I know it's inexcusable."

Then I read it to Joe. At first I didn't tell him it was a real one. When I did he was horrified. It was so beautiful, Cora. I mean it was like a message. You see, I've been a little beast to live with lately. I think it was mother's illness in the spring and all that nursing just washed me up. I don't know."

She was crying noisily and stormily.

"Your life and Charles is so beautiful—and you've had just as much to put up with as me. More, because you've got Georgie to think of, and we've got no one but ourselves. Joe says Charles has been a hero. No one but a hero could have dragged the business out of the mud like he has. Oh, Cora, don't let it spoil our friendship. I know I shouldn't have read that letter, but it's made me love and admire you a million times more. That bit where you say love is



ROSE...



I somehow slipped and fell.

understood. She always understands; that's why I've given so much time and money to the playhouse. She said she'd always felt that Fred was not the man for me; that he was entirely too coarse-grained; and that my experience of sorrow would make me a more understanding actress, and that if I just went ahead and worked with her for another year or two I could go just anywhere I wanted to on the stage. I was simply inspired and uplifted. And then, my dear, she told me she'd been called home by an illness—a husband or something—and that she wouldn't be able to direct this play.

And about that time Sue Jennings came in with this Mr. Brooks. Sue Jennings isn't anybody interesting. She's just one of these people, you know, that work hard on committees and give money to things. But she's a great friend of Fred's and she introduced this man as a childhood friend of hers and Fred's in Naplesville. My dear—Naplesville! And she said Fred had left town and wouldn't be back until after the play perhaps. I was stabbed, simply stabbed, with remorse to think I had driven a man out of town. Of course I wasn't to blame. I couldn't help it if a man felt that way about me, but I am, you know, deeply sympathetic. But anyway she went on to say that Mr. Brooks was going to stay in Fred's apartment while he was gone, and that he—Brooks, I mean—had had some experience directing. Imagine! And that he would direct our entertainment—our Tiny Art Playhouse group! Well, Sue Jennings was head of the committee that was sponsoring the thing and the largest giver, except dad, and she always

lends us her gold velvet curtains. And there wasn't a thing we could do. Not a thing.

Of course, Mrs. Gwendolyn De Smythe Jones came forward in all her lovely flowing draperies and greeted him with a beautiful gesture and with her lovely stage accent. I do adore her accent. Fred makes fun of it. He says she "gargles divinely." But then, Fred would. All the others ignored him and I couldn't blame them.

He was a short sort of a square man in a business suit and he wore, my dear, a blue shirt!

He looked so out of place up there on Gwendolyn De Smythe Jones' stage. You know her stage is all hung with those—oh, what are they now—those silks all streaked with

Illustrated by Julian Michael

colors? And on either side she has two tall altar candlesticks made of—oh, what do you call it?—and autographed pictures of all the interesting people she knows in New York and Hollywood—dancers and actors and writers. And that night there was a large—what's the name of that thing now!—filled with sandwiches, and this Brooks man sat right down beside it and helped himself to a sandwich—right in that blue shirt!

I thought perhaps I, being the—well, you know—having the principal part in all our productions—it was perhaps my place to try to make him feel comfortable. And so I went up there and sat down beside him and I said, "You'll find yourself in a very interesting group, Mr. Brooks. Not anything like Naplesville."

"Yeah," he said and helped himself to another sandwich. Well, of course, I was dreadfully disgusted. I never eat when I'm working on a part. Never! I sometimes go without food for days. But anyway I pointed out the different ones. And I told him how Grace Woodford Finders had poems published in the Home Contributors' Section of *The Herald* almost every week and that Gladys Metcalfe was second cousin of Jan Metcalfe, the distinguished movie actor, and how she gets letters from him every Christmas and how Blakesly Boswell once acted with Marlowe and Sothorn. Didn't you know that,

my dear? Oh, yes, he was with them in Chicago once for a week. He walked on in the wedding scene in the *Taming of the Shrew*, and laughed. And now his laughing always brings down the house. Of course anyone would know Blakesly was an actor, with his long hair and those hats. So different from Mr. Brooks. I asked Mr. Brooks if he didn't think Mrs. Gwendolyn De Smythe Jones was just too sweet for anything.

And he said: "Yes, she is; just too sweet for anything!" and helped himself to another sandwich.

I really tried to be nice to him and put him more at ease. "Don't mind if they don't pay any attention to you," I told him. "They're so disappointed that she isn't going to direct them. But I'll be glad to help you all I can with my experience. I've played for five years, you know."

For a moment he really looked interested. "Five years!" he said. "Good!"

And I told him how I played with the Tiny Art Playhouse players at least three times each year at home here. And how for the last two years we'd gone on the road—how we played the Methodist Church at Briggsville and the Men's Lodge at Gross Corners and the Twelfth of July picnic at Smithville Park Pavilion.

At this he looked really thoughtful, then suddenly he brightened and said: "I've got an idea for you—a kitchen farce. I wrote it myself. You'll wear a blue and white checked apron—you're just the type—big and blonde and wholesome."

Well, my dear, I looked at him. I simply looked at him. I have never been called "wholesome." Never!

Then I rose to my full height—my full height; and I said coldly—you know I can put ice in my voice when I want to—I said, "I am not interested, I'm sure. I detest farces and and I hate kitchens. I intend [Continued on page 48]



ABSOLUTELY, A DYING

by CAROL BROWN



Tiny Art Playhouse. Of course it was utterly stupid of him. But Fred never did understand my Bohemian friends. And he was always jealous of my work. You know that I wouldn't have mentioned this thing to him until I just had to, but he couldn't help seeing that article in the paper. Didn't you see it? Right at the head of the society column? I can remember it, word for word. Not, of course, that such things make a particle of difference to me, but then—you know.

"Miss Freda Preston, talented young actress, daughter of Mr. Giles Harmon Preston, president of Prestonville Paper Mills, and one of the most generous contributors financially and culturally to all civic affairs in our city, who is soon to be married to Mr. Fred Wilson, prominent young merchant, and who has delighted Prestonville audiences for the past five years with her brilliant dramatic impersonations, is to surprise her legions of admirers this year by appearing in an entirely new type of rôle."

And then it went on to explain that the entertainment to earn money for the—oh, what's its name—well, you know, the Charity Home, was to be a—what was that Russian thing with a French name that toured the country about eight years ago?—and that it was to have all sorts of little—what d'you call 'ems—and that I had been studying dancing in the city for the past year, keeping it a secret, of course, until I was really ready to appear, and that I would do a dance specialty.

Well, my dear, Fred got hold of that thing and he came over right in the morning—you know Fred never leaves the store in the morning—right in the morning when I was practising! I had the Victrola on, and I was holding on to the piano and jumping up and down with my knees and my toes pointed out sideways.

"Don't speak to me, Fred," I said, "I'm a playful summer breeze."

"My gosh!" he said and sank down on the davenport.

I thought I might as well be sort of *bonbon*—oh, what is the word!—you know, sort of gay about it and that perhaps he'd understand. And so I went right on with the dance—that is, I whirled madly and leaped across the room, and he leaped after me. I thought for a second that he was going to enter right into the spirit of the thing, but he whammed his hand against the wall and held out a dead mosquito.

"It's all right," he said. "I got him."

Well, my dear, for a second I really didn't know what to do. Then I remembered that Gwendolyn De Smythe Jones had said that even the simplest may be made to understand real art, and so I lifted my arms above my head and smiled—Gwendolyn De Smythe Jones says a gay smile is the soul of the dance—and I waved my arms in a sweeping circle and said: "See, Fred, I'm lifting up an armful of tiny pink rose petals."

He merely said "my gosh" again—just like that. "My gosh! My gosh!"

I flung my head back in utter abandon and laughed and fluttered my fingers through the air. "Now look," I said. "I'm scattering them before the wind."

At that he began to laugh raucously—simply raucously. And he said, "You look as if you were writing on the typewriter."

Of course I lost the real spirit of the dance then. With my artistic temperament I am naturally keenly sensitive to lack of sympathy. But I also have great determination, and so I continued to move across the room on my toes and to flutter my fingers in the air while I pleaded with him earnestly.

"Don't you see, Fred," I begged, "that I'm serious about this thing? Can't you understand that I'm trying to get somewhere?"

"You'll get there quicker walking flat footed," he said. "And if it's the Victrola you're trying to reach I'll do it for you."

And, my dear, he walked over to the Victrola and turned it off—absolutely turned it off. I can't tell you how I felt. And then he walked up to me and grabbed me by both arms and said: "Freda, you surely aren't going to get up and do this thing before the whole town?"

"I surely am," I said coldly. You know I can be cold when the occasion demands it, though I have a panther-like temper once it is unleashed.

"But you mustn't," he said. "I know. That De Smythe Jones woman and her crowd put you up to this."

At that my temper uncoiled—absolutely uncoiled. "You're jealous," I said. "That's what's the matter with you. You're jealous of Mrs. Gwendolyn De Smythe Jones and all my Bohemian artist friends. You don't understand them and you're jealous."

He said he was not jealous and I said he was jealous; and he said he was not, and I said he was; and he said he was not, and I said he was. "If you are not jealous," I demanded, "then tell me why you don't want me to dance before the public. Tell me why!"

"Well," he began. "Well—I—well—" and then he simply stuttered.

"There," I said, "you can't offer me any reasons. You're one of those men who want to keep me to yourself and tie me to a kitchen stove and deny me every right to express myself. And I won't be denied. I've said for five years that I was going to go to New York and try out, and I am. Mrs. Gwendolyn De Smythe Jones has told me time and again that if I could just once get before a real theatrical manager there's no telling what might happen."

"She's right," he said bitterly. "There's no telling. But, Freda, if you won't consider yourself, then consider me. At least I'm your fiancé."

"You are not my fiancé," I said, and I stripped his ring from my finger—simply stripped it—and flung it on the floor at his feet.

OF COURSE I am telling this lightly, but you know, with my sensitive, dramatic, passionate nature, it left a scar upon my soul which time can never erase. I told Gwendolyn De Smythe Jones that night that I could never be a playful breeze again! You see I went over early before rehearsal to talk the thing over with her—you know we always have our first rehearsal in her Tiny Art Playhouse—and she said she

WELL, MY DEAR, I suppose you want to know all about the affair and about my being a dying rose in the summertime. I'm glad you came right to me. It's the only possible way to straighten things out. My dear, I never was so misunderstood in my life—absolutely never! I didn't want to be a dying rose in the first place. I've never liked being a dying rose. And I wouldn't have been a dying rose if it hadn't been for that man, George Brooks.

And yet, in a way, I suppose Fred was to blame. It was Fred who brought Brooks to Gwendolyn De Smythe Jones'

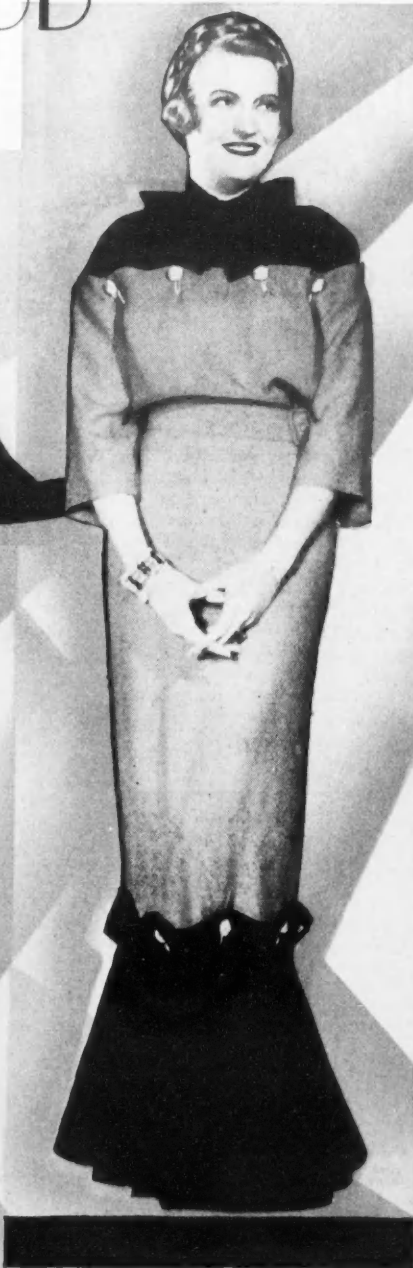
FROM HOLLYWOOD



WATCH FOR the knee-length coat. It is one version of the suit which is decidedly *comme il faut* this spring. The suit shown above, worn by the seductive Miriam Hopkins, builds its character around a theme of gallant simplicity. The flat shawl collar suggests a Quakerish quality which is provokingly denied by a wide belt of patent leather, buckling slimly round the waist. The suit is carried out entirely in navy wool, high-lighted at the throat by a "muffler" of white piqué—an excellent foil for Miss Hopkins' pale gold hair and fair skin.



ANN HARDING sponsors the peasant influence—one of the delightful trends that fashion has up her sleeve for spring and early summer. Incidentally, speaking of sleeves, they are smart when they are three-quarter length, and super-smart when the undersleeve is close fitting and wrist length, as is the case with this ensemble. The redingote is full-skirted, drawn in at the waist with a wide patent belt. The color scheme is fittingly striking—black wool for the not quite full-length redingote, silk crêpe for the frock, patterned with vivid triangular stripes of black, red and beige. A scarf of the same material ties loosely at the throat. Shoes of black patent leather, and cuff hat of black shiny straw.



DID YOU ever see buttons used in quite so novel a way? They're authentic, too: they really do unbutton! That is what gives the cunning looped effect where the stiff little ruffle joins the hem of the skirt. The frock is of pale blue heavy silk crêpe and black taffeta. Keep your eye on taffeta this spring. It crops up again and again: sometimes it's a scarf tied crisply at the throat, sometimes a bow and sometimes a flippant frill. In this case it forms both the drooping off-the-shoulder yoke of a formal afternoon frock, and the stiffly flaring flounce which lengthens the skirt to the floor. Rather like a lampshade, isn't it? Fullness like this, or in the shape of ruffles or tiny frills, plays a leading rôle among the new frocks.



STRIPES BROADSIDE on! Trust Hollywood to give them different presentation. The frock, apart from its clever cutting and its colorful fabric, is simple. These, however, give it a dramatic appeal that requires no elaboration. The skirt is of a heavy corded silk—a deep, rich red. The tunic is of silk crêpe in tawny gypsy shades. It is shaped to the waistline and is pieced at the shoulders to form a shallow yoke. A narrow band encircles the neck, fastening with a jewelled clasp slightly to one side. The sleeves bring an echo of the high bunched shoulders which so ravished the style world last season. But there is a difference. The fullness no longer strongly obtrudes. It falls in soft, fanlike folds almost to the elbow. This is a lavish spring, and materials and trimmings are used with conscientious abandon.

Created for Varied Personalities

STARRING FASHIONS



THE WOMAN who trails glamorous draperies across the silver sheet, has a yen offstage for frocks that are tailored to the point of primness. Miriam Hopkins wears this street frock of black velvet, checked with narrow lines of white. White starched linen is used for cravat and cuffs. An interesting new fabric combination this, brought into being by Garbo in her rôle of "Queen Christina." With this frock a shallow cuff hat of velvet is worn. Velvet is being favored for early spring. It is being used for afternoon coats and jackets, sometimes in rich colors for jabots, cravats and scarves on dark or light blouses, coats and frocks. If this frock were carried out in a check or plaid silk, however, it would, with its freshly laundered cravat and cuffs, be practicable for town wear throughout the summer months.

MOST OF the season's evening frocks are high at the throat and very low at the back, but there are a few distinctive exceptions—such as this charming example—which are in themselves sufficient reason for differing from the rule. There is, indeed, a rumor afoot that the low-cut *décolleté* is destined to make a spectacular return before very long. In the meantime women with pretty shoulders need not wait, for the unusual is always interesting. This charming frock is fashioned from taffeta and, of course, it is carried out in pastel shades. Lavender grey is the background color, with the fichu and sash in two tones of pink. A tender, fluttering, feminine creation, made for a low-hung moon and warm summer nights.

AND THIS is Hollywood's version of the Tudor theme. Vera Teasdale wears it. Black velvet slimly sheathing the figure, yet subtly giving the impression of a doublet—*sans* bulk! There is a frilly Elizabethan ruche around the throat and a deep-pointed V makes the waist look slim and the shoulders broad. Long, tight-fitting sleeves flatter the hands. A small round cap is worn as no Elizabethan lady ever wore it. The popularity of the film "Henry VIII" has had a widespread influence on today's fashions. You see it chiefly in the halo hats which are lending their gentle dignity to this spring's millinery; in the coronet hairdressing styles, and in amusing ruffs, slashed sleeves and elaborate gloves that are seen here and there.

YOU MAY be dramatic when you plan a dinner frock. It is extremely smart to button your gown close to the throat, and to clothe the arms with voluminous folds. Silver lamé and black velvet are brilliantly contrasted in this Hollywood creation, which is actually buttoned to the figure. From the tip of the small, upstanding "Chinesey" collar to the hem of the skirt gleams a row of buttons—black on silver and silver on black. Freedom for easy movement is afforded by a brief train and by an opening at the front of the skirt twelve inches above the hem.

A Preview of New Screen Styles

by
MAUDE
RADFORD
WARREN

FRANKLIN COLBY is accused of having murdered Henry Smith in the house of Dr. Liggett, where both were staying. Sheridan, a lawyer, and his niece, Adrienne, believe that Colby is innocent, but the district attorney, Hardesty, to whom Adrienne is engaged, and Hardesty's uncle, Bristol, say that he is guilty and resent Adrienne's faith in Colby. Colby says that he can remember nothing of his past previous to his waking up in the surgeon's house with a bandaged face. An anonymous letter warns Sheridan that if he becomes counsel for Colby, the secret about his elder sister, Adela, will be revealed. Adela married a criminal and disappeared.

Years later, her son, young Pierce, was accused of murder. Sheridan defended him, but Baldwin, then district-attorney, prosecuted him fiercely. Pierce was hanged and Adela killed herself. Adrienne concluded that not only has Colby not murdered Smith but that he is Smith. Sheridan engages Simms to watch the surgeon's house. Palgrave, a former attendant in the surgeon's house, from whom Sheridan has hoped to get helpful information, is found drowned, and his stepdaughter from whom they had learned that Palgrave believed Colby was being "framed," disappears. Sheridan and Colby question Ann Hernden, an elderly woman who has been the laundress for the surgeon's house. They realize that she dare not tell all she knows. Later she also disappears. Colby tells Sheridan that when he came to himself in the surgeon's house, he saw Ann Hernden and the policeman, Clark.

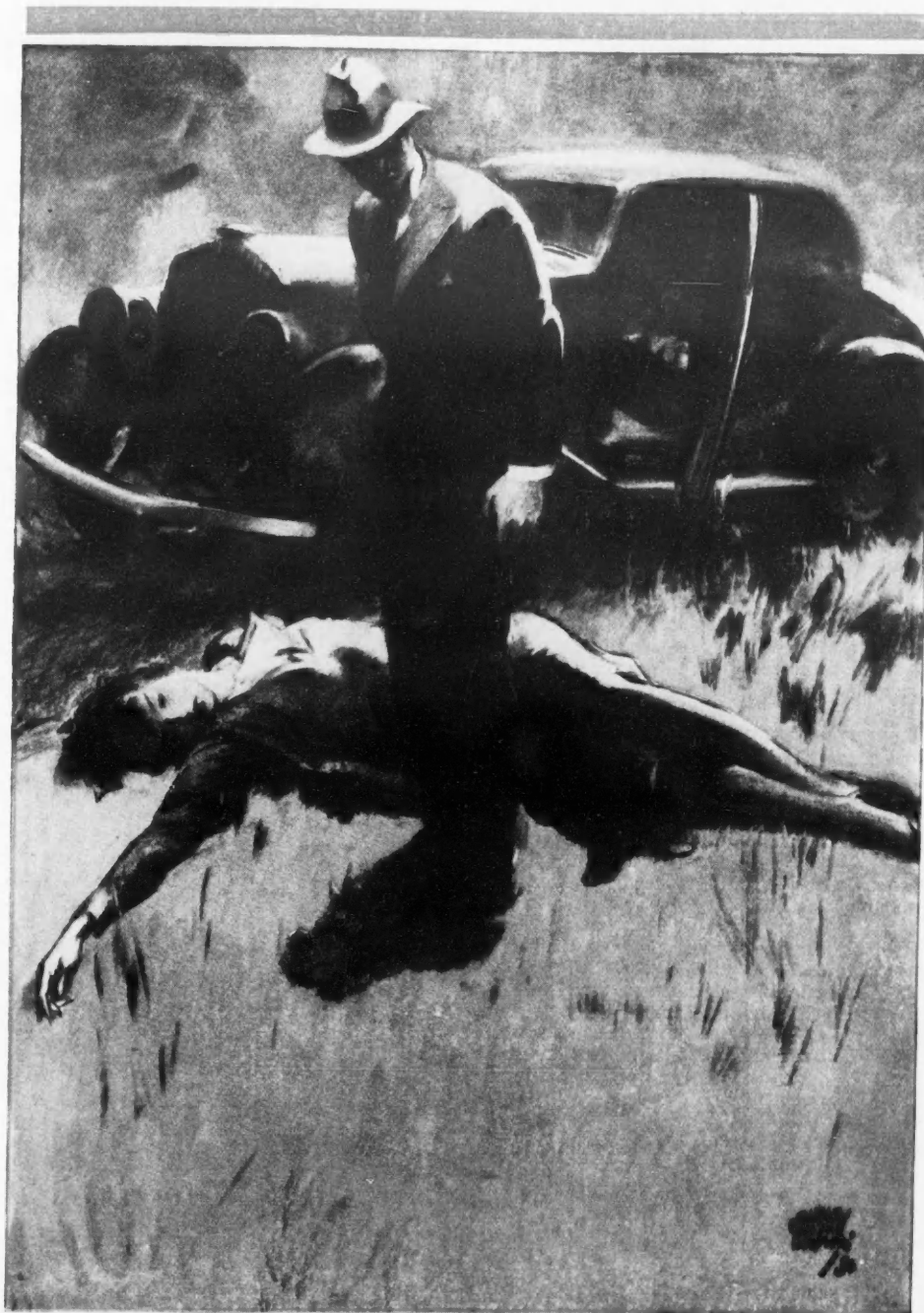
Adrienne decides to go to Ashtabula from whence the real Colby is said to have come. She returns with little more information than that Colby, as a child of seven, had been taken by his father to Switzerland. Liggett, meantime, under an assumed name has gone abroad, and Colby is in jail till the Grand Jury convenes in the autumn. Adrienne calls on Colby in the jail and points out that his curly hair is becoming straight; whoever "framed" him saw to it that he had a permanent wave. She begs her uncle to let her go abroad to trace the real Colby. At some point Smith and the real

Colby must have joined forces; through making that meeting the starting-point she feels that the mystery can be cleared. Before Adrienne sails, she and her uncle take the imbecile Smathers back to the surgeon's house where he had been an inmate with Colby and Smith. Smathers had spoken of his "hidey hole." In it she finds a scrap of paper on which is printed "Banque Fédéral de Lausanne" and a love-letter to Franklin Colby, speaking of their child and signed "Petron-

shape of the face and the line of the head were the same as Colby's although the nose was different. The other photographs Adrienne examined with intense curiosity. They showed a girl, and the same girl as a woman with a beautiful face, demanding, unsatisfied. Her vitality, her charm showed even through the lifeless paper.

"She could hold any man, son or lover," Adrienne murmured.

Illustrated
by
Dudley Gloyne
Summers



She was lifted out and stretched on the ground.

The Mystery of the Surgeon's House

illa." In Lausanne Adrienne meets a clergyman who said the Colbys, father and son, had remained in Lausanne two years and had then gone away. In The Banque Fédéral she is shown the signature of Henry Smith, corresponding exactly to the writing of the man she knows as Franklin Colby.

Clues on the Riviera lead her to the knowledge that Henry Smith has a beautiful and imperious mother who owns an English home in Kent. She goes there and the caretaker tells her that the Smiths travelled abroad every winter, sending her cheques for her expenses, but that she has heard nothing from them since February. There is a man in Mrs. Smith's life whom Henry Smith calls "Uncle Archie," and whom he detests. The caretaker thinks "Smith" is an assumed name. She gives Adrienne photographs of Mrs. Smith and Henry. Adrienne reads Henry's diary, and writes down the names of the places he mentions. She also takes the travel literature he had marked for the last journey upon which he and his mother had gone.

MRS. COWDRY led the way from the kitchen to the front of the house, and side by side the two ascended the staircase. They went first to the room of Mrs. Smith, and unlocking a wardrobe, Mrs. Cowdry took down a plain mahogany box. Breaking the lock with a poker, she put back the cover. Eagerly Adrienne turned over the contents. There were several photographs from all of which the name of the photographer had been removed. Several of these were of a straight-haired boy pictured from babyhood to manhood. In the later photographs Adrienne recognized the eyes of the man she knew as Franklin Colby. The

"RADIOITIS—"

Is it making our children deaf? by HARRY HILL, Bacc. Mus. Ed.

THOSE ENGAGED in the teaching profession will tell you that, at times, pupils seem to pay little or no attention to directions. In fact, many claim that this condition has been greatly aggravated during the past few years. For instance, if a teacher tells a class of some forty pupils to turn to a certain page there will be found as many as five or ten of them who have to be told two, three and four times before they have the right place. Again, many classes seem to be afflicted with a restlessness which is hard to control. It is not the restlessness of youth, but it is a type of restlessness which is in evidence when they are working. Teachers often admit they are at their wits end to know what to do to stop the restless undercurrent of sound in the class room. Only those who have to cope with this kind of thing know how nerve-wracking it can be.

Someone has named this condition "Radioitis," and to my mind it is a very appropriate name. Radio is making our children deaf. The word deaf has two definitions in my dictionary. The first is, deaf. . . unable to hear. The second is, deaf. . . unwilling to hear or pay regard to. Let me repeat, then, that radio is making our children unwilling to hear or pay regard to what they hear.

As proof of my contention let us examine the conditions under which the radio is operated in the average home. It usually stands in a corner or against the wall so that it will be out of the way, just the way the piano is placed in a home where it is regarded as another piece of furniture. However, unlike the piano which remains silent until played upon by some interested person, the radio is turned on before breakfast. In many instances it is allowed to run all day. People have been known to go shopping and find, on returning, that the radio has been playing merrily during their absence. From the setting-up exercises in the morning to the last dance band at midnight the radio runs the whole gamut of entertainment. The family has breakfast, dinner and supper to the accompaniment of news casts, stock-market reports, radio dramas, jazz bands and symphony orchestras. The members of the family soon discover they can carry on a conversation without disturbing the radio announcer and performers; in fact, they can carry on a conversation without the radio announcer or the performers disturbing them.

If a member of the family wishes to hear a radio programme in which he may be particularly interested, he will turn the volume up a little. The pitch of conversation will be raised so that the said conversation is not interrupted and the battle goes merrily on. Children do their lessons, or try to do them, to the accompaniment of "Lovin' That Man o' Mine" or some other such drivel dispensed by a so-called blues singer. In other words, the home is never quiet until the radio is turned off by the last person to retire for the night.

Is it any wonder our children develop nervous symptoms? Is it any wonder that, in the words of the Scripture: "They have ears to hear but they hear not?" Under such pernicious conditions brought about by the abuse of a wonderful invention, is it any wonder our children pay little or no attention to much of real cultural value?

WHO IS to blame for this condition of affairs? Can we blame the radio industry which has been busy developing radio broadcasting to bring in an income from commercial advertising? Has this great industry had no time or disposition to teach its gigantic public how to listen? Personally, I think we cannot take that stand when we think of some of the wonderful programmes provided for us. Those who have grown up with the present era of radio development must admit we have not looked upon the radio as we would a fine musical instrument—something to be listened to for enjoyment. Perhaps we ought not to blame the industry before we look elsewhere for the trouble.

Are parents to blame? In many cases I think we are. Not that any self-respecting parent would do anything wilfully to harm his family if he knew it, but this is being done from lack of thought. It is a well-known fact that children can and do listen intently to the radio, when they find something of interest to them. Have you noticed how Tommy and Mary sit on the floor right in front of the radio to listen to "Orphan Annie" or "Amos 'n' Andy"? Has it not been carelessness on the part of many parents to allow the radio to run when they know it is not being listened to at all? This constant use does not reduce the electric bill to any extent. Perhaps, dear reader, you have never thought of it in this light.

It would pay us all to experiment with the radio. Perhaps the nervousness which is shown by some member of the family is not from drinking stale coffee or the wrong kind of tea, but from too much radio. Some people can stand the fairly full tone of a symphony orchestra while the subdued thump, thump of a dance band will drive them almost to distraction. Do you torture your friends with the radio when they pay you a social call? If Bill does not make the headway with his homework that you know he can, why not try turning off the radio? If the ladies of the family get

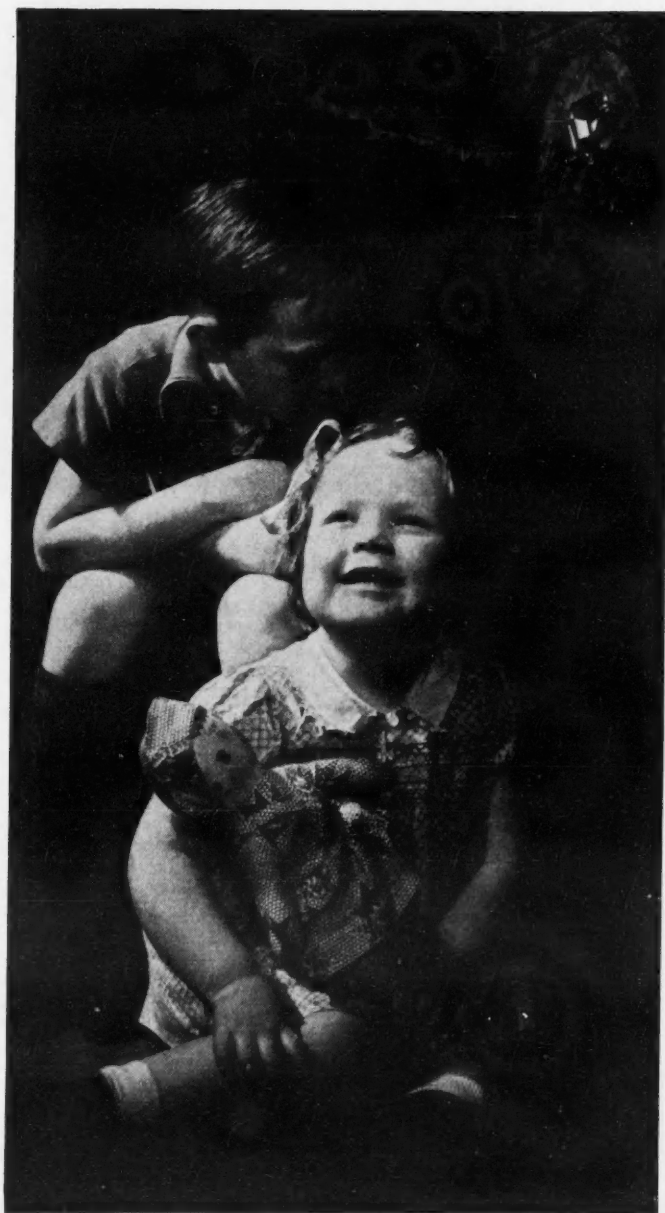
jumpy when trying to write letters and do fancy work with the radio turned on, why not try turning it off? What the advertiser loses by having the radio turned off at one period of the day, he will gain later by the way in which the radio is listened to during the rest of the time. In the light of these facts, perhaps we as parents ought to shoulder our share of the blame.

ARE THE schools to blame? Are those responsible for the education of our children to blame when we consider that radio has been a part of our everyday life for so many years. The invention which has done the most to disseminate knowledge since printing was invented has not, as yet, taken its place in our system of education. Radio broadcasting as a commercial proposition is some ten years of age. We must not overlook the fact that radio itself is several years older than that. Does it not seem strange that no systematic effort has been made to have regular radio periods in our school system?

To the National Broadcasting Company of New York must go the credit for the first attempt to utilize radio in the class room. Dr. Walter Damrosch inaugurated the series known as the Music Appreciation Hour some years ago. No doubt people thought he was crazy, as many will who read this article. Then again the same company broadcast, through the Radio Guild, plays which are intended for the American high school student. These efforts have only touched the fringe of a vast sea of possibilities for radio in education. Will it be the part of the school systems of Canada to bring radio to the class room? Not as an occasional thing do we want this, but as a regular part of the school routine.

COULD OUR children be taught to listen intelligently by this means? Just as surely as they are being made indifferent to much that is fine by the same means. There is a tremendous field open to the educator with vision. School radio will demand a very different technique from that of ordinary commercial work. Endless experiments will be necessary to determine the reaction of pupils of various ages to certain types of programmes. The pupils of each grade demand different forms of approach. One cannot address Second Book pupils in the way they do Kindergarteners. The Entrance pupil cannot be addressed as the Second Book pupil without raising resentment on his part. One must not underestimate the dignity of these near-men and near-women.

What lessons could be taught by means of the radio? In the junior grades stories in prose, poetry and song could be given by those whose outstanding talent is such that they can hold the interest of small children. In Second and Third Book grades music to correlate with the vocal music could be utilized. Historical stories could be told to stimulate interest in the past before the formal study of history is commenced. Renditions of pieces of prose and poetry prescribed for the study of literature in these grades could be given by outstanding exponents of the art of elocution. Travelogues by explorers and others who have travelled would stimulate the study of geography in conjunction with the use of moving pictures, until the time when television becomes an established fact. Incidents in the lives of great artists could be used to stimulate an interest in art. In the senior grades there could be historical dramas. Incidents in the lives of the great composers could be used to arouse an interest in the lives and music of the master musicians. For all grades [Continued on page 50]



Have you noticed how Tommy and Mary sit right on the floor to listen to their favorite?



Mad with fear she uttered shriek after shriek, but the man in black overtook her.

The real Colby had almost escaped from Adrienne's consciousness.

"Only a short time after I saw you," Lisle said, "I had a letter from a *pension* in Pontresina, enclosing a ticket and money, and asking me to come at once to see the wife of a former parishioner. It was signed 'Petronilla Colby.' Of course I went. I found a young woman dying of tuberculosis. She was the wife of Franklin Colby. She had no one in the world belonging to her. There was just enough money to rear her boy who was in a nursery school in Geneva. Would I take care of it, and him? I said I would."

Adrienne's eyes were eager. The hope that had almost left her came rushing back.

"There were only two or three days left her of life," Lisle said, "and she was too weak to talk much. The keeper of the *pension* said that she and Colby had come to Pontresina several months before, both ill of tuberculosis. Later, this woman had asked them both to leave, as they had not been able to pay anything for several weeks and she herself was poor. Then, perhaps late in February, Colby suddenly went away. But before going, he paid her in full, showed her a cheque book on a bank in Geneva and told her that there would be no more fear that she would lose anything, but that she must take good care of his wife to the end."

"And Petronilla Colby," cried Adrienne; "did she tell you nothing?"

"She said her husband had made the greatest sacrifice for her and the child that a man could make; she would never see him again in this world; she thought he was dead. When they had parted he had been nearer death even than she was. She did not know where he had gone. It was very mysterious."

"I think I have the key," Adrienne said, her eyes wet, "and Mr. Lisle, if ever you want to transfer your guardianship of that little motherless boy, you will find me ready to be your substitute."

She speeded her parting, for now she saw the end of her journey. Pontresina! She paid little enough heed to the landscape as she travelled, but she did think of the Colbys, loving so deeply and waiting for death in that beautiful land.

Pontresina had its usual out-of-season air of waiting for the winter sports. The first thing Adrienne did after choosing a hotel was to buy flowers and take them to the churchyard where Lisle had told her Petronilla Colby lay buried. Then she visited the *pension* where Petronilla had died. The keeper of the *pension* could tell her little that she had not already learned from Lisle. But she referred Adrienne to a Miss Henderson, a nurse whom she had called in during the last few days of Petronilla Colby's life.

It was dusk when Adrienne found Miss Henderson, a large healthy woman, who looked as if her chief joy lay in walking and taking long breaths of outdoor air.

"I wish you had come earlier," she said; "then I could have taken you for a walk. I have just come from the graveyard. Once a week I put flowers on the graves of two English people buried there. But today someone anticipated me."

"Perhaps it was I," Adrienne said. "I put some flowers on Mrs. Colby's grave."

"So that was you? Then I had all the more flowers left to put on the grave of Mrs. Smith."

"Mrs. Smith?" Adrienne almost whispered. "What was the rest of her name?"

"Laetitia."

Adrienne steadied her, voice something was breaking. "That is partly what I wanted to talk to you about," she said; "the death of Mrs. Smith. You knew her well?"

"She and her son had been here before for the winter sports and I had asked her for money for my charities," Miss Henderson explained. "And then, after the accident, I was called in to look after the young man till his uncle took him away. Do you know Mr. Smith?"

"Yes," Adrienne said in a still voice.

"I'll be glad to hear of Mr. Smith," Miss Henderson went on. "If you know them, you understand what a reckless driver Mrs. Smith was. She and her son and the uncle, Mr. Barrows were out driving one day. Fancy the risk of going fast in late February! There was an accident. The car rolled over a steep place. Some spectators who saw it all said that the uncle jumped. He was unhurt. Mrs. Smith was killed and Mr. Smith was worse than killed."

"Worse than killed?"

"He was unconscious when I was called in. When he came to, the shock had made him lose his memory. He kept staring at me and saying over and over, 'Who am I? Who am I?' It was terribly distressing."

"It must have been," murmured Adrienne.

"There I was, all alone with him for twenty hours, dead sleepy at the end, I can tell you. Mr. Barrows was away making the funeral arrangements. When the other nurse came in with a cheque to tell me that the funeral was over and the incident finished, I was very glad. Mr. Barrows was most generous. He gave me Mrs. Smith's car, which was not too badly wrecked. I take poor patients driving in it. Well, after I had my sleep out, I heard that Mr. Barrows had taken the young man away in an ambulance."

"What did Mr. Barrows look like?" Adrienne asked.

"I haven't the foggiest notion," Miss Henderson said calmly. "I never saw the man."

No matter, Adrienne thought. Light was coming now. Barrows had taken Henry Smith away, but Barrows was not aiding Henry Smith; he was not in the picture at all. Something sinister here perhaps? She would test Liggett on the subject of Barrows. Adrienne walked away in the velvety darkness; the music of bells from the hillside came to her as cattle moved drowsily. A breeze rose, carrying a drift of scent from wild flowers. Above were the silver stars. Harmony and peace and safety everywhere. She was certain now that she could bring all that to Franklin Colby.

ADRIENNE SAT once more beside Liggett on a bench on the seafront in Montreux. She felt compunction that she was going to disturb him. But that did not prevent her from saying suddenly:

"Dr. Liggett, why was it that Henry Smith thought Mr. Barrows hated him?"

"How did you know?" he gasped.

"By terribly hard work, which you could have saved me," said Adrienne reproachfully.

"I have tried to help," said Liggett. "I sent word to Barrows that I would not testify further against Colby, as we call him; that I had written out all I knew about him with such proofs as I had. I said that in case of my death this material would come to light. I said that so that he would not attempt my life. But I will tell you all I can."

Adrienne saw it all now. Barrows had not planned the accident that had killed Mrs. Smith but he had taken a devilish advantage of the state in which the accident had left Henry Smith.

"It goes back about twenty-three years," Dr. Liggett said. "I performed an illegal operation and it killed my patient. She was in some way connected with Barrows. He was in the room when this poor girl died, and he never spoke a word of sympathy to her. He was merely figuring how he could make use of her death. He wore the mask then without which I have never seen him. He told me that he could break me. He said he was a person of large transactions, for which he needed people in all professions. He lacked a doctor. He said that hereafter I could keep within the law. I was to set up a sanitarium for nervous patients near Riverhead. He would supply all the money and occasionally a patient."

"God knows I have suffered," Liggett said, "if that is atonement. Well, that's all. I kept the sanitarium. Two or three times, as you know, people were confined who had no reason to be. He was a man of terrible power."

Adrienne said, almost impatiently:

"It seems incredible that you have never seen him."

"He might be your own uncle, for all I know," Liggett returned. "I have seen him only a few times and he was always so masked and so draped I could not possibly know his face and figure again. He came to the house rarely. Only once was he there frequently. That was after he had had a patient admitted, a nervous case for whom he supplied his own attendant. I think he used to torture that patient. Such cries came from the room sometimes [Continued on page 54]

"Aye," the old woman sighed, "she was one of those that could get love and service very cheap, while others give love all their lives and in the end have nothing."

Besides photographs, the box contained nothing but a small gold figure. As Adrienne examined it, Mrs. Cowdry said:

"It must have been sculptured from her. It looks like her."

"Ah, I don't think so," Adrienne said. "It is very old. Someone who knew and loved her gave her this because it was like her. Will you lend all these to me?"

"I suppose so," Mrs. Cowdry said, doubtfully.

"I'll give you a receipt, of course. I know you feel as if we had been burglarizing, and so do I," Adrienne said. "Now may I look inside Mrs. Smith's desk?"

The desk was as bare as if it had never been used. Everywhere else was evidence of personality. Certain vivid pictures; a toilet table furnished with crystal flasks and silver boxes; a wardrobe full of gay dresses; a bookshelf which showed that Mrs. Smith was a discriminating reader. In an adjoining sitting room were a tea table and a chaise-longue; a little table on which stood a precious bowl that had no excuse but beauty.

Then Mrs. Cowdry led the way to a small room saying: "This isn't large but Mrs. Smith wanted Master Henry near her, though he could have had a whole suite on the other side of the house. Very plain-like it is, too, but Master Henry didn't care for decoration."

Adrienne looked about her. On the walls were some excellent etchings. A table bore a rack of solid books. On one wall was a collection of weapons; on another, mounted heads of animals. The mantelpiece bore a rack of pipes. There was a large desk against one wall beside the wardrobe and opposite the hard-looking narrow bed. Altogether it was the room of a man and a boy. Mrs. Cowdry threw open the wardrobe door.

"See how neat he kept his things," she sighed.

Adrienne went to the desk. It was not locked. It contained a number of receipted bills, several account books and two or three diaries. There was also a pile of travel literature.

"Some of that's marked," Mrs. Cowdry said; "it's the stuff they were looking over when they were planning this last trip."

Adrienne began to examine the pile. It dealt with the shores of the Mediterranean, mainly the Italian and the French side. The Corniche road was heavily marked, and some of the mountain passes. Adrienne looked at it all with growing excitement. Then she picked up the diaries. They bore the dates of three recent years and were of the nature of line-a-day books.

"I must read these, if you don't mind," Adrienne said.

"I'll get us some tea and you stay as late as you like," Mrs. Cowdry said. "Somehow I feel as if you'd bring them back to me."

Sitting at Henry Smith's desk, Adrienne read a record of travel on the European continent and in the Near and the Far East. There were bits of clever comment on customs and character; there were telling sentences of description. There were remarks that showed his mother's restlessness:

"I wanted to stay a month in Teheran but mother tired of it in three days."

"I had ordered a silver plaque in Damascus for mother from Abdul Khalif but she did not want to wait till it was finished."

There were occasional references to his mother's friend:

"I should have enjoyed the stay in Arles if Uncle Archie had not turned up."

"Mother appeared greatly surprised today when Uncle Archie joined us in Capri."

"I am tossing a coin to see whether I

shall stay with Mother and Uncle Archie here in Alassio or go off by myself to San Remo."

"Carcassonne was beautiful today; perfectly sunny, but along came a shadow in the shape of Uncle Archie."

Adrienne's cheeks were glowing as she jotted down names and dates.

"Oh, don't you see," she cried, as Mrs. Cowdry brought in a tray furnished with tea and bread and butter; "don't you see that by going to these towns your Master Henry speaks of and examining the registers for a person whose Christian name is Archibald, we can find out who he is and where he comes from? Then he can tell us about Mrs. Smith and Henry—give us a clue to what else we must find out."

Mrs. Cowdry shook her head, sighing.

"Ah, but the weeks it will take," she said. "And all the time poor Master Henry in such danger—"

"We'll work against time," Adrienne said, vigorously. "When I have Uncle Archie's name, and when I know where that car went from Bordighera, I shall have in my hand the key that will unlock the prison door of this young man you love."

She rose, prepared to go. As they went down the staircase, Mrs. Cowdry said, hesitatingly:

"Plenty of people could tell you that Mrs. Smith was restless. Some might say she was unhappy. But I'd go farther and say she was suffering from remorse about something. For one night when I brought her hot milk as I

always did to try to make her sleep, she said to me: 'Esther, isn't it enough to suffer and suffer to pay for a sin? What's the use of trying to make restitution when perhaps the need of it has gone by?' More than once she said something like that. Then next day she would be distant with me, angry at herself because she had half confided in me. This is what I am trying to say to you, miss. There's nearly always fire where there's smoke. No one could make me think Master Henry ever did anything wrong, anything he could be punished for. But this person you think has got Master Henry into trouble—maybe it wasn't Master Henry he was trying to pay out but his mother."

Adrienne shook her head. She could think herself of many different theories for the plight of the Smiths, but it was not for her to guess. She must pursue unrelentingly the search for the car which had borne Henry Smith and his mother away from Bordighera on that journey which had ended in a tragedy of which she knew only the smaller part.

IN AFTER days, Adrienne Sheridan looked back on the next two months of her life as at once the fullest of change



At the sight of Adrienne, both men stared.

and the dreariest she had ever known. Swift travel, the soft English air bearing the scent of freshly mown hay and of lemon verbena, the English Channel; Calais and alert French porters, the *wagon-lit* and closed windows, grey light stealing over the serene French landscape, Paris, with sleepy men and girls going to work along silent sunny streets; a change of stations, and the train for the Riviera; a long day, a long night; sunrise over the Mediterranean and, early in the morning, Alassio. She had herself driven to the best hotel, and after breakfasting began her quest. It was not difficult. She found that the Smiths had stayed in the hotel she had chosen, and a concierge remembered them. He also remembered that they had with them a relative, a tall, dark gentleman, named Archibald Barrows. With this information, Adrienne went to Bordighera from which she traced the Smith car to Ventigmilia, to Monte Carlo and to Grasse. And there the trail died.

Autumn had come. Her uncle felt that she should delay no longer abroad; the Grand Jury was about to meet. Adrienne had better come home and see what could be made, among the photographers of New York, of the early photographs which she had sent Sheridan, of Smith and his mother.

As she was near the Lake of Geneva, she decided to spend the night in Lausanne and then take the early morning train for Paris and Cherbourg. She arrived in Lausanne early in the afternoon, and having nothing else to do she called on Mr. Franklin Lisle, the old clergyman who had known Franklin Colby and his father. He greeted her with excitement.

"I should have taken your address," he said, "for I can tell you something of Franklin Colby."



Nancy's spirit rose again. It was excitement enough to walk with Don and Zilla.

NANCY GROWS UP

by BEATRICE FURNISS

NANCY FRASER swayed rebelliously on a rope swung between the tall gateposts and wished with all the intensity of thirteen she was grown up. Somewhere behind the vines of the verandah she knew her mother was sitting, with collar loosened and hands strangely idle, cooling off after a day of excessive heat. Nancy would have felt sorry for her mother had she been anyone else's mother, but being Nancy's she was too directly responsible for her daughter's retarded growth to inspire Nancy with anything but resentment. It really was too bad the way Nancy was being kept a child, held to a nine o'clock bedtime, made to wear spring heels, and not allowed to return home from a party until called for by an odious younger brother. When she felt so old, too! It was humiliating to be outgrowing her smocked frocks so gawkily, yet not be allowed to get into the blouses and skirts the other girls were wearing. She knew the others talked. "No use asking Nan Fraser, she's not allowed out after supper. Her mother's English, you know."

Why, oh why, should it be her luck to have an English mother? Why not a comfortable Canadian mother like the Burnhams and the Freeland who let their boys and girls roam about together, go down for ice cream after dark and—crowning liberty—parade the main street on band nights, mingling gleefully with all the paired-off couples in town. Only last band night Maudie Freeland, only eight and a half months older than Nancy, promenaded a full hour with Choppy Ruxton whose father kept the hardware store, and he had deposited her at her own gate under Mrs. Freeland's very nose. There was freedom for you!

Sometimes Nancy's mother took her and Teddy to hear the band. But not often. They only once strolled as far as the courthouse square where the trees made shadows just dense enough to reveal the spooning couples in doorways and on the occasional benches. Nancy had distinctly seen Minnie Ruxton, Choppy's big sister, her skirt almost to her ankles, and the big, nice-looking fellow from the telegraph office with his arm around her, before her mother said: "Now we'll have an ice cream and go home." Nancy had seen half a dozen girls of her class in the ice-cream parlor, but she was the only one encumbered with a mother and kid brother. It had seemed so degrading. And then to have to head for home right in the middle of the programme! Everyone in town must have known she had to go to bed.

Then there was the affair of the picnic to Grant's farm. Ten boys and girls cycling out for a weekend, the girls to be housed in the old farm, the boys in the shacks used by the farm hands at sugaring time. And they were to prepare their own meals camp fashion and spend the time fishing and hiking. It all sounded so perfectly divine and proper. Even Frances Dawson whose mother went to the same church as Nancy's and was said to be "very particular," was allowed to be of this party. Nancy was importuned to go. "Coax and coax like the dickens," Maudie admonished her. But Nancy had hardly coaxed at all; she felt the hopelessness from the outset.

That weekend was the longest that had so far shadowed her dragging existence. True, her mother had let her go down for ice cream in the evening by way of consolation, but she had had to have Teddy along and he had accused her of being a sorehead because she couldn't go off and get goofy with a lot of rummies in Grant's bush. It was really too puerile. Besides it wasn't true. Nancy didn't want to spoon with any boy, she only wanted the privilege of decid-

ing for herself in all matters of conduct—spooning included. Well, some day she'd be old enough—some day—and then she'd show she was capable of every restraint and dignity. But it was a long time coming. Meanwhile life was racing past and she was missing it, just simply missing it all.

Nancy had twisted the ropes of the swing to a single tortured strand above her, and now went into a blind spin as they uncoiled. Opening her eyes to bring a twirling landscape into focus she saw a dizzy blur of red and gold moving quickly along the street. Nancy blinked. It was Mr. Proddy himself, leader of the Woodford band, gorgeous in scarlet and gilt, thick boots polished to amazing brilliance and squeaking with ruthless, measured importance as he strode majestically past.

Band Night! By the time the swing settled to inaction Nancy was halfway across the vacant lot to the Pringles' side door with a speed calculated to outdistance her mother's restraining voice.

The door was open. Nancy sat down on the doorstep and watched Mrs. Pringle empty a huge dish of cold diced potatoes on to a smoking pan over the wood stove. She was a gaunt woman with grey locks and kind, sunken eyes. The skin of her face and arms was flecked with fascinating brown splotches. On the far side of the big kitchen a table was spread with a crisp cloth and set with blue willow pattern dishes. Nancy could see four kinds of pickles from where she sat. An appetizing smell of sausages made her recall with disdain her simple supper of cereal and milk. It had seemed enough in the heat. And yet the Pringles could eat sausages and hashed brown potatoes in the hottest weather. Nancy's mouth watered.

THE TWO Pringle girls came in from their down-town jobs. They were trim in duck skirts and organdie blouses. And full of shop. Nancy looked enviously on. She loved listening to their homely, sophisticated chatter which seemed to float about above her head. All the Pringles were natural and neighborly. They practised no restraints in front of Nancy. She often sat on the doorstep at meal times on summer evenings and was taken as much for granted as Fanny the pet spaniel, or Tapioca—the name invariably given to whatever brand of alley cat was lodging with the Pringles at the moment. She always knew from Nell's and Patty's conversational exchanges just who was "going with" whom, and whether there was "anything in it" or not; and innumerable other enthralling bits of town gossip.

Sometimes Mrs. Pringle, being of a religious bent, tried to offset these in Nancy's mind by quotations from Scripture. But Nancy always found it more agreeable to learn that Aggie Case believed she could get engaged to Walt Withers on the next kiss but one than that the devil was going round like a roaring lion looking for tasty mouthfuls among the unsaved. She secretly thought that, Holy Writ to the contrary, a conversation composed exclusively of Aye, Aye, and Nay, Nay, must be unthinkably dull. But Nancy didn't mind being Scripturally admonished when Mrs. Pringle was so kind in practical ways. It was worth being told you were a miserable sinner and your sins were deeply, darkly scarlet if you were thereafter allowed to use Mrs. Pringle's new pinking iron or ride Nell's bicycle while Nell was at work.

"Come away in, Nan, and have a sausage," said Mrs. Pringle. The girls had tidied themselves and were helping to dish up. "Nan can have pa's place," said Nell.

But Nancy was playing for higher stakes. "I've had my

supper, thank you, Mrs. Pringle." She eyed the vacant place at table apprehensively. "Where's Don tonight?"

"Oh, he'll be here," smiled Mrs. Pringle. "What are you wanting with Don now?"

"I do wish I could go to the band," said Nancy intensely. "Do you think Don would take me down with him?"

"The band!" sighed Mrs. Pringle. "Ah, Nancy, dear, what for are you wanting to go to the band? Do you know who is leader of the band?" Her face took on the look of mournful gravity Nancy knew. "The devil. The devil's the leader of the band." Mrs. Pringle made the statement sadly, with a sort of reluctance. She didn't want to be unfair. Her kindness extended even to the devil. Nancy jumped up quickly.

"Oh, no, Mrs. Pringle. Mr. Proddy's the leader of the band." Nancy was being fair, too; the scarlet and gold vision was too recent to be erased without a struggle. The others laughed.

"Well, well," said Mrs. Pringle in a "suffer it to beso now" voice. "Well, well," and she handed Nancy a fluffy wedge of angel cake.

"What's all this?" Don appeared in the doorway. "If there isn't Nan Fraser again! Don't they ever feed you at home, Nan?"

Don was twenty-one. He had a quiet gentle voice and eyes like his mother's.

"Nan didn't come to eat," said Nell, "she wants you to take her down tonight to see who's leading the band, Proddy or Satan."

"Oh, Don, would you?" breathed Nancy.

"Maybe Don's got a girl already," put in Patty.

Nancy looked anxiously at Don, who helped himself to another sausage and said nothing.

"Mummy says Don's too sensible to run round with the girls," Nancy said.

"Your mother wouldn't let you go anyway, Nan."

"With you she would, Don," coaxed Nancy.

"Don's scared of being taken up for cradle-snatching," teased Nell.

"Ah, go on, take her," urged Patty.

"What you say, ma?" Don said goodnaturedly.

"Eh, dearie," said his mother fondly, "she's hankering for the fleshpots. Nannie, Nannie—"

"All right, Nan, if your mother says so. We'll have a fleshpot each at Ramsay's—pineapple, eh? Or maybe you like vanilla best?"

But Nancy was already flying across the common.

"Donald has invited me to go to the band," she announced breathlessly. "I'll put on my pink dress, shall I?" She hurried on into the house without giving time for a half-dreaded protest.

Mrs. Fraser was surprisingly affable as she tied her daughter's best hair ribbon. "I hope you'll behave nicely on the street. And tell Don he mustn't keep you late. The band stops at ten but you don't have to stay till the end."

Nancy gave a gulp. That was a narrow squeak; but so far her mother had only implied the hour for her return. It was these hard-set rules for home-coming that took the joy out of life.

The Pringle kitchen was deserted. Nancy found the girls in their room upstairs. She adored watching them dress. It wasn't, as with Nancy, a matter of slipping out of your play dress and into your best one—with perhaps a face wash in between. They performed the most fascinating rites with hair and eyebrows and fingernails. [Continued on page 50]

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN F. CLYMER



He quickly raised her in his arms, the garments trailing.

Illustrated by
Frank Matteson

Hal braced himself. This man presented immediate battle. "Do you particularly object," enquired the caller in a firm, polite tone, "to my seeing your daughter?"

"I do." The words were rude but the glint came nearer to being a sparkle.

"Why?" Hal's heart began to beat sideways in an absolutely new motion.

"Because, Mr. Traymore, I am painting my daughter's portrait. Because you have come at the worst possible moment—smashing a mood which has taken a devil of a long time to achieve. I am sorry to sound inhospitable. I do not actually feel so, except for this one thing. But I'm painting, young man, painting." He gave a wide, exasperated sweep of his arm. "I will give your name to Delly, and any message. Later perhaps she can . . ."

There was sudden sound within the house. Over the wide polished floor of the hall, with its graceful staircase and tall clock, rushed something meteoric, something grey topped by a bush of red.

"Father, how can you?" Deliverance Dexter, seventh in line with a Quaker grandmother, arrived in a whirlwind. It almost seemed that she would not be able to stop, that she must tear on by them, and out; such was the force and fury of her arrival. But she halted at the door with a curious whispering violence, as if the wind moved among pine boughs.

Hal was startled to find that she was even smaller, more delicately taut than he supposed. The girl scarcely glanced at him. Compared to the tall, powerful figure of her father, she was a reed of slenderness. And strangely enough, at ten-thirty in the morning she wore that filmy cobweb gown of the previous evening at the Country Club.

"Go back to the studio, dear," Mr. Dexter spoke quietly, "Only an hour or so more and you may be free. Then you can do as you wish." The change in his manner was astonishing. Here were gentleness and an amused indulgence.

"You would not have treated that odious, insufferable Bert this way!" she stormed.

"No," said her father reasonably. "Perhaps not."

Tante whirled away from him. In the next two minutes Hal was given to understand how and why this girl had received her nickname. She threw a tantrum. As an exhibition it was superb. She seemed all one mad, lovely, vortex of rage—white arms, grey draperies, stamping feet.

Her father leaned against the door jamb. Arms folded, eyes squinted to slits, he appeared to take pleasure in her outrageous behavior.

Tante wound up with a final, dramatic spiral. Cheeks flushed, eyes smoldering, hair in a vibrant bush, she seemed the essence of a volcano in action.

Her father smiled. "Now that you've finished your very excellent performance, my dear, may I suggest that we return to the studio?"

She stepped out on the porch. "Please come here anytime, Mr. Traymore. We shall always be glad to see you. Will you wait in the arbor? I'll be there soon." The sudden, sweet serenity of her voice confused him to a point of speechlessness. He went to the arbor and sat on a bench. He was stunned. Perhaps Pete was right after all.

When a semblance of composure returned to him, he saw that the arbor jutted out at an angle from the large studio window. Though this window was perhaps fifteen feet from the ground he caught a glimpse, now and then, of Mr. Dexter working at an easel. On a raised platform posed his daughter—lovely, demure, tantalizing.

An hour later she came out to the arbor. She now wore a plain print frock and said she must knock together a few things for lunch.

"You cook?" asked Hal in a daze.

"Why not?"

"You have as many facets as a diamond; somehow after this morning—"

"I know, I know. It was really just to give father a good time. He loves 'em; puts more magic in his brush strokes. It's really a formula . . . to be used with discretion."

"I don't know in the least what you are talking about," said Hal.

"It's not necessary. Won't you stay and have a salad with us? Besides throwing tantrums, I can steal—Our next neighbor's garden is bursting with fresh, green things. I wiggle on my stomach between rows. Just mention your order, and I'll rustle it into a salad bowl." She laughed at him. "It's really saved our lives, though my usual forays are made around eight in the evening. You can understand why."

He said he understood perfectly and finally made her promise to have supper with him somewhere that evening, providing, of course, that she could rearrange her hour of

looting. She said soberly that she thought she had enough lettuce and peas and carrots to last over another day, and that her father would flay her if he knew of her pillaging.

Hal left then, hardly knowing what he thought of the Dexters, father and daughter. And the memory of a man's name spoken by Tante was like the prick of a thistle. What in the world could it mean? And who was Bert?

Hal knew more about the Dexters before the evening was over, yet even less of what to think.

He and Tante talked over a gaily appointed supper table at a small inn. The lowering sun sent slanted gold on a broad, beneficent valley. A flat river wound through green rushes.

All glitter had departed from this strange girl. She seemed muted as twilight; there were shadows in her voice and she seemed tired. Also a trifle distraught.

"You must think my father rather unique," she smiled.

"I admit I was slightly jolted for a moment. But he's a grand-looking person."

"I adore him." She spoke simply, yet with fervor. "You live at Elmhurst all the year? Funny I've not seen you before."

"Oh, no. We had a studio in the city. Aren't these scones ravishing? Never did have food so delicious!"

"You act hungry as a starving Armenian."

"Hungrier perhaps."

The admission came with such robust directness that Hal was disturbed. "Really as hungry as all that?"

"Ravaging." She possessed a sly soberness. "Even fresh green salads leave a certain void." Then she began to answer more fully his former question.

She said that she and her father had never been to Elmhurst before this year. That an artist friend who was abroad had let them have his house, the only one in the vicinity with a studio. "We're never very long in one spot," she gazed out of the window and down the road, and again that distracted expression crossed her face.

"Expecting trouble?" Hal enquired a little crisply. Girls were seldom distraught in his presence.

"Hoping against it," she answered, and took another bite of scone.

He did not like the look in her eyes. More worry lay in their clear depths than should have lived in one so young and beautiful.

"Father and I are not in the least alike," she was saying now. "With the exception of posing for him, he lets me play around as I like. He trusts me to be adult and intelligent. Ever since the time I tried, at four years old, to pat a hornet he has told me to find out for myself. But he's really a love—and a perfectly gorgeous artist. You happened to barge in on a precious mood." Warm affection flared up in her voice. "Forgive my loyalties. Do you like red hair?"

"You know what I think. I've told you. I like it super-hugely."

Yet, perversely, she seemed not wholly pleased. "Red hair sort of carries one along. It makes you do and say things to support the reputation of its color. My mother had red hair, and father became quite addled on the subject . . . sacred flame of inspiration and so forth." Her tone was low, almost intimate.

At this moment a long green monster of a car slithered up the inn drive. Hal watched it absentmindedly, noting the big shoulders of the man behind the wheel—a brutish fellow fashionably tailored. "Regular python of a car," he muttered; "looks as if it had crawled out of a South American jungle."

The girl's eyes glanced about the room and she spoke hurriedly. "That's Bert Ranger. If he sees me, everything will be spoiled. I rather expected he might bob up . . . asked me here in the first place, and I turned him down. There's a door behind you leading to a rear porch. He'll come in at the front. I'm sorry to cut this short." Her voice was vibrant with distressed apology. Then she held up a forefinger. "Listen, was that the fire siren?"

A prolonged wail agonized through the open window—three long groans followed by two short.

Tante had risen and was moving swiftly across the floor toward the rear porch door. "Come," she had whispered, "that's our fire-signal number." [Continued on page 30]

RED HAIR DOESN'T MEAN A THING

by MARTHA BANNING THOMAS



HAL LEFT the verandah of the club house and walked through the garden to a low stone seat near a fountain. Here he sat down. Stars swept the sky, though a new moon had slipped out of sight long ago. No wind moved in the poplars, and the fragrance of flowers was like a sweet, unnamable ache.

Half an hour ago Hal Traymore had first seen Deliverance Dexter, called Tantrum for short, or Tante. Three minutes ago he had finished a rumba with her. He now wished to concentrate.

A cricket set up a cheerful fiddling at his feet. The languorous strains of a waltz, skilfully dragged at poignant intervals, drifted from the club house. A girl laughed and somebody began singing.

Hal was staying the week-end with the family of a cousin named Tessa Searles. He knew a lot of men at the party and some of the girls, but Tante was a stranger. She had floated into his vision with all the wonder of a perfectly new experience. They had scarcely spoken a word when they melted into a rumba. And could that red-head dance!

"Of course I'm not hit, or anything," he informed the fountain. He stood up, wrenched his tie a quarter of an inch one way, and a quarter of an inch back. Then he started toward the club house. Halfway there he saw a slender figure standing in the lighted doorway.

"No thanks, Joe, I'm going to grab a moment of solitude." That was her voice. It had the same lustre as her hair, now deep, now sparkling. She was speaking to an escort. "I'd rather be alone . . . Oh, yes, back soon."

Abruptly Hal retraced his steps, going so slowly that if the girl made any progress whatever, she must overtake him. He heard, on the gravel, the crunch of her incredibly small green slippers. Now they were almost treading on his heels; a cloud of grey chiffon brushed by. "Oh," said Hal, "sorry!" He stood aside and waited for her to pass, but just beside him, her sleeve caught on a rose bush.

"I'm afraid I'm snared," she answered, and her voice rang tiny golden bells in his heart.

"Oh, rot," he fumed inwardly, "what an ass I am—and I've known her less than an hour!" He reached out his hand to free her sleeve.

"You'll have to come nearer . . . do be careful! I wouldn't tear this frock for anything. I mustn't—it would be ruinous." Here was real worry. He produced a small flashlight from his pocket and asked her to hold it. Then from a large three-cornered thorn he skilfully unpricked the flowing sleeve. As he worked, the light from the torch glowed under her chin. It was difficult, watching it there, to keep his mind on his task. Not ivory—certainly not ivory, that lovely tone along her neck—more like the petal of a gardenia. Her hair had that buoyant abundance which made it seem a thing alive in its own right. Her long eyelashes made shredded shadows on her cheeks. There was a delicate tautness about her as if she were made of harp strings. Hal finally released the last cobweb thread, bowed, and moved aside.

"I could not help overhearing what you said at the clubhouse door, that you wanted solitude," he remarked, "so I won't intrude any longer."

"If this is an excuse to get away, don't let me keep you.

But if," her voice teased him, "my companionship is not absolutely poisonous to you, let's talk by the fountain."

They talked. Hal observed that her frock was made of cloud upon cloud of smoky-grey—a perfect foil for her vivid hair and vibrant personality. Seeing her in it, gave one the sensation of watching sunrise come out of a mist. It was not a fashionable costume, yet it held in every fold the lure of glamor and romance.

"Are you, like me, a week-end guest?" Hal enquired.

"No, just ran over here for the evening from Elmhurst. Please pull me down that star—the one by the poplar, with the greenish twinkle. It would look swanky on my slipper."

"Gladly, but you need a perfectly matched pair. Could we find two?"

"One has always to be hunting for stars, don't you think?" There was a husky edge on her voice, a little wistful. She sat with her head thrown back so that cascade of her hair was like a lady by Burne-Jones.

"And are you really called Tantrum or Tante, though your real name is Deliverance Dexter, seventh in line, with a Quaker grandmother?"

"Who's been shaking my family tree?" She kept her chin tilted upward.

"I wormed it out of Pete a little while ago. You know Pete. He looks always ready to take a message to Garcia, brave and bright. He gets around a lot; knows things."

"I presume this globe-trotter also informed you about my temper which matches my hair, my reputation for throwing vile tantrums?"

"Something of the sort."

"It's a continual challenge to have a reputation; you have to play up to it. I'm actually as mild as milk."

"With that hair?" he chided her, "Forgive me for repeating what I know you've heard *ad nauseam*. It's the most gorgeous . . . I didn't know that out of fairy tales such hair existed."

"Yes," she admitted with sudden listlessness, "it's nice, I suppose, if you like it. You haven't a newspaper with you? I'm afraid of hurting my frock. There might be dew on this stone . . . father would be furious; he's an artist, you know."

Hal peeled off his blue coat, but she would not accept it. "No, no!" she said hurriedly, and rose.

Hal stood beside her, rather close. "But tell me when I may see you again. I positively must, you know."

She looked up at him, a faint smile on her lips. "When you have pulled down a couple of perfectly matched stars for my green brocaded slippers. Bring them to me wrapped in pink jeweller's cotton."

Yet the next time Hal Traymore met Deliverance Dexter was quite another matter.

"HEY, PETE," said Hal, next morning, "what sort of a house do Tante and her father live in? Might just want to drop in there some day."

"Ah—ha! You too, old flounder! Let me tell you something. Don't try it. Many have done so before you, and failed miserably—miserably. Her dad is a devil. Artistic temperament and all that. Liable to ram a paint-brush down your throat on sight. Keep away, little one. Don't stick your neck out. You can never tell, they might crack it."



Nevertheless Hal went to Elmhurst. He found it a pleasant village of wide streets and overhanging trees. He found the house he was looking for, a few miles out on a country road. It stood under a protecting elm, and its sedate appearance at once reassured the prospective caller. His heart, however, beat rapidly as he let the brass knocker fall on the white panelled door.

Several minutes passed. In the house could be heard a banging about, low hurried voices in argument, then without warning the door was flung open so wide and so unexpectedly that the guest fairly rocked in the breeze of it.

A tall, arresting looking man with greying hair and a fiery red beard stood glaring at him. If blue eyes could hold flame, such were the eyes of this person.

"Mr. Dexter?" smiled Hal.

"Yes."

"Is your daughter at home?"

"She is." The man's blue eyes turned icy. Hal began to feel the effects of frostbite.

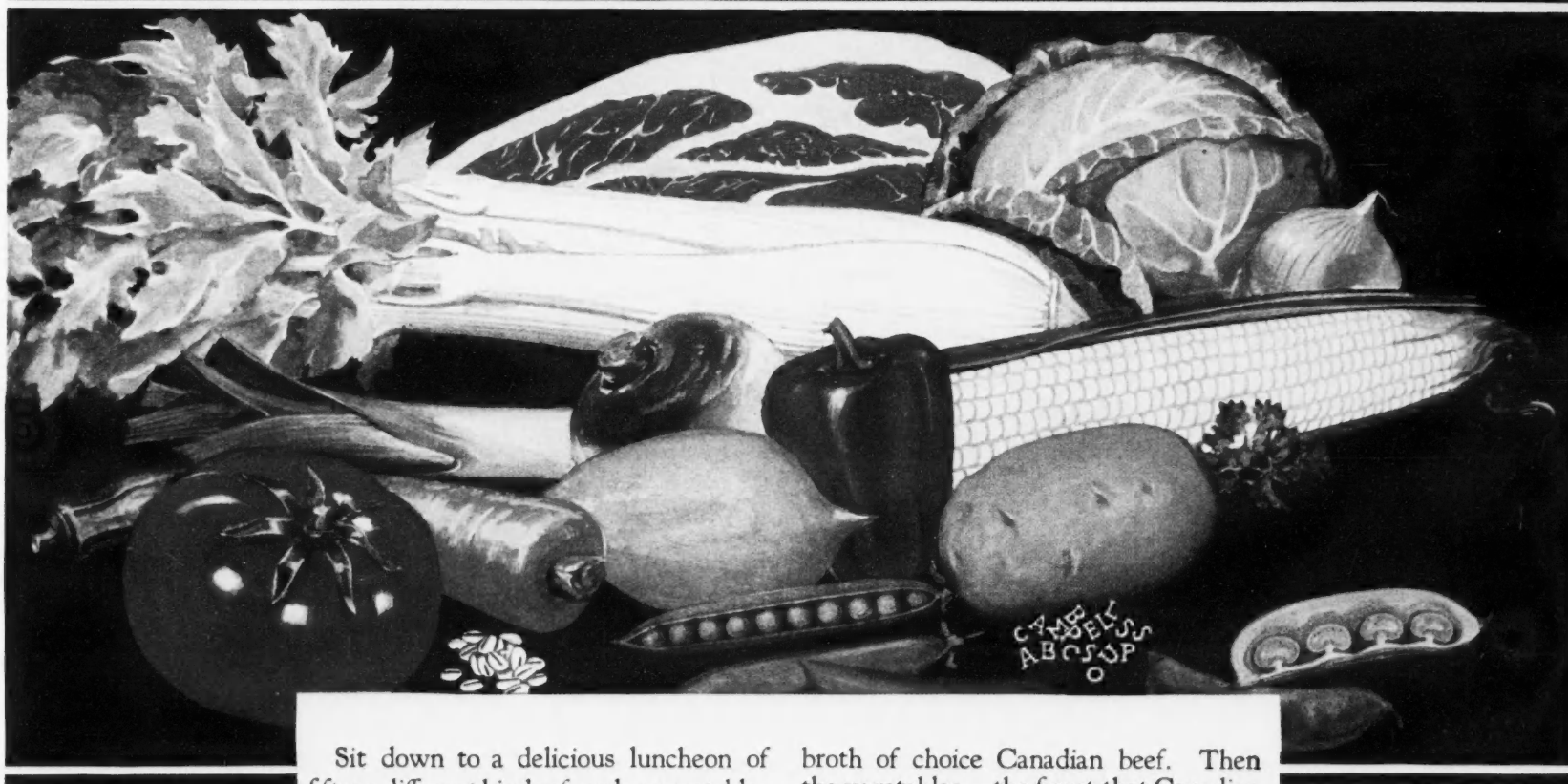
"May I—er—please see her? I'm Hal Traymore."

"Indeed?" An indescribable glint now danced in those cold depths.

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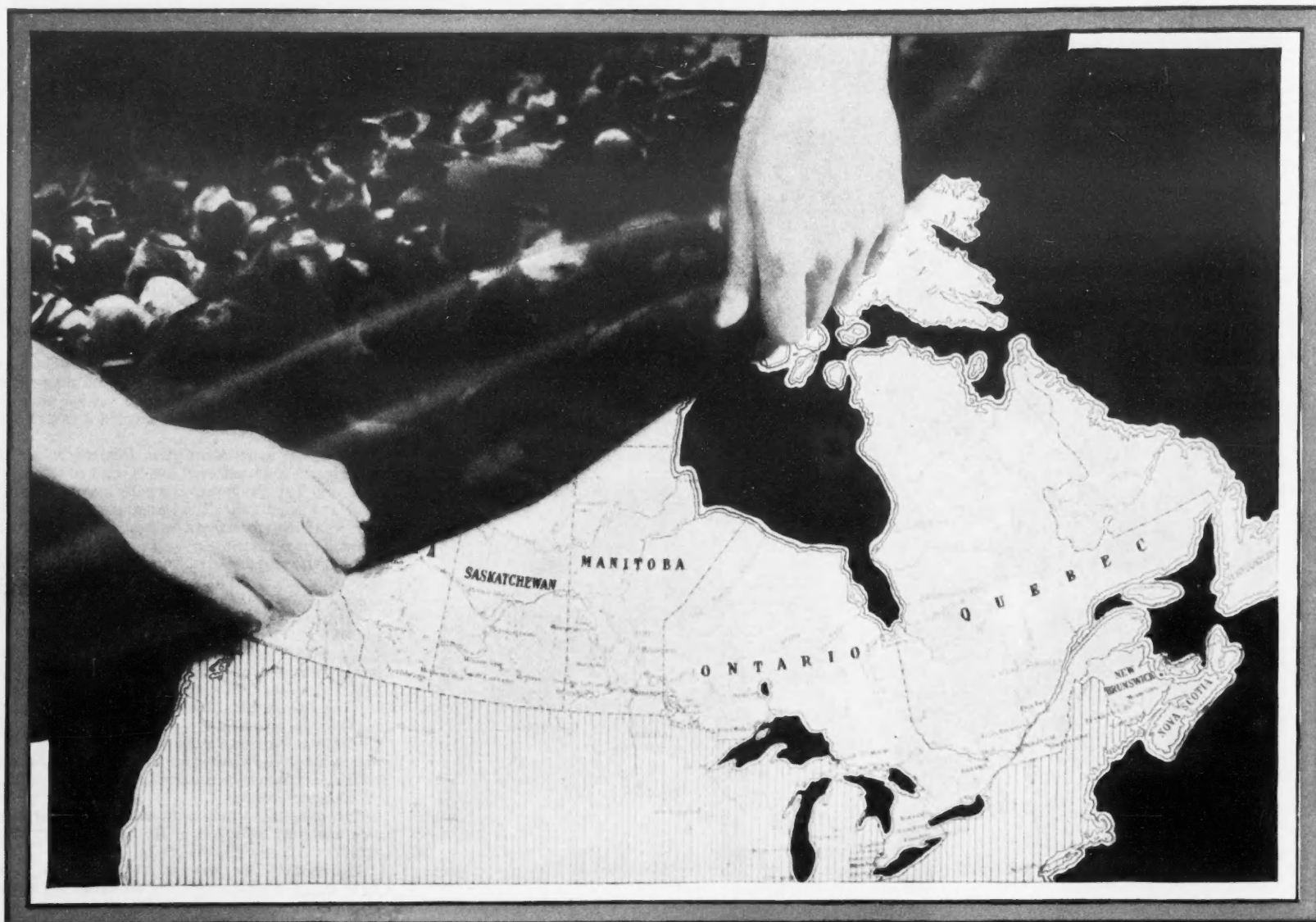
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Canada's Lost Population

by CONSTANCE TEMPLETON

THERE ARE IN Canada three times as many universities and colleges as there are insane asylums; yet, in 1930, when the last official report was issued, 3,000 more were admitted to the asylums than there were Canadians graduated from universities during that period.

Government grants to the universities that year totalled \$5,800,000. The insane asylums cost the government \$11,000,000.

Since 1871, the population of Canada has a little more than doubled, but the number of inmates of her insane asylums has multiplied sixfold, and the cost of caring for them tenfold.

These enormous figures, however, do not begin to tell the story of Canada's mentally defective population. The normal capacity of the existing institutions is 30,000, but the registered number of inmates is 31,000. Moreover, every hospital and asylum has a long list of patients waiting to be admitted, and the list grows longer every day. It is estimated that three out of every thousand people in Canada are mentally defective, and this proportion is rapidly increasing.

If it were possible to build and maintain all the institutions necessary to house Canada's defectives, authorities say that in five years time they would be quite inadequate. At the present rate of increase a new asylum would have to be built every twenty months at a cost of \$2,000,000, and an annual maintenance cost of \$300,000.

In hospitals, health clinics and research laboratories, much is being done to check the ravages of disease, but mental deficiency cannot be cured. Its victims are doomed to a life of incompetence. Many thousands of them are living out their lives in the

routine of the mental institutions. Many thousands more people our jails and reformatories, pile up police records of crime and swell the relief lines of the unemployed.

To check what they feel to be an alarming menace of national decadence, two provinces have adopted the policy of selective sterilization of the mentally unfit. Other provinces are considering it.

It is a serious step. Is it as serious as the trouble it seeks to allay?

MENTAL DEFICIENCY is a term applied to a certain lack of brain power in the individual. It has nothing to do with temporary disorders of the brain or similar forms of insanity. The defective brain is not diseased but undeveloped.

Sometimes, through accident or illness, brain development is arrested in infancy or childhood. As often, mental deficiency is inherited. Records of the causes of insanity made in several United States institutions a short time ago showed that fifty per cent of the defective patients were hereditary cases.

It is these unfortunates that the sterilization laws aim to protect.

The lowest form of deficiency is complete idiocy, in which the brain is not able even to direct proper physical growth,

and the human being is entirely dependent on other people.

The most common form is the subnormality classified by authorities as the "low intellectual."

The majority of the hereditary cases belong to the latter group. In a community they pass as stupid, or shiftless, or just plain bad. They cannot learn as other people learn, but, properly treated, can be taught to work and care for themselves.

There are many such people living in Canada's insane asylums today who could lead lives of happy useful citizenship if authorities dared to let them go free. Experience has shown, however, that, turned loose into community life, they invariably mate and have large numbers of children which they are quite unable to support or train. In a year or two there are more little defectives running ragged in the streets, more names added to the waiting lists of hospitals and subnormal schools, more entries in the police records.

Rather than risk this inevitable repetition of the very ills which they are trying to remedy, institution authorities are loath to dismiss their patients, even though they might be able to earn a living for themselves. Yet the keeping of them means that someone else, perhaps more in need of care and training, remains on the waiting list, propagating evils just as great, if not worse.

SPEAKING ON this subject, Dr. Bruce, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, has quoted figures to show that the problem is one which very seriously threatens the national health of the Dominion. Families sending students to two great universities, he said, averaged three children apiece, but families supplying patients to the mental hospitals [Continued on page 34]

Some startling facts concerning one of the big problems of the day

-HANDLE with CARE!

by Eve Beyer

Just because we love them so much, it's very easy to injure children by pampering them

THE WISE mother who wishes for her child a successful school career, will not worry over the trifling ups and downs that beset the paths of all school children. By this I do not mean that one should ignore the serious occurrence, nor yet be regardless of her child's progress in his or her work. Every conscientious teacher is anxious that the parent be interested in her pupil's progress, for lack of interest in the home is a direct cause of lack of interest in the classroom. But for the mother and father to worry themselves and the teacher over childish tales and the usual numerous classroom incidents, is detrimental to their own peace of mind, to the efficiency of the teacher and, most important of all, to the training of the child.

Every normal child is imaginative. Thus a child, feeling himself wronged, often unconsciously exaggerates the wrong to startling proportions. The wise parent will quietly, yes, even secretly, investigate the complaint, or in all probability gently ignore the tale and forget about it. Treated in either of these ways the small school worry evaporates, the child is left to solve his own problem, and you may be sure that any rancor or bad feeling that may have existed in his childish mind disappears completely, leaving only the wisdom of one more experience, the strength gained by one more problem solved.

How many good teachers are handicapped by the sympathizing and overpetting of loving parents, and what tragic results this same thoughtless indulgence leads to!

One little red-headed fellow gave real promise of being both an intelligent and lovable pupil, but toward the end of his third school term he developed the exasperating habit of forgetting to bring his books and pencils to school. Several successive mornings his teacher provided him with a pencil, writing paper, reader and other necessary equipment. But one morning she refused to be so kind.

"Edgar," she said, "you have forgotten your books so often that I can't lend you mine any more. Put on your coat and hat and go home for your books."

You will agree, I am sure, upon the value of such a lesson to Edgar, a little thought and foresight before he left for school each morning. But the result, due to a loving and thoughtless mother, was tragic.

In the presence of Edgar she telephoned to the teacher, angrily scolding her for "picking on her child." Edgar's story may have justified a talk with his teacher, but never

in the presence of the child himself. The teacher naturally remained firm, but Edgar returned to school in a defiant mood which led to misdeeds of a more serious nature and consequently interfered in his moral training and in his school progress.

And here I must admit that there are times when a mother feels compelled to talk with, consult, or question her child's teacher. Most teachers welcome such a talk as long as it is a reasonable one. It gives them a chance to know their pupil's mother and so know their pupil a little better in consequence. But even a friendly conversation concerning the child should never be held within hearing of the child.

WITH A ROOM full of children from as many different homes, how can unpleasant little incidents help but occur occasionally? Problems are incessantly popping up in the home, so one must be broadminded enough to expect like happenings in the classroom and to allow the teacher to deal with them as she sees fit. Canadian standards of education are notably high, and teachers approved of by our inspectors are, with but few exceptions, capable of handling wisely all problems of the classroom.

I recall another incident where a lesson of infinite value to the future of a boy's life was tossed away by a thoughtless parent. The pupil had already received his quota of pen points for the month but requested the teacher for another one, just two days before the new supplies for the room were due. She said, "I am sorry, but you must wait until our new supplies arrive at the beginning of the month."

The pupil may, or may not, have exaggerated the affair, but an angry mother arrived at the school and, in the public hall, rated the embarrassed teacher for not supplying her son with sufficient equipment when she paid taxes for just that purpose. The teacher had to confess the truth of that remark, but vainly tried to explain the economical value of the lesson she had tried to teach the boy. But the mother

had stolen something of infinite value to her son, and instilled in his mind a contempt for the discipline and rules of his teacher.

In every classroom a teacher finds several so-called "nervous" or "timid" children. They alone form a problem to tax the intellect of the most successful of teachers. A child of this nature must be analyzed, as it were, and so tenderly yet firmly treated that its confidence is gradually won. Illness may in some cases be the cause of this deplorable condition; in many instances it is due directly to parental influence. In the case of illness, good medical attention and an understanding teacher will work wonders; if the nervous condition is due to parental influence, then the parents alone can bring about a cure.

Nervous, timid children are invariably backward in their studies; they lack power of concentration and are far too easily excited. A nervous mother—women are more apt to be so than men—can unconsciously cause her children to be nervous also. Children learn by imitation. They are like little mirrors, reflecting our moods, our characters, our ways. Happy is the child with healthy, patient parents, but unfortunate the child with neurotic, nervous ones. They find their lives, especially at school, a turmoil of fear and anxiety, and even the kindest teacher finds it difficult to lighten their burdens to any extent.

Perpetual scolding and nagging will often bring about this nervous condition. A child may be a little backward in school—there are some who never make brilliant students and yet are apt to become distinguished and clever citizens—but this is no reason for parents to employ the use of scolding, nagging or sarcasm. The use of these tortures is more likely to change the normal student into a dullard. Laziness in the child is, of course, another thing and calls for firmness and severity, but even laziness quite often disappears when a worthy incentive for working is provided, or happy competition is inaugurated. [Continued on page 80]





*"Your sink
smells so
nice and
fresh, too"*

*"Yes, that's another thing I like about Bon Ami
... it's so pure, white and odorless"*

Copyright, 1934, Bon Ami Ltd.

YOU know your sink is clean after you've gone over it with Bon Ami. It not only looks clean but smells clean. There's no musty, unpleasant odor to disturb you—only the fresh, sweet smell that Bon Ami always leaves.

Also, when you clean, notice Bon Ami's velvety softness—the quick, effortless way it removes every trace of dirt—and the gleaming, satin-like polish it always gives.

Women who are watchful of their hands, especially appreciate Bon Ami, because it doesn't redden the skin, or harm the fingernails. In fact, many women say that Bon Ami helps

the skin, and use it for cleaning their hands.

Scratches...? Dull surfaces...? Not where Bon Ami is used! For, unlike ordinary harsh or coarse cleansers, Bon Ami protects every surface it cleans. Also, Bon Ami washes away instantly—leaves no gritty sediment—and won't collect in or clog up the drains. It's the perfect cleanser for every household purpose.

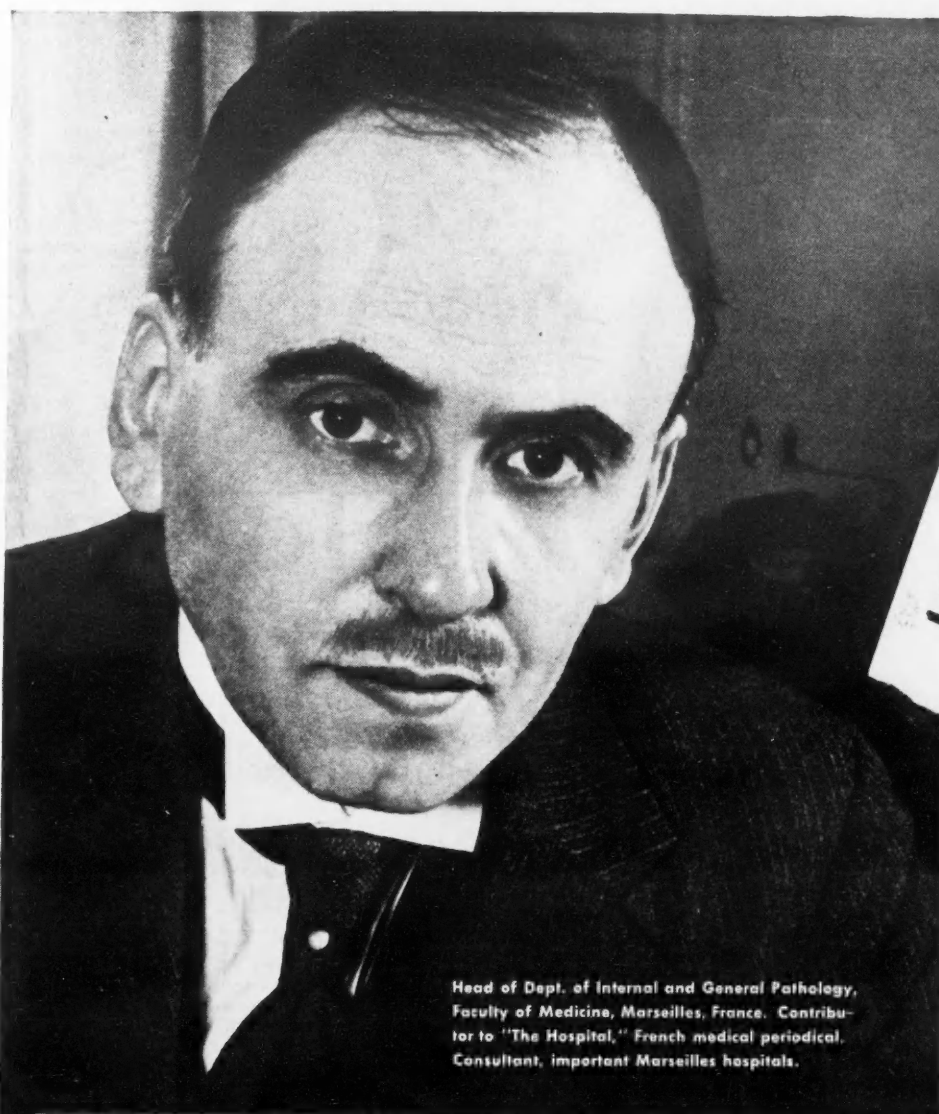
Bon Ami



Made in
Canada

Developed and
patented by
Chatelaine Institute
of
Whitehouse Magazine

To suit your taste, Bon Ami comes in a handy long-lasting Cake and a convenient sifter-top can of snow-white Powder. Some housewives prefer the Cake, others like the Powder—and many use both. BON AMI LIMITED MONTREAL



The noted PROF. DR. JULES MONGES, of Marseilles, says:—

*She was Nervous,
Run-down—I
advised yeast—*

"Her Elimination became Regular... Energy returned... Headaches were a thing of the past," he reports

Head of Dept. of Internal and General Pathology, Faculty of Medicine, Marseilles, France. Contributor to "The Hospital," French medical periodical. Consultant, important Marseilles hospitals.



"PATIENT HAD BAD CONSTIPATION"

"THIS CASE," Dr. Monges reports, "was a young girl—nervous, run-down, frequent headaches—always tired—losing weight constantly. Examination showed her trouble was caused by constipation . . .



"LAXATIVES HAD MADE MATTERS WORSE"

"THE X-RAY and fluoroscope showed her colon (large intestine) was clogged. She had aggravated her condition with large doses of cathartics and laxatives . . . My recommendation was yeast . . .



"YEAST KEEPS THE INTESTINES HEALTHY"

"HER ELIMINATIONS became regular. Energy returned. Headaches stopped. She has had no indigestion or constipation since." (X-ray shows typical healthy intestine—result of yeast treatment.)

Will Fleischmann's Yeast help YOU get rid of that Tired Feeling—Indigestion—Pimples—Boils—Loss of Pep? Yes...very probably!

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST is a food with certain astonishing "corrective" properties:—

CONSTIPATION. It softens the waste in the body, strengthens the muscles that clear it away. Elimination becomes regular.

INDIGESTION. All the way from stomach through the colon it stimulates—increasing the flow of digestive juices. Appetite sharpens. Food digests better and you get "more good out of it."

TONIC ACTION. Your whole system

is "energized." (Fleischmann's Yeast is the richest of all foods in the group of 3 indispensable vitamins—B, D and G—in which our diet is so often deficient. These vitamins are essential to health.)

You *do* feel better—the minute your system starts functioning smoothly and naturally, carrying off its daily impurities!

And as yeast "tones" and nourishes, your strength returns amazingly. Colds, headaches, often stop entirely. Your skin takes on new life . . . quickly rids itself of disagreeable pimples, boils and blemishes. You look so well!

Will you give up tonics, pills—and

eat Fleischmann's Yeast—for just 30 days, as a test?

Simply eat 2 cakes daily—plain or dissolved in a third of a glass of water—before breakfast, and before supper or at bedtime. You can get it at grocers, restaurants, drug stores and soda fountains.

Won't you start eating Fleischmann's Yeast now . . . today?

"SIX MONTHS AGO I was laid up with severe indigestion," writes Mrs. Arthur Butcher, of Toronto. "I suffered from sick headaches . . . my whole system was run-down and sluggish. My doctor suggested that I try Fleischmann's Yeast. I commenced to eat it regularly and within a week started to feel better."

Buy Made-in-Canada Goods





A few of the hundreds of letters from young people everywhere who say:

MARRY NOW? —YES!

OH, YES! take the chance. We did it. Before we married, my husband and I both occupied good positions. We had planned marriage for two years but he kept saying: "Wait until we have a few more hundred dollars ahead."

Then along came the panic and we were both let out, so my "to be" husband said: "We may as well 'swim' as sink"; and disregarding advice from world-wise mothers and reluctant dads—we took the plunge into the matrimonial sea.

After futile attempts to secure employment through the medium of the press, the primal urge which brought our forebears over the rolling ocean to seek their destiny in a new world, asserted itself and we decided to go to the wide spaces and secure a homestead.

We traded our small car for a truck, and packing the necessities of life we headed into a fertile part of the state, where we pitched our tent on the verdant slopes of a mighty inland lake.

Tragic and comic effects were often set to the tune of the wide waves ere we had located our homestead, fenced it and built the rustic, three-roomed bungalow, then tilled and planted a garden, our first agricultural attempt. However, the yields were prolific. Through the summer we continued work on the interior of our home, gathered and preserved the abundant wild fruits, accumulated some hens, planted a hedge, cut wood and prepared for the advance of winter's legions.

The life was new; we were inexperienced, we had little money, but with the help of neighbors, magazines and farm papers we struggled along together.

Space will not permit details, but today as I sit in front of my own glowing fireplace I am proud of what we have accomplished. We are now a happy healthy family of three; our little Daisy is the cutest, sweetest darling you ever saw. She daily gladdens our hearts with her sweet childish wiles.

We have twenty acres of good soil under cultivation, a team of horses, two Jersey cows and twenty thoroughbred hens, and our basement well stored with vegetables, while fuel, fish and game are abundant for the taking.

We have had hours of fatigue but few of loneliness, as nature supplants the amusements and lure of the old life, with trips through the forest, bathing at the glorious sand beach, or working among the pansies in the garden. In winter we have a small table radio, and dinners and dances while away the long winter evenings.

Living close to nature we have buoyant health, and look forward in mutual trust to an interesting future.—"Eureka"

Editor's Note:—I defy any cynic to retain a shred of bitterness after hours of reading the hundreds and hundreds of letters from young people who have "taken a chance" and married during the recent difficult years. They show such thrilling courage — such a steady ambition to build a home in spite of that figure which hundreds referred to—the Big Bad Wolf!

He can't scare young Canada! In city and hamlet young men and women have proved that adversity brings courage with it, and difficulties met together eventually strengthen love. Hundreds of them have gone on the land; each one of them has cut their living expenses to meet the smallest income; even a few who are on relief are confident that better times are coming—and they would go through it all again for what the experience has taught them and the confidence they have gained in each other.

Only a few letters can be published; they were selected with an eye to their broadness of vision. More will appear next month. Our regrets to the hundreds which cannot be used — and our congratulations for such individual courage and optimism! Here's good luck to every one of you. No one deserves it more!

ECONOMIC CONDITIONS should have nothing to do with marriage. The trouble with people is that the majority of them think too much in terms of gold. Oh, for more of the philosophy of Peter McArthur! Success today is measured in terms of accumulated wealth and material possessions and little thought is given to the source of all lasting happiness, success and peace—love.

At this moment I can think of no one, who from an economic standpoint was in a worse position than myself for the purpose of getting married. Three years in sanatorium, broken health, no job, no prospects, no money, when I met the girl who was to be the reason for making life worth living. She was a trained nurse and nursed me for a year before I had the courage to ask that all-important question. Today after several years of such happiness, as mere words cannot express, we have a little home, a son, and we are in receipt of a government allowance. But who dares say our marriage was not a success? We have known great sorrow in the loss of a little son, poverty, sickness and loneliness when we have been temporarily parted. However, these things are as nothing compared with the spiritual joy of having lived and continuing to live in happiness and peace with an ever deepening love and respect for each other,

which is doubtful if we could have gained in any other way. With all this we have made friends of a kind to be depended on and shared with; a love of the beauties of nature; the happy experience of growing a lot of our own food, and a faith in God that even the mistakes of human governments and faulty distribution of His bounty cannot lessen.

Honor and chivalry are grand traits of character, but don't forget that in these things, as in others, there are in the question of marriage two people to be considered. Do not make a selfish thing of these two characteristics.

From my own experience, I say, live with courage, but live as God intended you to live, suffer if you must but cheerfully, keep your head up no matter where you are or why; and love everybody and everything and you will see truth and joy in all things and find peace and happiness and Success.—C. H. M.

THERE IS no more reason not to marry today than in our grandmother's time, for those of our young people who are willing to venture as they were. The experience of a young couple of my acquaintance certainly carries this out.

Mary had been working but her employer had gone bankrupt and was two hundred dollars behind with her wages. She was left stranded—without money and without a home. Her fiancé was not much better off than she. He had made good money trucking but the depression had ruined that business. Now he had only a small car and very little money. But both were strong and willing to work. They decided to pool their resources, so they were married and started out on the great adventure.

It was just the beginning of the peach season. Mary and Jack went into the country where good produce was procured at a very low rate, then took it to the city where they sold it at a substantial profit. When there was no market they canvassed the town and built up a route. Before long they had a bigger demand than they could supply. Due to the small overhead, they made an average of ten dollars a day. All this time, instead of squandering their money on foolish pleasure, they were saving. When the fruit season was over, they invested in vegetables and apples, which were put in storage to be retailed during the winter, thus making sure of a steady income. With their route established, their prospects for the coming winter are bright. Since it seems that Old Man Depression is leaving and prosperity is coming around the proverbial corner, they believe they can double their former gains.

Before marriage, both had been discontented, now they are happy and content with

[Continued on page 58]

Dryness

a fault of your outer skin

But Lines and Wrinkles come from
shrinking of your Under Skin

THE APPLE SHOWS HOW WRINKLES COME



Smooth—Glossy

1 At its peak, the inner and outer skins of the apple are both firm and smooth—perfect!



Soft—Spongy

2 A little past its prime, the inner tissue of the apple has shrunk away from the outer skin.



Wrinkled—Discolored

3 Later, the outer skin has wrinkled to fit the shrunken under skin. This causes wrinkles in human skin, too!

No Single Cream completely cares for Both your Skins

TWO SKINS—Your *Outer Skin*, exposed to sun, wind, dust, needs a substance that restores the moisture that is constantly being whipped out of it.

Your *Under Skin* is fed by oils that keep it full and firm and prevent lines and wrinkles from forming. When these natural oils fail, this skin needs certain deep penetrating oils to take their place.

And *no single cream* has been made that can do both these things.

That is why there are *two* kinds of Pond's Creams.

Pond's Cold Cream melts instantly and sinks *deep down* into the under skin. It is *oily*. Wipe it off—see how it draws the dirt out!

Pond's Vanishing Cream is greaseless. It guards the surface of the skin . . . and softens and lubricates the *outer skin* only!

Have you been trying to care for both of your skins with just one cream only? Then just try this Two-Skin Care for just a few days and see what wonderful results it brings you.



Two Creams needed for your Two Skins . . .

Your **UNDER SKIN**, where wrinkles start, needs an oil cream that goes deep down—supplies failing oils—Pond's Cold Cream or Pond's Liquefying Cream.

Your **OUTER SKIN**, where dryness comes, needs an oilless cream that guards the surface, restores lost moisture—Pond's Vanishing Cream.



Miss Anne Gould

the lovely young daughter of MR. AND MRS. JAY GOULD, wisely cares for both her skins, each with a different Pond's Cream. She says: "I would never dream of trying to get along with only one cream."

This is how Miss Anne Gould does it . . .

1. "Every Night, I cleanse my skin with Pond's Cold Cream. It's a soft, melty kind of cream that coaxes out every speck of make-up and dust. I wipe it off with Pond's Tissues. Then I go all over face and neck with Pond's Cold Cream a second time. I *pat* it in to bring up the circulation. It makes my skin feel young deep down! I wipe that off, too. (Sometimes I use Pond's Liquefying Cream. It's a grand cleanser, too, and goes equally deep.)
2. "Next, Pond's Vanishing Cream for overnight. It is greaseless. Makes you look and feel fresh, and never soils your pillow. It softens the skin divinely. I apply it over face, neck, arms and hands. And I use it to keep my elbows soft and white.
3. "In the Morning, and during the day when needed, I just repeat this. Pond's Cold-Cream cleansing, then Pond's Vanishing Cream. This last is the grandest foundation cream. It holds powder amazingly."

For Your Under Skin—Pond's widely known oil-rich Cold Cream or the quicker melting, new Pond's Liquefying Cream.

For Your Outer Skin—Pond's Vanishing Cream, greaseless. Corrects dryness—holds powder.



MAIL COUPON AND SEE FOR YOURSELF
POND'S EXTRACT CO. OF CANADA, LTD., Dept. D
167 Brock Avenue, Toronto, Ont.
I enclose 6¢ (to cover postage and packing) for samples of all Pond's Creams and six shades of Pond's new Face Powder.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ Province _____

All rights reserved by Pond's Extract Company of Canada, Ltd.
Made in Canada

A new portrait of the beautiful English star, Elizabeth Allen.



Jeanette McDonald and Ramon Navarro make a new singing team in the musical "Cat and the Fiddle."



Jimmie Durante and Marjorie Rambeau in the highly diverting "Joe Palooka."



Jack Oakie and Spencer Tracy are excellent foils for each other in "Looking for Trouble."



At the Movies

by Elizabeth Hope

HOW WOULD you apportion the salaries of your favorite stars? Quite a sensation was caused recently when Samuel Goldwyn, in a national magazine, gave some details of Hollywood's salaries. It is apparently true that about 400 persons in Hollywood are drawing fifty-one per cent of the salaries. Commenting on this Mr. Goldwyn said: "I was surprised at these figures. I would have said that forty persons in Hollywood deserved to draw fifty-one per cent of the Hollywood income."

He gave a list of what were generally accepted as the authentic weekly payments to some of the most popular players. The rating surprised me, as I imagine it will most people. For instance, Norma Shearer earns apparently more than twice as much as Clark Gable, and Joan Crawford only two-thirds as much as Richard Barthelmess.

Here is the list Mr. Goldwyn gave of the weekly salaries in his article in *The Saturday Evening Post*.

Greta Garbo.....	\$9,000
Will Rogers	7,500
Maurice Chevalier...	7,500
Constance Bennett ..	7,000
John Barrymore	6,500
Norma Shearer	6,000
Richard Barthelmess.	6,000
Ann Harding	6,000
Wallace Beery	5,000
William Powell	4,500
Joan Crawford	4,000
Janet Gaynor	3,750
Edward G. Robinson	3,000
James Cagney	2,800
Clark Gable	2,500

So Greta Garbo heads the list; and after seeing her in "Queen Christina" it is readily understandable. Garbo's heart, sympathies and imagination were so deep in this portrayal of her country's queen that it might easily be her best portrayal. As you know, I'm no rabid Garbo fan, and have always felt that she was the perfect example of what the right publicity and mystery combined could do for a rather cold personality. But she was exquisite in "Grand Hotel," and her performance of Queen Christina is moving and beautiful.

In a welter of common or garden movies, "Queen Christina" is one of those pictures you really should see—and probably have by this time. John Gilbert has an opportunity for a come-back in this picture, and is singularly successful as the swaggering Spaniard. I find this one of the best costume dramas I have seen on the screen. The sets are authentic and the men who play incidental parts all look as if they actually belonged in the costumes of the court.

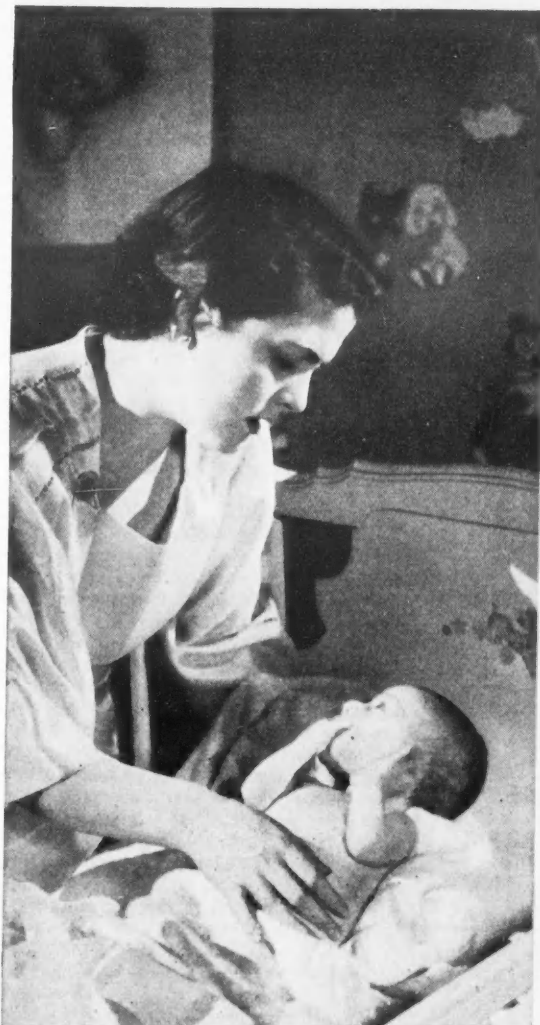
This was one of the most striking contrasts between "Queen Christina" and "Catherine the Great," the fine English picture made from the life of the Russian

Empress and directed by Korda, the man who made "Henry VIII." For while Elizabeth Bergner is superb, the men and women who support her all look as self-conscious as the businessmen and their wives who go in costume to the Beaux Arts balls. Everyone in "Catherine the Great" has such a hearty British gusto in voice, mannerisms and general mood. There is little to suggest the dark Russians.

Elizabeth Bergner, the tiny new star, is remarkable as the Queen. And the story is an unusually good one for movie material, telling as it does of the frightened young girl—she was actually only fourteen—who came from Germany to be affianced to the mad young Russian prince Peter, played with much elegance by Douglas Fairbanks, Junior. The bitter intrigues and cruelties of the court, the death of the old Empress and the unbalanced actions of the mad prince, with power in his hands, which bring him to a final death, are well handled. The tiny Empress, grown strangely tall and imposing in her grief is left to face the governing of all the Russias alone. It is magnificently filmed and is another product for the British film industry to boast about. Let's hope the next one will be one of the amazing tales from British history—a setting which would adorn the hearty British gusto which seems so out-of-place in the Russian settings.

EVEN IF you usually sit through a Jimmie Durante performance with an increasing desire to go home, I'll wager you won't be able to resist him in "Joe Palooka." The picture should be one of the big box-office successes, for it has plenty of the type of humor that can't be overlooked, a swiftly moving story—and an interesting group of players.

It's all about a vaudeville headliner (Marjorie Rambeau), whose husband is a welterweight champion with a weakness for blondes. In final disgust she takes her small son to the country and the husband becomes a playboy in the South Sea Islands. Joe Palooka the second, played by Stuart Erwin as a complete goof, is a husky young man with a country sweetheart (Mary Carlisle), when he runs into Jimmie Durante, who is a fight promoter. Jimmie persuades him, as a son of the first great Joe Palooka, to come to New York and go into the fight business. He goes secretly and his mother knows nothing about his job till she hears the description of the fight over the radio. Joe defeats the champion McSwatt, through a fluke and promptly proceeds to go the way his father went, with the one exception that he prefers brunettes—Lupe Velez in particular, who has been McSwatt's girl. Jimmie Durante is in despair at the destruction of his fighter. Marjorie Rambeau comes to New York to destroy his fighting career also. And there's the climax—a grudge fight again with McSwatt who is now in first-class condition. The balance has been so skilfully [Continued on page 81]



"My boy did fine until first solid food time. Then trouble started. We tried one type food after another, but baby's little stomach couldn't handle them. He lost weight terribly! It got so I dreaded to pick him up, he seemed so thin and fragile. The neighbors were sure I'd never raise my boy"



"But the very day baby was six months old, I took him to a specialist in another city. He weighed just 9 pounds and 6 ounces then! A mighty sick boy, the doctor said. And he recommended for him a feeding routine that included Cream of Wheat every day"



"From the first feeding, Cream of Wheat agreed perfectly with our little one. And now, at 10 months old, he weighs a full 20 pounds! He's always good natured and happy. I'll never stop thanking Cream of Wheat for bringing my baby safely through such a hazardous time"

Mother, take care! Digestive disturbances at first solid food time can be dangerous!

THE EVIDENCE is written into the infant records for all to read. It shows that upsets are *closely connected* with half the diseases to which a child is susceptible in his first year.

That's why it is so vital, mother, to choose for your baby a first solid food that is right . . . one that will agree with him.

The choice isn't difficult. For a recent survey shows there is one first solid food endorsed by more physicians than any other . . . Cream of Wheat!

Cream of Wheat, simple, smooth, is as easy for the tiny, untried digestive system to handle as milk

itself. It is made of the best hard Canadian wheat, with all harsh parts of the grain removed. Cleaned—scientifically purified, and at no time touched by human hands!

And Cream of Wheat *keeps* its special purity and goodness always. For it is packed in boxes built to insure perfect cleanliness. None of the taints or germ dust found in cereals put up in sacks and bags can ever penetrate Cream of Wheat's *triple seal*.

Cream of Wheat for 38 years has proved itself a builder of rugged constitutions. It increases resistance, speeds weight gains. It gives the rich, quick

energy a little chap needs to stretch and kick his way into happy, healthy childhood.

Doesn't your baby deserve the safe, sure start that Cream of Wheat can give? Don't take chances on inferior cereals that may prove dangerous!

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg.

NEVER SOLD LOOSE IN BAGS . . .

ONLY IN THIS BOX

Made in Canada from Canadian Wheat



CREAM of WHEAT
Costs little more than ½ cent a serving

Gleaming new Silver for your table

SEE THE MARVELOUS OFFER
ON THE CREAM OF WHEAT
PACKAGE YOU BUY TODAY

Get a whole set of it! The exciting Coronet Pattern, manufactured in heavy silver plate by the well-known Wm. A. Rogers, Ltd. A marvelous offer is on the Cream of Wheat box now! Buy today . . . or ask your grocer to let you see a box. Here's a happy thought: save on gifts and bridge prizes—give some of this exquisite silver!

Red Hair Doesn't Mean a Thing

(Continued from page 21)

When Hal reached his roadster the girl sat at the wheel. "I'll drive," she announced. They passed the fire truck at the outskirts of the town. Her morsel of a hat had blown off completely; her red hair tugged backward gloriously free.

"But why," Hal once enquired of the tense profile above the wheel, "just because twenty-three is the fire-signal number of your section, should you be so sure?"

"There's just a chance it might be true. And if it is, it would mean the end of everything for us."

So this wild ride was not an excuse for escape from the Ranger person, but a nicely-timed interruption.

THE WHITE HOUSE looked, at first glimpse, calm and sedate under its protecting elm. There was no movement anywhere but the gentle swaying of tree branches. Then from the arbor, shot a man's figure in blue shirt and overalls. He waved his arms, called out something and disappeared. At once Hal noticed a thin skein of smoke curling up from that part of the roof under which lay the studio.

As the girl jumped from the car she tripped on the long hem of her frock, stumbled, recovered herself, and sped up the path. She was inside the house before Hal caught up with her. "Are you hurt?"

"I don't know." She was running down the hall to the studio, and Hal followed. The door was open. "Father, where are you?" The cry was shrill. No one answered. The studio was empty.

A little smoke eddied about the studio ceiling. Tante called again. A blacker puff came from somewhere and joined the rest, making it thicker, though everything below lay in the usual convenient disorder. Suddenly the girl became a creature distracted. She darted into the room and ran hither and thither, snatching everything within grasp.

"Are we to take out these things?" shouted Hal, pointing at groups of canvases piled against the walls.

"Yes, all of them. Everything."

Far down the road came the fire-truck, its horn blaring forth dreadful warning. Then the man in blue overalls spoke to them from the studio door. "I put in the alarm, Miss Dolly," he panted, "I first see the smoke comin' out through the shed next to here from the studio, maybe . . . though I can't see how. Maybe your father left his pipe somewhere near a paint rag. 'Tain't the first time he's started a blaze that way. Besides which, there's somethin' the matter with the electric pump. Can't get a mite of water."

"Don't bother about the water. That's the fire-engine's worry. Run, Walker, run and find father. He may be at the next house."

Walker departed. Swiftly, frantically, Tante was dragging unframed canvases away from the walls. She piled them on Hal's arms. "Take them where they'll be safe," she entreated him.

So he ran out with these and came back for more. Now and again through the thickening smoke, he caught a glimpse of the portraits he was carrying. There were dozens of them, and each one bore an unmistakable resemblance to Tante.

Hardly knowing he did so, Hal shouted: "You must be your father's favorite subject."

"I am . . . oh, I am! Here, come over here; we can't let all the costumes burn." She had crossed the room and wrenched open a closet door. Smoke rushed out, choking, breathless. Tante was instantly enveloped.

Hal let fall his armful of pictures and caught her as she swayed backward. In his

arms she fought against him. "Don't wait for me. Please . . . get the rest of the pictures. They're all we have. Every one is here . . . for an exhibition later. I'll be careful; I promise . . . I'll manage about the clothes."

He tried to hold her, but that tautness he had observed in her seemed, for the moment, stronger than his own strength. She was free. There was no immediate danger. He'd be coming in and out at short intervals.

Hal picked up the fallen canvases and decided that now the trip through the hall to the porch, and down the steps, across the lawn to a safe place where he had been placing the pictures, was too long. He must stay nearer Tante and watch over the fury of her faithfulness.

He strode across the floor, smashed the big studio window and carefully dropped the pictures to the ground below. This was the quickest way. When they were all out, he'd retrieve them and place them in yet safer quarters.

The pictures fell, slipping this way and that, some on their backs, some face up. Hal looked down at them and noted one in particular. It was the portrait of a young girl. She was dressed in something modern, yet quaintly seductive. Her eyes were quiet with a waiting sort of bravery. There was challenge in the poise of the head, grace in every fold of the gown. That face possessed the lips, the eyes, the creamy skin of Deliverance Dexter, but the hair was drawn down smoothly over the ears, and it was black.

All this was photographed on the retina of his eye. He saw and remembered, but had no further time to think of it then.

He ran back to the closet. The smoke was heavier now. Outside, the fire-engine had arrived. There were loud shouts, an angry voice cursing at the lack of water, feet hurrying hither and thither.

Tante was not gathering up clothes from the closet. She lay on the floor, and gave Hal a faint smile. "Foot let me down just as I was about to run. Must have hurt it when I jumped from the car . . . We'll have to save these clothes." Her arms were filled with them, and on top lay a garment of smoky gossamer.

"Are all the pictures saved?" she de-

manded before he could stoop to help her. He quickly raised her in his arms, the garments trailing.

"Are all the pictures saved?" Her eyes were wide and dark with appeal.

"Yes, I'm sure I got every one. We must get out of this, or we may be trapped."

"Wait!" Her voice commanded him. How light she was in his arms; a mere child for weight. This nearness again pumped a faster rhythm in his heart.

"Do you remember seeing one of a girl with black hair?"

"Yes, distinctly. It's outside and safe."

"Hurry, then. Hurry. No one must harm those pictures." She beat on his arm with small, frantic fists.

Half choked and nearly blinded by the strangling fumes, he reached the studio door. It was shut. A small matter, but it held them back just that much longer.

"I'll find the knob," cried the girl and her hand reached down and turned it. But twist as she would, the latch did not click. Then Hal shoved his shoulder against the panel. The door stood solid as a wall.

"They've locked it from the hall-side . . . to save the flames from spreading in a draught. I can't think where Walker is, not to tell them we were here."

"Probably still hunting for your father," whispered Hal, trying to save his breath for whatever effort might be ahead. "There's the studio window, of course, if we can get there." His head swam. His knees began to sag, not from the frail girl in his arms, but because he had not taken a full breath for many minutes.

"I can crawl," Tante was now saying to him. Her breath was close to his cheek, and he suffered a strange stab as it mingled with the acrid smoke. "Let me down. It will be easier for both of us. Better air near the floor."

He obeyed her, and she moved away from him toward the window in a quick, hitching motion and still clutching the clothes she had saved from the closet. As she predicted, the air near the floor was easier to breathe. Hal cast one fearful glance behind, and saw hungry red tongues licking up the wall near the closet.

In the arbor under the studio the shouting had become a confused tumult. The firemen

were ready with their own apparatus to pump water into their hose from the cistern itself. "Here in the studio . . . that's where it is . . . not the shed now, you fools . . . I tell you, it's eaten through." The words whirled in on choking currents of air. "Point 'er nose straight through the window and give 'er a hoseful!"

Hal staggered halfway to his feet and yelled at the top of his lungs. "Stop . . . Wait!" But they could not hear. If a heavy stream of water came at them through that window, he and Tante would be flattened out. After that—well, anything might happen. It all seemed slightly ridiculous, yet possessed of the flavor of a nightmare.

The girl's quick wits overtook the emergency. She grasped a heavy jar holding her father's paint brushes and with all her strength hurled it out of the studio window.

There was a yowl of pain followed by suffering profanity. "Someone near knocked me cuckoo," yelled a voice. Another told him to shut up.

Already could be heard the sound of rising water in the hose. And now the first drops fell spattering upon the upper panes of broken glass.

"Say," shrieked a third voice, "that there jug come from the inside . . . someone throwed it out . . . people are there . . . or somebody. Hold it . . . wait!"

When Hal finally reached the ground he was faintly surprised to find Tante still in his arms. He had no recollection of how she got there. As in a dream he had managed to pick her up, clothes and all, step over the low sill of the window, and come down the short ladder placed there by a fireman. He would allow no one to help him.

Below him, between two rungs of the ladder, he had glimpsed that unforgettable portrait. Its face was turned upward, and, in one of those curious instants of intense clarity, he knew that the eyes belonged to Tante though the hair was black.

Swaying unsteadily as he stood on the flagstones, he smiled at the girl in his arms. "We're all right," he assured her. His knees seemed to crackle under him like paper. Fright still clung to him. And he scowled, unable to comprehend that the face of Tante was identical with that of the portrait, even to the smooth, black hair. Here was no red, tangled mane lying on his shoulder, but straight tumbled masses of sheer black. The remembered shade and this new illusion swam in giddiness. "Must be the smoke or I'm completely blotto," he thought.

He felt a strong grasp on his arm. "Is Dolly safe?"

Mr. Dexter's blue eyes blazed at him with that singular effect of fire behind ice.

"Just got here . . . is she hurt?"

Tante slipped from Hal's arms into her father's, and the big man stood there rocking her to and fro, murmuring half-spoken, tender phrases. She looked up at him; her profile pale and lovely, was suffused with the light of an adoring loyalty. "The pictures are safe, dear . . . and almost all the costumes." Then with a long sigh she closed her eyes.

There was another tweak at Hal's sleeve. Tessa Searles, his cousin, gazed at him anxiously. "Hal, are you sure you're all right? We were so worried. You look ghastly . . . and we held our breaths as you came down the ladder. It was sort of awful and dramatic; as if you were walking in your sleep and rescuing a strange girl."

"I'm perfectly all right," said Hal, drawing in long breaths of fresh air.

Pete stood near by. Then they walked away. "Heard the alarm, happened to be in Elmhurst, and hustled after the fire-engine," Pete said.

Then before leaving, they all turned their heads to regard the tableau under the arbor. Father and daughter, oblivious to everything, remained in the same spot. Against the fiery, red beard lay the smooth black of Tante's hair.

THE FOLLOWING WEEK was a wretched one for Hal Traymore. He spent the greater part of it in moody sulks. He called the Dexter house several times by telephone.

[Continued on page 46]

APPLE BLOSSOMS

by Mary I. Woodworth

Who have seen an orchard white with bloom
In trembling loveliness the morning greet:
Lingered beneath its laden boughs at noon
And in the dreaming twilight, blossom sweet!

I, who have roved at will on hillsides white
While the soft petals snowed upon my head,—
Pause on the street: in rapturous delight
See a lone tree its fragrant branches spread

Wreathed with the beauty only seen in May,
The matchless loveliness of apple-bloom!
Wafting me to a valley far away
By subtle magic in its loved perfume.

I turn away, but soon my steps retrace,
Deep in my heart a longing, keen as pain!
Oh, but to fill my arms and on my face
Feel the caressing petals once again!

I, who have followed roadways winding on
Through miles of orchards offering their sweet,
Trespass upon a stranger's grassy lawn
To hold those fragrant blossoms 'gainst my cheek!

PONTIAC

The Quality Car

IN THE LOW-PRICE FIELD

Bigger

From bumper to bumper, the Pontiac Economy Straight-8 measures 15 feet 6 inches. Wheelbase is longer. Seats are wider . . . and there's plenty of leg-room.

Smoother

Four contributing features make possible Pontiac's "Floating Ride": *Knee-Action Front Wheels*, independently suspended. *Balanced Springing* to equalize front and rear spring action. *Double-Acting Shock Absorbers*. And the *Sway-Stabilizer*, to preserve balance on sharp turns.

Smarter

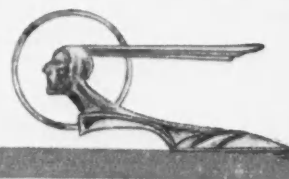
A sloping, V-Type radiator . . . new and exclusive engine ventilators . . . and valanced fenders all add to Pontiac's smart appearance—an effect matched only by the supreme beauty of the big interiors.



Safer

Fisher-built bodies of steel and hardwood . . . Bendix Mechanical Brakes . . . Multi-Beam Headlamps . . . rugged KY frame . . . Syncro-Mesh Transmission . . . plus safety glass windshield and Fisher No-Draft Ventilators combine in Pontiac to guard your safety.

To motorists who expect a reduced automobile investment to buy them the big-car performance to which they are accustomed, we say, look at the Pontiac Economy Straight-8! To those who intend to "step up" from the small car class, at the same time retaining their present low-cost operation, we say, look at Pontiac! Drive the new model for only a few moments. Even this short experience will be enough to demonstrate why Pontiac is the quality car of low price!



MADE IN SHERBROOKE—CANADA'S OLDEST TEXTILE CENTRE



COLONIAL SHEETS

CANADA'S FINEST

FROM Early-Victorian days, Sherbrooke has been famed for good textiles. Canada's first mill was opened there in 1846. Today, Colonial Sheets carry on this proud tradition. None but the long, tightly spun fibres of fine count yarns are used in their making—hence the amazing durability and silky texture that has won them acceptance as Canada's finest sheets. Colonial Sheets contain no filling—they are full-size and will stand repeated severe launderings. Sold throughout the Dominion.

COLONIAL SHEETS are made in several qualities, each a definite leader in its price class.

Ask also for COLONIAL TOWELS identified by the blue COLONIAL TAB.



DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY LIMITED

Easter Eggs for All

(Continued from page 9)

I mean? It wouldn't have touched us, the part that was untouchable and beyond the touch of men. We would have been angry, and perhaps a little embarrassed—very embarrassed, if you will, then; but the inner selves that once were us, married and united, couldn't have been hurt."

She said, wondering, and with an essential honesty that met and joined his own.

"That's true. Once I had only one fear—that you would die. It made life very simple. Everything was all right so long as you were there."

She stared up at him with her startled grey-green eyes.

"That's true," she said huskily, discovering it.

"I know it's true."

"Charles! for pity's sake what will people do with our—our old love letters?"

"There was something once that outside people and things couldn't really touch; so long as we were heart-to-heart they were powerless to assail us."

"The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," her lips quivered. They were white, piteous lips. He thought her mouth looked older, pinched. He longed to wipe the bitterness from it, to bring back the soft curves, the gentleness. The remembered dearness of her mouth, denied him, rushed over him like sudden pain and swept away his defenses.

"Cora, don't look like that, my dear, as if the earth had opened under you. I can't bear it. Nobody will do anything but envy us. Do you hear that! They'll be jealous. We can't help it. It's done. They've got the letters—and some of them will read them—the people we least expect; and some will be too shy to return them."

"The letter box, Charles!"

"I heard it."

He came back and put one of her own old letters in its dishevelled envelope before her.

"Charles! Who?"

"I didn't see anyone. They must have run away."

"We shall never know."

"No."

"Nor if they read it."

"No."

"Charles, I can't bear it. I shall go mad."

"You've got to face up. It's done, my dear, and nothing can undo it."

"Take me away."

"What are you ashamed of? Of having loved me?"

"No."

"Then of what? You married me. It isn't

as if they were letters to another man, or to another woman. They were honest, real—from the heart. I do not mind who knows I once loved you in the way a real man can love a real woman. I don't mind people knowing it was once a real marriage."

"You mean you don't care about people knowing?"

"Not very much. I mean I'm not ashamed of having known love and fulfillment. No man is. I wouldn't care at all: it wouldn't touch me any more than things used to if you were with me over this as we used to be—heart to heart."

"I'm not as brave as you. Oh, Charles, now can we get divorced and sell this house now—now that people—all the things we wrote—"

"Always what people think. You used not to be like that."

"Charles, do something for me."

"What?"

"Take me away?"

"Just away from people—or to find each other?"

He knelt down and took her in his arms. Her fingers clutched and unclutched. She shook and quivered restlessly. He knew then, with a pang, how ruthless the toll of the last few years had been on her nerves.

"I am going to take you away to Italy," he said desperately, quietly. "We start tomorrow night. That old fool Aunt Mary can take charge here. The office can run itself for a fortnight. We'll go back to the mountains where we first discovered each other—and we'll discover each other again."

Her poor nervous hands ceased their fumbling, her tired body its quivering and shaking. She was still in his arms—resting. She was trusting and relying on him again. He grew in the thought.

"Charles! Oh, Charles!"

He looked out of the scullery window. The gruelling turmoil of the world seemed temporarily in abeyance, too. The sky was silky and still. The garden was full of quiet, bright sunlight. Everywhere the flowers he had planted were coming up. The trees he had planted were burgeoning.

His little world that he had built for his mate and their child welcomed shyly and humbly beyond the glass.

His arms tightened round her. His mouth sought hers and stayed there.

He was no longer a pygmy at the mercy of fate and man in his own eyes. He was a giant, a conqueror.

"Oh, Charles! Charles!"

They both heard the letter box. They both subconsciously noted the absence of knock or ring. They both knew what it probably was.

It was for the moment the echo of the outside world that only the oldest alliance in existence can hold at bay.

They were building desperately against it, renewing that strange, secret, private inner world of two people which has prevailed, so far, against all onslaughts—the private and individual world of marriage.

"Charles! My old Charles! Oh, Charles!"

NEXT MONTH

CHATELAINE TAKES YOU TO DINE IN HOLLYWOOD

What is it like to eat with famous movie stars across the aisle? And what kind of food do they like best?

Katharine Albert, one of the vivid continental writers of the day, takes you to all the popular restaurants and gives you a fascinating picture of hungry Hollywood.

But beyond that—she brings you the actual recipes for some of the novel dishes that the stars love.

If you like to intrigue your friends with unusual dishes, watch for the May Chatelaine, and then serve them the food their favorite stars like.

THIS IS ONLY ONE OF A HOST OF UNUSUAL ARTICLES SCHEDULED FOR THE MAY CHATELAINE.

A
Department
for Style,
Health and
Personality



Murza Bell

BEAUTY CULTURE

Everyone is humming, whistling or singing its praises these days—that delightful new Easter Bonnet which Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's Lady wear with such a sparkle of pleasure in the glad month of April. So this month our Beauty Culture department gives it the place of honor on the title page.

For where would the glamor of the Easter bonnet be, if we are not prepared to wear it with a swagger—with a proud knowledge that we are groomed to

adorn it with a springtime freshness and charm? "You Can't Bluff April" warns Annabelle Lee—and no more you can. So let's give the gladness in our hearts a "show window" in our Easter faces. Let's give the intelligent care, the regular minutes dedicated sincerely to the steady grooming of that beauty which is every woman's inheritance, and so, as the impudent Kay Murphy advises—"Meet April with a grin!"

"CONVINCE YOURSELF!"



**You and your
CALAY COMPLEXION
can Win life's
*Beauty Contest!***



All life is a Beauty Contest. If you're pretty, you win—and a Calay Complexion can help!

A WONDERFUL thing has happened to Soap—and something splendid is in store for your complexion.

Calay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is virtually a "cosmetic" soap—made to order for the feminine skin. The very first cake will convince you that Calay can affect your beauty!

TRY CALAY AND "CONVINCE YOURSELF"

There is not now, nor has there ever been before, another soap like Calay.

Pure, gloriously perfumed, creamy-white—the Soap of Beautiful Women. Wrapped in a modern, smart package—protected in Cellophane to keep it fresh

—brought to you with more care than any other soap ever made.

"In all my experience with fine cosmetics, I've never found a milder soap than Calay," said a society girl.

"It's a marvelous soap," one beauty editor said. "Fluffy, gentle lather—and its odor is lovely!"

Convince yourself! Keep up with the times. Try Calay! You'll look better. Your skin will feel better. Compliments will follow—admiring glances—yes, and even romance.

For all life is a Beauty Contest and girls with Calay Complexions win!

CALAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Canada's Lost Population

(Continued from page 22)

of the same district average eight to nine children each.

"What could be more suicidal, more destructive to any race than to permit degeneracy to increase at such a rate?" he has asked. "Records have been kept of one Canadian family which has provided inmates for mental hospitals at New Westminster, London, Hamilton and Orillia. Of the four known branches, three are for the most part mentally defective. Ten Mongolian idiots have appeared in this family, and twelve of its adult members were maniacs.

"Perhaps reference to one family is all that is necessary to impress on you the seriousness of the economic aspect of this problem. An immigrant, tainted with mental deficiency, entered this country. He, his son and two daughters, and seven illegitimate offspring in the third generation are at the present time costing a municipality \$3,640 annually for support and care. In the mental hospital at Orillia there are several groups of half-a-dozen—each group from the same family. You can in imagination trace the course of such unchecked propagation. The seeds of deficiency are transmitted from generation to generation, continuously affecting an increasing number of unfortunates, and imposing on the shoulders of the mentally and physically fit a heavier burden, which, by its economic weight, discourages them from raising large families.

"We have made progress in the realm of curative and preventive medicines. We shall go farther. But this is an influence which threatens to stultify the efforts of the medical profession, over which they have no control."

Two provinces, Alberta and British Columbia, have met this problem by giving power to a eugenics board to authorize the sexual sterilization of certain patients recommended by hospital authorities as able to support themselves happily and adequately outside the walls of the institution. If passed by the board, the patient is allowed his or her choice of voluntary sterilization, or life in the institution. Similar legislation exists in twenty-eight of the United States and several European countries.

Supporters of the system claim that sterilization can in no sense be said to be a punitive measure. It is a protection to the individual, to the state, and to posterity. No reasonable man would countenance a diphtheria carrier going about communicating the disease to others. Yet the disease which the diphtheria carrier transmits is curable, and incidental only to the immediate period of a few weeks during which it runs its course. But the infection transmitted by the mental defective is incurable. Its victims are the unborn generations.

Doctors say that the operation itself is not a serious one and has no ill-effects on the individual; on the contrary, resulting in a better physical and mental condition. In the state of California the system has been in existence since 1909, and no serious complaints have been reported from thousands of patients who have been treated.

The British Columbia law was passed at the last session of the British Columbia parliament, so that Alberta is the only province qualified to speak of results. Selective sterilization of the mentally unfit has been practised there since 1928.

Up to the end of 1932, 197 cases had been presented by institution authorities to the eugenics board, and of this number 156 have undergone the operation. Up to the present time no complaints have been registered, and no serious opposition to the mental health policy of the province has developed. Commenting in the press recently on the operation of the act, Dr. Charles A. Barrager, Commissioner of Mental Institutions and Director of Mental Health for the province, stated:

"When first I came to Alberta, though I favored eugenical sterilization, I am bound to say I was not exactly enthusiastic over its application on any extensive scale. But in dealing with the problem both from the individual and the social viewpoint, I am now thoroughly convinced that it is a step of profound importance. People of this province who are interested in social welfare from the practical standpoint are, in my opinion, as one in favoring sterilization in properly selected cases and under adequate control. That feeling is growing. We in the health department have met with no adverse criticism, organized or individual, during the operation of this act."

This is the question which is bound to come up for discussion in at least some of the provinces, some time during the coming months. It is one which concerns every Canadian individual and family. What will general opinion and the final outcome be? How would you urge your representative to vote?

ELFIN SONG

A Children's Recitation

by Jessie Drummond Boyd

A silver shell swings an elfin bell,
Little frail barque, drift by, drift by,
O'er the silver stream where the moonbeams gleam
And the night wind breathes a tender sigh,
Where lilies float by a fragile boat,
And list, O list to an elfin note,
Like a haunting dream, float down the stream
With the golden lilt of a pixie dream
An elfin tune and lullaby;
Six dainty elves are drawing nigh,
With paddles they lift with a rhythmic dip,
Feather of foam on feather of foam
Now glide and sway to a moss-grown quay
Where the night wind stirs a scented glome,
A pixie fleet, then patter of feet
And over the rocks to a safe retreat;
The ferns they sway and spangle with spray,
As they dip in the pool and dive away
Six dainty elves who love to roam
When stars peep down on a pixie home.

by
Eleanor Parker

Beauty and the Mind



A thrilling challenge to every busy
woman who wants to achieve beauty

THE LOVELIEST contralto voice and entirely unappreciated," was what my hostess had said over the phone when she asked me to come to hear the girl sing. So about twenty of us sat in the softly lighted room one evening. The piano was excellent, our chairs comfortable, the company congenial, and such a voice! But I had to close my eyes to get the beauty of it, for the girl was painful to watch. She ignored us as she entered the room. When she sang, her hands fussed with her beads and she kept her eyes on the ceiling. I thought how many singers with exceptional voices had struck the rocks of impoverished personality. And how many women everywhere were doing the same thing. It isn't that their good points are unappreciated; it's that they blanket them under irritating mannerisms. As one pitiable little woman expressed it "I love people and have the friendliest thoughts and like fun, but no one ever wants to be with me." I looked at her as I had looked at the singer, with pity, for all she needed was within herself and only a great ignorance was holding it under.

It matters not what the cause of social inadequacy, effectiveness can be acquired. Not by tricks, but by a conscious development of the personality, so that wherever your path of life leads, you walk it with poise and the charm that brings companionship.

The lonesomeness of the average modern woman is the great tragedy of these years. It isn't the depression, although heaven knows there has been much destructive evil in that, as well as unadmitted good. But we have all heard too much about the economic depression. Far more serious is the other depression called the "blues." It is suffered by everyone who, having leisure, does not know how to use it.

Leisure is man's reward for progress in discovery and invention. It is the leisure to which we must accustom ourselves; the leisure which allows men to become gods.

How pitiable, always, has been the sight of the man who works until middle life and then retires to enjoy his wealth. Either he dies from inactivity or finds the ennui of life almost unbearable. He has neglected to learn how to live. Equally sad is the woman who is not socially adjusted, who is unpopular—detestable word—and lonesome, because she cannot give to others attractively that better part of herself which she knows is there, who defeats herself at every turning. It is only those who want to continue living who live. Boredom is living death.

Woman must prepare herself for the leisure of the future, the future which begins today. One must not suffer ennui.

After a long voyage by rail or water the traveller finds himself with a feeling of continued motion. So, with our mad rush of post-war years we find it difficult to stop rushing. We are still running after jobs, which, alas, are not; after some position which changes overnight because of unstable foundations; after money which means nothing unless it is spent. The great need is to learn to be still, and from that stillness to live, love, work, laugh, play, not as beasts but as men.

Ghandi was once asked how it was that with all his responsibilities he never seemed rushed or worried. His answer was that he was like a top, always spinning, and the faster it spins, the quieter becomes its centre. He is always unmoved in the centre of his being. He has found himself.

If we are to live with a sense of satisfaction, we, too, must find ourselves; we must become life-conscious. We must have loveliness for leisure, and loveliness comes from within. Being human is a beautifully exciting thing if one lives with zest. Let us, then, consider the laws—mental, ethical, physical and social—which help one to live successfully. We must have loveliness for leisure.

The mind gives us our tools whether for work or play. The body is our vehicle. The ego—call it soul if you like—gives us our urge. The social laws—and let no one scoff at books of etiquette which are a boon to the unprivileged—grease the wheels.

Although our lives are made of a series of days, we can live only one day at a time. The late Sir William Osler advised youth to live in "day-tight compartments" so that his ship would not sink. Worry has to do only with the future, therefore, it is useless, for the future does not exist. There is no future.

WE ALL LOVE being given free samples. Won't you let me give you a sample day? I ask only that you accept the premise that we can control our thoughts. So, on waking, forget yesterday, stretch and say aloud, "I'm alive."

In order to have the mind free and keen it must not be asked to drag along a heavy body. That gives us the basis for physical rules. Learn relaxation. Rise and relax your body. Stand barefoot. Feel yourself heavy—collapse, your head drops forward, every drop of breath is expelled from your lungs, gravitation is pulling you down, down.

You are so heavy that you drop, perhaps on to the floor. The floor is solid; it holds you, all of you. After a moment, sit on a low chair and repeat the collapsing, your limp hands touch the floor. Expel all your breath forcibly. Now rise and lift an imaginary weight shoulder high. It is frightfully heavy. You tense every muscle to hold it, but it drops. You are exhausted. You fall exhausted to the solid something that holds you.

Now, breathe deeply in rhythm, not for the sake of the air but because on waves of ether come the good things of life. Reach high as you breathe in, drop your arms as you exhale, gracefully in curves, walking around the room if you like, because balanced walking adds so much to loveliness. Reach wide as you breathe in, in the gesture of acceptance. Now, say aloud [Continued on page 42]

AIRFLOW CHRYSLER



IT SLIPS
THROUGH THE AIR

It Floats over the Ground!

YOU never in your life have seen a car with as much room in it as the new Airflow Chrysler.

Both seats are big as divans... three can ride comfortably front or rear. There's all the headroom, footroom and seat-depth you've always wanted in a car. And on top of that there is a great big dustproof compartment back of the rear seat for your luggage.

You can really relax in this car! It goes down the road without seeming to pay any attention to ruts, culverts, holes or stones. It is actually so smooth that you can read or write in it as you travel over any sort of road.

The reason is that you ride in the middle of this car... at the center of balance. The back seat is 20 inches forward of the rear

axle. The engine is over the front axle.

You'll realize what it means to ride at the center of balance if you'll just think of the children's teeter-totter... the center hardly moves at all.

The spring action of the Airflow Chrysler is slowed away down. The car takes even a sharp bump with a gentle rise and fall so slow that all the jolt is eliminated. It's like riding on a cushion of air.

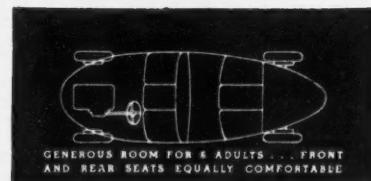
The frame of the Airflow Chrysler surrounds you with a bridgework of steel... long, strong sections of it are actually over your head. Protection for you, your friends and your family.

Make a date with your dealer to see it and ride in the Airflow

Chrysler. See for yourself what a tremendous advance it brings to motoring.

★ ★ ★ ★

No more dragging dresses over dirty fenders... Doors in the Airflow Chrysler are wide as house doors... You actually walk into the car!



Five Distinguished 1934 Models

CHRYSLER AIRFLOW SIX... A true Airflow design... 100 horsepower, aluminum head engine... Floating Power engine mountings... Girder-Truss All-Steel Soundproof body... four-door six-passenger Sedan, two-door six-passenger Brougham, two-door five-passenger Coupe.

CHRYSLER AIRFLOW EIGHT... 122 horsepower and 123-inch wheelbase. Six-passenger Sedan, two-door Brougham and five-passenger Coupe.

CHRYSLER AIRFLOW IMPERIAL... 130 horsepower... 128-inch wheelbase. Six-passenger Sedan, five-passenger Coupe.

AIRFLOW CUSTOM IMPERIAL... 150 horsepower... 146-inch wheelbase. Individualized body types, prices on request.
1934 CHRYSLER SIX... With independently sprung front wheels... for a levelized, cushioned ride... 93 horsepower, 117-inch wheelbase.

THEY SHOULD BE

bag will give you the best results. These items should match the darkest tone of your gown as a general rule. In warm weather the lightest tone may be your guide and, where matching difficulties may be encountered, you can choose a neutral shade.

Perfectly plain afternoon gowns may be enlivened by the wearing of semi-precious or informal jewellery, such as jade or lapis. Pearls, providing the necklace is of suitable size and type, can be worn either formally or informally.

If jewellery is not worn, the perfectly plain afternoon gown permits some latitude in the matter of other accessories. Notes of contrast or surprise may be introduced in gloves, shoes, scarf or hat. The surprise note should not be overdone, however.

In Paris a Russian artist once showed me some afternoon bags which she had made in response to a demand by a New York shop for "bridge" bags. She displayed a few lovely antelope bags with smart mountings, which I bought, and then she dramatically opened a separate box. In it reposed a solitary bag—black satin embroidered all over with playing cards. I gasped a little and she laughed. "My head designer's idea of something to delight the Americans," she chuckled. "*On cherche quelque chose pour les épater et on finit par les effrayer.*"

Keep in mind, then, that you must delight not frighten your beholders. Their eyes must not be too much diverted from the main thing. Your dress, hat, gloves, bag and shoes may all be very pretty in themselves but if they confuse, amuse or terrify, you will be a marked woman. A checked tailored wool dress, a picture hat, high-heeled shoes, fancy wide-cuffed gloves, a feather boa—these may be all very well and even very correct, each in its proper place but, seen together, they suggest "the sidewalks of New York." Of course, you will say I am exaggerating. Very few people would combine all these things, but please remember that in the matter of accessories "a miss is as good as a mile" and a check-up of some of the smartest gatherings will reveal quite a few astonishing errors.

Perhaps you doubt this. Is it not true, however, that in this country one almost always sees silk stockings worn with sport shoes? The correct place of wool and lisle thread in the stocking wardrobe seems to be often forgotten. I remember an English captain who intrigued the travellers who dined at his table. He described a beautiful girl he had seen walking on deck during the afternoon. He seemed so struck with the loveliness of her face and hair and eyes that everyone stared at him questioningly. It seemed as if the hearty, fun-loving sea-dog had gone off his course.

"Why, captain, this sounds serious!" said one of the party.

"It is, it is," said the captain, and we all expected to hear that he was at last the victim of Cupid's dart. "Yes," he said, "she was wearing a lovely English tweed suit, perfectly tailored, and a nice felt hat with a brim. She wore well-made, sensible shoes, but why, oh why, must the lovely Americans always wear silk stockings?"

To those who are very pro-American in the matter of fashion I shall no doubt appear conservative in my ideas. I cannot help feeling, however, that Canadian women would do well to take a leaf out of the Englishwoman's book in the matter of street and sport clothes. Our climate and the organization of our social life call for similar types of garment. The American people represent such varied types of nationality that a great many novelties creep into their fashions. France commits a few sins in the matter of sport fashions, too. The women there are not so interested in active sport and their fashions are not always practical for active people. You have all seen some of their tricky creations in ski suits and riding clothes.

We Canadians must learn to pick and choose garments and accessories which are correct and practical, for, to be smart, one must be suitably dressed. In short, we must remember that fashion is made on the backs of women who know how to dress and not altogether in the minds of designers.



BE INQUISITIVE about toilet soap

ARE you inquisitive? I hope so. It's a good quality.

Your toilet soap, now. If you're properly inquisitive you'll want to know if it is pure . . . if it cleanses thoroughly yet gently . . . if other women have found that it benefits their complexions.

Palmolive is pure. Even the soft green colour of Palmolive is perfectly natural, being derived from the olive oil that goes into every cake.

The secret blend of olive and palm oils in Palmolive gives it a velvety lather that penetrates every tiny pore, gently washing away all accumulations . . . leaving skin soft and smooth, gloriously clear and fresh.

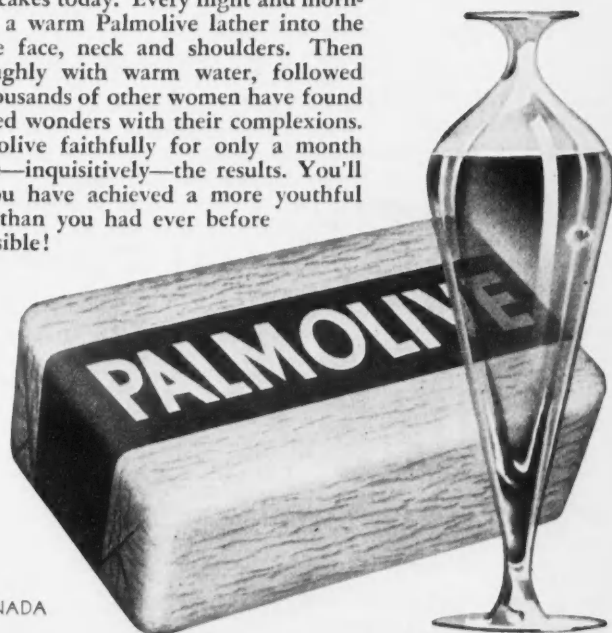
Buy three cakes today. Every night and morning massage a warm Palmolive lather into the pores of the face, neck and shoulders. Then rinse thoroughly with warm water, followed by cold. Thousands of other women have found that it worked wonders with their complexions.

Use Palmolive faithfully for only a month and examine—inquisitively—the results. You'll find that you have achieved a more youthful complexion than you had ever before thought possible!

REMEMBER—
into each cake
of Palmolive
goes an abundance
of olive
oil.

7c.
PER CAKE

MADE IN CANADA





**NO WONDER
HER TEETH *Sparkle!*
*Colgate's cleans them in 2 ways***

YOUR teeth will be more attractive too, if you'll use Colgate's. Buy a tube today. Use it regularly for just two weeks. Then, look in your mirror. Smile. What do you see — two gleaming rows of lovely white teeth . . . flawlessly clean and sparkling.

That's because Colgate's cleans them in two distinct ways.

FIRST: Colgate's searches into every tiny crevice between the teeth, even where your toothbrush cannot reach. Cleanses your teeth thoroughly.

SECOND: Colgate's polishes your teeth, with the same safe ingredient most dentists use.

So you see, Colgate's does more for you than other toothpaste. And you'll find its thrilling peppermint flavour keeps your breath sweet and wholesome too.

**"COLGATE" ON DENTAL CREAM
MEANS THE SAME AS "STERLING"
ON SILVER**



ACCESSORIES AS

by Mary McNulty Fix

WHAT IS an accessory? It is something which accompanies the main thing. Bags, hats, gloves, shoes and jewellery are popularly rated as accessories. The dress is considered the main thing and these articles rank afterward. It is just possible, however, that one of the articles may merit a place of honor. By its beauty or its striking individuality it may perhaps be called "an accessory before the fact." The dress in such a case assumes a secondary rôle.

Two types of gown should be considered. There is the gown which is sufficiently ornate in itself by reason of fanciful design, richness of fabric or trimming interest. Then there is the gown which is the acme of simplicity in fabric and cut. Such a creation as the latter is sometimes baffling to American women. An evening dress, devoid of ornament, belted by a tailored-looking belt innocent of a buckle, causes them to murmur, "How can the French make a thing like that? It is not flattering. It does not seem to possess a character of its own."

Quite true! It is not flattering, nor does it possess character of an assertive nature. This gown is merely intended to accompany the main thing—jewellery. It may not be exquisite in cut. It may be alarmingly expensive but it has been born to play a modest-violet rôle in the presence of diamonds.

European women collect jewels on every anniversary. Like Dickens's famous Micawber they are great believers in "portable property." Perhaps political instability has something to do with this tendency abroad or perhaps our women do not care so much for wealth in the form of jewels. The fear of robbery on this continent no doubt causes many women to refrain from wearing costly stones in public or semi-public places.

Frenchwomen demand many of the very plain-looking evening gowns and are somewhat amazed to discover that America de-

mands dresses trimmed with beads, sequins or embroideries in surprising numbers. There is a logical reason for requiring a decorative dress. A woman who has no precious jewels and who scorns the wearing of imitation stones needs something to add glamour and to relieve the sombre monotony of plain fabric.

It is an error to introduce ornamentation which will detract from good jewellery. To gild a lily is unnecessary, but when one speaks of lilies one may add that nature has provided the loveliest of substitutes for jewels. The woman who likes a simple type of gown may always embellish it by wearing natural flowers. A careful choice will provide the correct ornament. Gardenias, for instance should be worn on chiffons and soft materials, as they are too set and stiff to be worn on satins. Orchids lend a beautiful note of contrast to a chartreuse green or a pink gown. Violets set off yellow, and roses are versatile enough for almost all fabrics and colors.

A woman who is planning her costume would do well to pry into the methods of a professional window dresser or display artist. The most important rule in successful display is to arrange everything so cleverly that attention is concentrated on the main thing. You will notice that the most exclusive shops very often put few articles in the window, sometimes only one. The eye is rivetted upon that solitary tempting piece and all else blends or fades into a background.

What item of your ensemble deserves stress? Is it your dress? Is it your jewellery, or is it, perhaps, an unusual bag or fan? Your dress may boast some trimming such as a striking set of collar and cuffs, or it may be embroidered. It may be of some rich and interesting fabric. If you have acquired such an unusual gown, rest on your laurels and do not attempt to look for "unusual" accessories. Plain gloves, shoes, hat and



BLUFF APRIL..

tion you as to your diet, and prescribe what he thinks will be good for you. He may not hit upon it immediately, but by your reactions, he can adjust his diagnosis.

In the meantime, give your skin the same tender care you'd give to a sick friend. For your skin is sick, and can't assimilate the various creams and lotions that do such delightful things to it when it is well. For you there must be a strict soap and water regime—no creams or lotions other than a special healing preparation. So every night and morning wash with a pure, bland toilet soap, or a medicinal soap, and warm water, working a rich lather into the skin. Rinse, and splash the face with cold water. There are preparations, either in cream or liquid form which hasten the healing process, and should be applied at night. Some of them can be used as a foundation for your powder. Apart from this, no other foundation should be used. Use only the purest powder, and cleanse during the day before you apply fresh make-up. Above all, keep your hands away from your face. Squeezing a pimple before it is ready will only bruise the skin and cause a further eruption. So let them to go their own way, and when a pimple comes to a head, open it with a needle, first sterilized by holding it for a moment or two in a flame, squeeze out the matter, with tissues, and immediately dab the spot with peroxide to prevent a spread of the infection.

This process hold to, whether your skin is dry, oily or normal. If going without creams causes your skin to become dry and flaky, bear with it for a while until your spots are cleared away. Then you may use as much nourishing cream as you like. You'll notice, incidentally, that the skin which is nourished, clean and stimulated, does not acquire blemishes. It is healthy and therefore is able to throw off any infection which enters through the pores of the skin.

If it is blackheads and their (usually) accompanying large pores from which your skin suffers just now, your treatment will be much the same. But you are allowed to literally scrub the skin when you wash. Use a coarse face cloth or a complexion brush. For blackheads mean that the blood-circulation is poor, and to overcome this your skin needs friction. Then after the cold rinse, pat on an astringent to further stimulate the circulation of the blood and contract the pores. Use skin tonic for stimulation, even if your skin is dry. There are lovely circulation creams and lotions, too, which do wonders for the dry, blemished skin. Or you may prefer simply to use the daily treatment of skin tonic, followed at night by massage with nourishing cream. The gentle upward patting movements with which one applies one's nourishing cream, are invaluable for awakening sluggish circulation.

Whichever treatment your skin requires, resolve to start today and to keep it up consistently every day. At the end of two or three weeks you'll be receiving delicious compliments on the delicacy of your complexion. And you'll be scheming to startle the world with a dashing new make-up. Before you do, though, remember that the new make-up is soft, restrained, very natural in appearance. Rouge is used very delicately, lipstick may be bright, but that does not mean thickly laid on. If you want bright lips, choose a lipstick which is bright in tone. There is a new swivel lipstick which comes in eight fascinating shades—two shades in yellow tones, one a pure red, and five shades in blue tones—designed to harmonize with one's individual skin-tone.

Another well-known maker of toiletries has listed her combinations of make-up to tone with the newest colors in spring fabrics. This same beauty specialist has most delectable ideas. I've just learned that she has prepared a silver treasure chest containing a complete kit of make-up and perfume in silver and purple or silver and black. Can you think of anything more inspired for an extra-special Easter gift?

But to return to the new make-up. More and more women are wearing eye-shadow in the daytime. And if it is skilfully applied, it need not look in the least artificial. You who yearn for glamor, touch your eyelids with magic and you'll find it does strangely beautiful things to your eyes. Just the barest touch, remember—people should not be able to recognize it as eye-shadow. Magic is never blatant! Your eyes themselves are due for some special care. I have no doubt. If they feel tired and look dull from long

(Continued on page 72)



Blackheads mean that the blood-circulation is poor — stimulation is needed.

LOVELIEST OF THEM ALL!



757 Women test the Five Favorite Face Powders—61% prefer Woodbury's

757 professional women of high standing were recently asked to test unidentified boxes of Woodbury's Facial Powder and the four other favorite face powders.

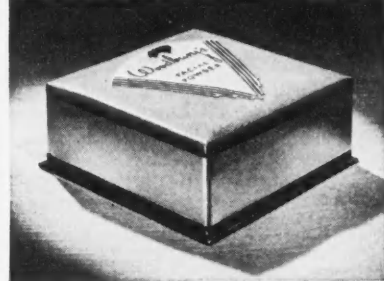
For texture—smoothness, fineness and perfect finish, 59% of them chose Woodbury's. 64% of them said Woodbury's clings best and longest. For fragrance, 66% preferred Woodbury's delicate odor. For shade, 71% preferred Woodbury's.

And considering these face powders in general, 61% voted for Woodbury's!

But what the testers did not know—because they could not tell which powders they were testing—is that Woodbury's is also safe for the skin's health. Made by skin scientists who blend with the utmost care its fine, pure ingredients. It cannot clog and stretch the pores or irritate the skin. It soothes. It blesses!

And it's inexpensive, too! 50¢ for the lovely green and silver box shown here. The dollar boxes are beauties, too. In drug and department stores. 25¢ and 10¢ sizes, in 10¢ and variety stores.

Woodbury's



Facial Powder

FREE . . . SIX TRIAL SAMPLES

John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario
Please send me—free—six samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, one of each of the six shades—Blonde, Naturelle (Flesh), Natural Cream, Rachel, Radiant, Brunette—and a tube of Woodbury's germ-free Cold Cream containing Element 576, helpful in overcoming Dry Skin.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Province _____

LISTEN TO "Dangerous Paradise," thrilling radio drama, every Wednesday and Friday evening, National Broadcasting Company Network, 8:30 Eastern Standard Time.

MADE IN CANADA

HANDS of 20



... at 41



●Despite officework, housework or weather—your hands can be satin-smooth and *youthful* in appearance.

Too good to be true?—skeptical? Give Campana's Italian Balm a few days' trial. Let it show you why it has become the largest-selling skin protector in Canada.

Surely a toilet preparation that has maintained nation-wide approval for years—*bears investigating!* Surely any product that achieves such popularity is different and genuinely good! And Italian Balm—invention of an internationally famous Italian skin specialist is good. It is guaranteed to conquer rough, dry and chapped skin *more quickly* than anything you have ever used. Bottles, 35c, 60c and \$1.00; tubes, 25c—at drug and department stores.



Campana's
**ITALIAN
BALM**

THE ORIGINAL SKIN SOFTENER

Now also in tubes...25c

Free CAMPANA CORPORATION
LIMITED, 4 Caledonia Road,
Toronto.
Gentlemen: Please send me a VANITY SIZE
bottle of Campana's Italian Balm—FREE
and postpaid.

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CH

CANADA'S MOST ECONOMICAL SKIN PROTECTOR

... YOU CAN'T

by Annabelle Lee

IN THE PARK at the top of the avenue, the birches have a faintly luminous appearance; a pale yellow haze is settled on the landscape; tree doctors are busy tidying up unruly branches; and seven straw hats have been seen perched atop seven fur coats. Very soon in the bush will be heard the sharp ping of sap dripping strongly from the maples. All of which gives one courage, one full snow-clad month in advance, to talk about Easter and of how we are going to look our loveliest in our new spring clothes.

For to buy a chic spring hat, a dashing coat, suit or frock, a new pair of gloves and shoes, is not enough. You can't bluff April... she'll find you out no matter whether you import your wardrobe from Paris or buy it from the little store across the street. And if your skin is drab or "spotty", your eyes dull, your step heavy, she'll show you up, for all your Easter trappings!

Really, the only fool-proof way to prepare for spring is to begin from the inside and work out. Begin your rites of spring—your personal spring-cleaning if you like—now, and before April melts tremulously into May, you'll be as joyous as a young lamb and as radiant as a sun-goddess.

So first, what of our bodily health? There's scarcely a person, no matter what his age, who doesn't feel the need of a "bracer" toward the end of a winter. And this particular winter, in many parts of the land, has been so severe that most of us need a spring tonic in one form or another, more than ever. Sometimes this shows itself in the form of a muddy, blemished skin. Sometimes in aggravated internal disorders, and sometimes simply as a general tired, let-down feeling. If there is any acute disorder by all means see your doctor. But if the sum total of the winter's ravages appears to be lassitude and sluggishness, then probably all you require is a purified diet, rest, and plenty of fresh air. Sunshine is a marvelous natural healer. Go for long walks in the country, and get into communion with the soil in your garden—in short, dig!

Start off your day by drinking immediately on rising, the juice of one lemon, unsweetened, in a glass of warm water. For breakfast have stewed prunes or orange juice, a cereal, and whole-wheat toast, or a bran cereal and white toast. For luncheon, a salad or a cooked vegetable plate with whole wheat bread or bran muffins. For dinner, meat, one serving of leafy vegetable and one other vegetable, preferably stewed or fresh fruit for dessert. No

pastry, no rich sauces, no fried foods, and no surreptitious nibbling of candies or sweet-stuffs in between meals. Substitute an apple or some other fruit if you can't resist the urge to nibble. Drink pints of water between meals—doctors urge eight glasses a day on us, and that's a minimum. Cut down on your consumption of tea and coffee.

If you are thin, run-down, nervy, then include plenty of nourishing milk dishes in your meals—cream soups and milk puddings. Drink a night-cap of hot milk in bed. Further nourishment in the form of cocoa, malted milk, or an egg-nog, can be taken during the day.

Diet alone will do wonders for skin, eyes and hair. Diet, fresh air and exercise will give you spring to feel as well as to see.

SO OFTEN at this time of the year one's skin takes unto itself blemishes. Pimples, blackheads, that indefinable spotty condition—they make the most blackguardly onslaughts on one's face just when a new hat and a new permanent are doing their joint best to convince people you are lovely. In most cases they are caused by some temporary disorder, and strict attention to diet, such as I have already outlined, coupled with the right external care, will clear them up. If three or four weeks of pure diet, freedom from constipation, fresh air and a certain amount of daily exercise, does not cure the condition, then see a doctor by all means; preferably see a dermatologist, whose special knowledge of skin troubles is most likely to help him to correctly treat your case. Possibly there is something you are accustomed to eat, which has an ill effect on your own individual system. He will ques-



The skin which is clean, nourished and stimulated does not acquire blemishes.



from "As Thousands Cheer."

So Easter Sunday comes on April Fool's Day.

Well, we'll fool 'em; and have we things to do it with, this spring? Don't you dare buy anything from now on that isn't springminded.

Even our dresses are plastered! At least, they call 'em plastrons, which is near enough. They're lace and lingerie bibs that cover up the front of us, and generally have the windblown ruffle around the neck. Cute things; and they do things to dresses that are new, as well as ones that have cut their second teeth, as it were!

Lace, no less, is weaving dreams around the spring, and right this minute, too. It's so romantic, gals, and is now being made up into those trim shirtmaker frocks so that you can wear 'em of an afternoon that may easily drawl along till midnight. White and black are leading, but I saw a divine blue that made me long to be a blonde, or the will-power to dye for my convictions.

The styles seem to be so sincere, this spring! Good quality, good make, good style, good taste. I think Amelia Earhart's entrance to the fashion world as a designer is a big cause. She's such a sincere and capable person that her character would influence even flippant fashion. So take care of your new purchases. Don't let them be even leaning toward the commonplace. And one good purchase is always a suit. They're going to be great, this spring. Blues are leading.

Hats are going desperate; at least Reboux calls 'em Desperado—a swanky, villainous looking affair that goes right off the face, and is scooped up in the middle. Sinful looking.

And I've just been after seein' a navy taffeta dress, with a long white linen coat, that is going to be a winner for the warmer days! It would be smart to get the dress now, then snap up that linen coat, later . . .

"Squadron Stripe," a cunning satin striped broadcloth that will set us all longing for the navy. In sailor blue background, with white stripe, I'm all for giving it a big hand.

"How do you do?" and wait for her to take the lead in conversation, then you follow. There are other tricks, but this is the first, this putting the other person in the centre of your thoughts by blessing her. Don't forget to use your imagination, see yourself on the stage with this other character. Expect her to say the right thing so you can hear your cue. If she doesn't, give her a happy smile that tells her you were glad to see her, and pass on slowly but as if you had some objective. Remember you are an actress playing the part of a woman at her ease. Keep your eyes eager.

Then practise on the unknown. I knew one woman whose husband's position made it necessary for her constantly to meet people, but whose self-consciousness made every contact terrifying. To overcome this she went on a daily shopping tour with no intention of buying, and forced herself to look into every sales-person's eyes without hesitancy and with eagerness while she played the part of a gracious lady with friendly dignity. It worked beautifully. She found, after a time, that she could carry on the same way with people she met socially and that it was, as I had told her, the first look into the other's eyes that defeats self-consciousness. From that victory you can go farther if you are seeking loveliness.

Now your day is nearly finished. You are, of course, asking the other humans you live with, how their day has gone. Make other

people's affairs sincerely important to you, not as your business but as theirs. There is such a difference: it is the way of charm.

Night has come; you are, I hope, a little tired. Make yourself clean; give your hair and nails their due. Stretch again. Read a few lines of poetry or beautiful prose, unless you have something in your memory to go to sleep on. Open your windows, turn out the lights, get into bed and be thankful. You may simply say, "I've lived today, it's been great," or, if you look on days as gifts of God, "praise God from whom all blessings flow." It only matters that you are consciously thankful for something, even if the day has been full of sorrows, for thankfulness is a wonderful force in the development of loveliness.

Now feel yourself heavy again. The bed holds you—all of you. You send your mind away to find its own at the source of all beauty and health and wisdom and richness. Your mind will find it while you sleep. So you have no worry. You are going to rest. You sleep.

"Pull the twilight close with gesture beautiful."

There is your free sample. Your day. More than one you cannot use at a time. But you have found yourself a little. You have commenced to develop the personality needed to accomplish your desires. You have begun the culture of loveliness for leisure.



NO CHAPPING OR ROUGHNESS NOW

to mar those busy hands

SHE doesn't spare her hands. How can she? With a house to keep nice and a family to feed—with mountains of dishes and laundry to do—she *can't* play lady of leisure. Yet her hands don't get chapped and sore now. They've lost their roughness and redness. They're smooth, white, comfortable, attractive. *And just a few seconds' daily care has made them so.*

Here's the secret

After hands have been in water, after exposure and always at night, rub on a little HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM. Feel this rich, penetrating cream sink down into the skin, easing soreness almost instantly—relieving the tight, drawn feeling—soothing the chapped, tender skin.

HINDS does more than give your skin a mere "surface finish" that soon disappears. Because it *penetrates* so deeply—because it contains ingredients that are so comforting, healing and protective—regular use of HINDS brings *lasting* benefits.

Roughness and redness vanish; hands soon become soft, smooth, appealing. You'll revel in new *comfort*—rejoice in the new beauty of your hands. You'll like HINDS for the children, too—for soothing roughened little hands and knees—healing reddened, irritated skin. Get HINDS from your druggist today. It brings comfort to all the family for so small a cost!



Household tasks—outdoor cold—sure to mean rough, chapped hands. But not if you use HINDS! This rich cream in liquid form penetrates deeply, softening and enriching the skin, protecting it against chapping, cracks and roughness.



TUNE IN on the Hinds HALL OF FAME Radio Program, presenting outstanding celebrities of opera, stage and screen. Every Sunday night at 10:30 E.S.T., CFCF Montreal, CRCT Toronto, WBEN Buffalo, WWJ Detroit, WMAQ Chicago, KSTP Minneapolis, KOMO Seattle.



Best news in years for lovely fingertips... GLAZO now only 30c!



The new Glazo is getting hearty cheers from girls who formerly paid lots more than just thirty cents for nail polish. But they're much less excited about the money they save than about Glazo's superior virtues.

Glazo's new lacquers are richer in lustre... so fingertips are lovelier, more gloriously beautiful, than ever before. What's more, actual tests show Glazo wears 50% longer.

And colors? Glazo's six authentic shades are approved by leading beauty and fashion authorities... and the exclusive Color Chart Package shows just how they'll look on your nails—

● Glazo's Color Chart Package shows each shade just as it will look on your nails.



solves the whole problem of selecting the exact shades you want.

Glazo's new metal shaft brush, with its soft, uniform bristles, assures perfect application on every nail. And the brush just can't come loose.

Ever run out of Polish Remover at the most exasperating moment? Glazo Remover now comes in an extra-size bottle... enough to last as long as your polish... and more for your money.

If you've been paying two or three times as much, you'll just appreciate Glazo all the more.

BEAUTY FOR YOUR NAILS

GLAZO LIQUID POLISH. Six authentic shades. Natural, Shell, Flame, Geranium, Crimson, Mandarin Red, Colorless. 30c each

GLAZO POLISH REMOVER. A true cosmetic, gentle to nail and skin. Removes even deepest polish completely. Extra-size bottle, 30c.

GLAZO CUTICLE REMOVER. A new liquid cuticle remover. Extra-size bottle, 30c.

GLAZO TWIN KIT. Contains both Liquid Polish and extra-size Polish Remover. In Natural, Shell, Flame, 50c.

GLAZO Limited, Dept. GB-44
P. O. Box 2320, Montreal
I enclose 10c for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid Polish, Polish Remover, and Liquid Cuticle Remover. (Check the shade of Polish preferred)...

☐ Natural ☐ Shell ☐ Flame ☐ Geranium

MADE IN CANADA



The "Easter Bonnet" number

FASHION SHORTS

by Kay Murphy

TIS SPRING—and a young woman's fancy turns to clothes, where she's joined by every bit of femininity, be it cutting its first teeth, or losing its last!

Challis—hasn't it an old-fashioned sound?—is going gay in the matter of blouses—and dresses too, for that matter. But in blouses it's a honey for contrast with the suit. And does it look trim and almost goody-goody!

Green is sprouting up all over the place, and you'd be surprised how well it suits 'most everybody. Don't say "I can't wear green." First see the greens, and here is quite a choice. Glen green, Tyrolean, and an adorable shade called Aqua, that reminds one of the waters of Minnetonka, no less!

Whatever has happened the new shoes! Lower heels, higher cut—to hide the instep, lots of eyelet and stitched treatments. I must say they look very smart and are saved from being "sensible"—don't you despise sensible shoes?—by odd little tricks, like cunning perforations, and nobby shoe laces. (Oh, yes! Oxfords are leading.)

Saw a swell-I-I dinner dress. Crossbarred net over taffeta, long, sheathed sleeves and high neck, with white piqué bowed collar giving you that Little Girl Lost look. But the back—well, it swoops right down the vertebrae and stops practically at nothing!

A quilted taffeta hat and scarf, in that saucy Bavarian rust shade, were added on to a plain brown late winter suit. I liked it.

Beauty and the Mind

(Continued from page 37)

seven times, "I, Mary Smith, accept the wisdom of the ages." Again, "I, Mary Smith, express eternal beauty." Again, "I, Mary Smith, partake of earth's abundance thankfully."

Dear and gentle, or perhaps scoffing, reader, you will feel like an idiot as you first hear yourself calling aloud your own name, but stick to it. It is an old psychological and spiritual secret that puts one in touch with sources. A few days and the power of the law will be so felt that all self-consciousness slips away.

Now you dress and breakfast. There is no reason why we should discuss diets here. The only real rule is that if a thing handicaps you, you know it. Eliminate it both from your diet and your conversation. Eat lightly so that you can work and play easily. Having breakfasted, sit down quietly and plan your day. One day only. Write down your plans, allowing enough time for tele-

phone interruptions. Let your day begin with some disinterested kindness to another. Let it include some active play, hilarious fun, rest, preferably after lunch, work—not necessarily for recompense but something that contributes to life, knowing that whatever makes you happy to do and hurts no one is yours to do. Remember that meals are a social occasion, therefore bring something of interest to your companions. You will find this thing by searching the streets as you go about your duties with eager eyes, or you will store away those amusing things from your reading that are suitable for table conversation. The human race will not fail you if you want humor or pathos but do not allow yourself to become malicious. Remember that thoughts are things and words the first manifestation of them.

And I have not forgotten you who are so self-conscious that every meeting with other people is a burden; who hide all your natural loveliness under an embarrassment so deep as to seem overwhelming. You, more than anyone, have need of finding yourself. Did you ever want to go on the stage? Is the land of make-believe fascinating to you? Here, then, is your chance. Act—and it takes acting—that you are at ease. If you meet a person, have eagerness show in your eyes. Then continue the pretense. Let us pretend that you are an Oriental. As you meet anyone, say silently, breathing deeply, "Allah be with you." Aloud say a vibrant

naturally straight. My eyes are grey-blue. I think my face is too round but my complexion is fairly good. Nose is not very good—could be more pointed. Although my hair is dark I have a fair complexion. My winter coat is dark brown with brown fur, shoes brown, gloves brown and wine color hat. What color of dress should I get?

I WISH that I could take you around to see a friend of mine. She is just your height and one of the most attractive people I know. Years ago she made up her mind that her height was going to be no deterrent to her popularity, so she took herself in hand, studied posture and had her hair cut smartly and is certainly successful.

The reason you are sensitive about your height is because it makes you out of the ordinary. But if you could be quite certain that you looked attractive and that your clothes were just right, you wouldn't mind being the least bit conspicuous, would you? It all comes down to a question of poise and good grooming. Your coloring must be rather nice, with dark brown hair and grey-blue eyes and your fair skin. I wonder if you are the type a straight cut Dutch bob would suit? Experiment yourself and see if you can wear a fringe. It might look becoming.

Now with regard to choosing your clothes, do bear in mind that there is no need to try to decrease your height by draping jackets on yourself and wearing cut-up effects. Use frocks with smart lines and remember that

because you are tall and have a good figure, you will be able to wear the very smartest clothes and look well in them. Many of the nicest effects are barred from the woman of average height or less, because she feels she cannot get away with it. In your case you can wear smart little jackets and jaunty capes, deep scarves flung over the shoulder in a debonair fashion, rather elaborate sleeves, broad belts, blouses and skirts in contrasting colors—all sorts of things that are in the very height of fashion—because you are tall enough to wear them smartly.

Follow the fashion articles which appear in *Chatelaine* and other magazines. Keep abreast of the latest developments in style and copy them yourself. You will find it a fascinating pursuit. Don't be ashamed of your height but dress up to it.

With regard to rouge, you should wear a rouge with a blueish cast to it—the raspberry shade as it is often called. Lipstick should, of course, match. To go with your brown coat and wine-color hat, you could wear a wine dress if you like, or you could wear a smoke blue—a deep, soft, misty shade. This would go beautifully with your wine-color hat. You could have a belt, cuffs and some sort of trimming in wine to accent the same note that is in your hat. For other frocks and costumes a soft shade of green—a rather dark green or a pale grass green would suit you. Shades of gold and clear yellow would also be good and bronze, either in accessories or trimming, would be particularly so.

HEART LACE

An Effective New Crochet Design

No. 40 Thread and a No. 12 Hook

1st row—Ch 50 sts, tr in 8th st from hook (ch 2, miss 2 sts, tr in 3rd st) 14 times, making 15 sps.

2nd row—Ch 5, tr in tr for 1st sp, 15 more sps, ch 2, tr in same st with last tr, to make another sp at end of row.

3rd row—Ch 10, tr in 8th st from hook, ch 2, tr in tr tr, (this makes two extra sps at beginning of row), 4 sps, 22 tr, 5 sps.

4th row—4 sps, 21 tr, 4 sps.

5th row—Ch 10, tr in 8th st from hook, 5 sps, 7 tr, (ch 5, miss 5 sts, tr in next st) 3 times making 3 bars, 9 tr (10 in all), 3 sps.

6th row—2 sps, 10 tr, 1 sp, (ch 3, miss 2 sts, d in 3rd st, ch 3, miss 2 sts, tr in tr); this is called a lacet. Repeat three times, making 4 lacets altogether, 7 tr, 4 sps.

7th row—Chain 10, tr in 8th st, 5 sps, 7 tr, (ch 5, miss lacet, tr in tr for bar) 5 times, 7 tr, 2 sps.

8th row—2 sps, 7 tr, 2 sps over first bar, 5 lacets, 7 tr, 4 sps.

9th row—Ch 7, tr in tr (making 1 extra sp) 4 sps, 7 tr, 5 bars, 1 sp, 10 tr, 2 sps.

10th row—3 sps, 10 tr, 2 sps, 5 lacets, 7 tr, 3 sps.

11th row—Ch 7, tr in tr for extra sp, 2 sps, 10 tr, 5 bars, 1 sp, 10 tr, 4 sps.

12th row—5 sps, 10 tr, 6 lacets, 7 tr, 2 sps.

13th row—2 sps, 7 tr, 6 bars, 10 tr, 5 sps.

14th row—4 sps, 10 tr, 1 sp, 5 lacets, 10 tr, 3 sps.

15th row—Sl st over 1st sp, 3 sps, 7 tr, 6 bars, 10 tr, 3 sps.

16th row—2 sps, 10 tr, 1 sp, 5 lacets, 7 tr, 5 sps.

17th row—Sl st over 1st sp, 4 sps, 7 tr, 6 bars, 7 tr, 2 sps.

18th row—2 sps, 7 tr, 2 sps, 4 lacets, 7 tr, 6 sps.

19th row—Sl st over 2 sps, 4 sps, 7 tr, 4 bars, 1 sp, 10 tr, 2 sps.

20th row—3 sps, 10 tr, 6 sps, 7 tr, 6 sps.

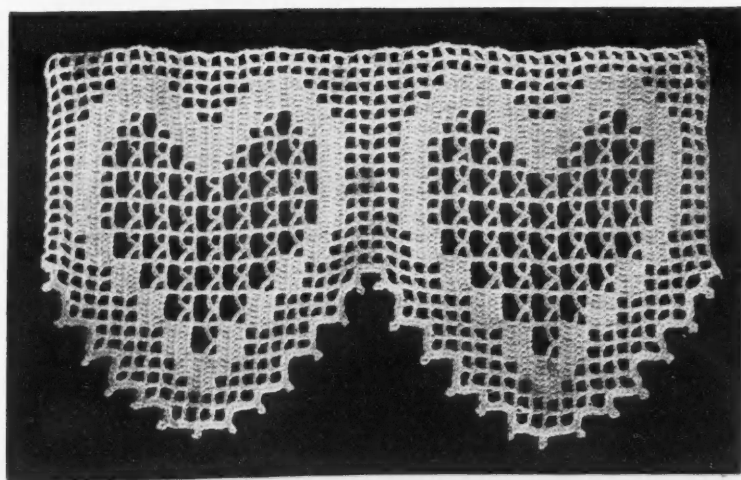
21st row—Sl st over 2 sps, 4 sps, 31 tr, 4 sps.

22nd row—5 sps, 22 tr, 6 sps.

23rd row—Sl st over 2 sps, 16 sps.

24th row—15 sps.

25th row—15 sps. Repeat from 2nd row and when required length is made, work a row of d.c. over the lower edge, working 2 d in each sp and 1 d in tr between sps, and in each corner sp (3 d, picot of 4 sts fastened back in last ch, 2 d) also work p over centre tr of the point.



What You May Think is a Serious Disorder

Many Times is Merely "Acid Stomach"
—Now Easily Correctable This Simple Way



ONE woman thinks it's because she has a "weak stomach." Another that she is a "nervous type." Another that "her headaches are migraine, so nothing can be done about them." Others "can't eat a normal diet, because of the gas and pain that follow eating." Still others think it's "middle-age" with its penalty of easy-tiring, depletion and stomach upsets.

Have a doctor look into each case carefully, and chances are in a great many of them, he'll say "Acid Stomach!" For, according to many authorities, a large number of people today suffer from acid stomach. And think, often, that there is something far worse the matter with them.

The reason scientists advance for this is that so much of the modern diet is made up of acid-forming foods. Yes—the very foods—bread, meat, sugars, sweets—that we must eat to be nourished properly!

How To Get Rid Of It Quickly, Easily

If you have Acid Stomach, you can easily trace it. Headaches, stomach pains after eating, "gas," "upsets," nausea are the usual indications.

Now—to get rid of it, all you need do is this:

TAKE—2 teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water every morning when you get up. Take another teaspoonful thirty minutes after eating. And another before you go to bed. Or—you can take Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets; substituting one tablet for each teaspoonful of the liquid and get the same result.

Try It—You Will Be Amazed

Try this and, chances are, it will make a great difference in your life. For this small dosage of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia acts to neutralize the stomach acids that cause your distress.

After-meal pains and discomfort go.

PHILLIPS'

MADE IN CANADA

MILK OF MAGNESIA

THE SIGNS OF ACID STOMACH

Nervousness	Loss of appetite
Neuralgia	Frequent Headaches
Indigestion	Feeling of Weakness
Auto-intoxication	Sleeplessness
Nausea	Mouth Acidity
	Sour Stomach

WHAT TO DO FOR IT



TAKE—2 Teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water every morning when you get up. Take another teaspoonful thirty minutes after eating. And another before you go to bed.

You feel freedom from dull headaches. That "afternoon fag"—you think is depletion or "nerves" disappears. You feel like another person. Everywhere people are doing this. Everywhere doctors are advocating it.

Get REAL Phillips'

When you buy, be sure to get the REAL article—Genuine PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia. Always ask for it by the name PHILLIPS—for all "milk of magnesia" is not alike. So take care to see that you get Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia—the kind doctors endorse—judged the most reliable neutralizer of stomach acids known.

ALSO IN TABLET FORM

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets are now on sale at drug stores everywhere. Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.



"I FEEL SAFER WITH DELNAPS"



EXTRA LAYERS WITHOUT EXTRA BULK

Give you the Safest, Sanitary Protection at all times.

LONG-WAY ABSORPTION

Absorbs towards the ends instead of across . . . Lasts longer. More economical.

Try DeLong DELNAPS and Prove It Yourself

Ask for Delnaps by name . . . in the convenient Jade-green box.

DeLong Hook & Eye Company
of Canada, Ltd., St. Mary's, Ont.



DeLong DELNAPS

COMBINING 5 ADVANTAGES

- Extra Layers
- Long-way Absorption
- Non-absorbent Gauze
- Softer • Invisible

Annabelle Lee tells HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL

Send a stamped envelope
for a personal reply from
Chatelaine's Beauty Editor

I DON'T know whether to say my skin is oily or dry. If I wash my face at night and do not use cream, by morning it is inclined to be dry and looks scaly. Then if I wash it in the morning and use a greaseless foundation cream and a little powder, by about noon it looks oily and feels so to the touch. Would you say my skin is oily or dry? Also, what shall I do about whiteheads?

It has always been a problem to know just what to use. I am much in dread of using things which will grow hair on the face.

THERE ARE many skins like yours that one cannot catalogue as being either oily or dry, and the best treatment for them seems to be a combination of cleansing with soap and water, stimulating with astringent or skin tonic and nourishing with a good nourishing cream.

Wash with soap and water at night and follow this with an application of skin tonic or astringent. This stimulation process is particularly helpful for those whiteheads, which are caused by improper circulation. They can be lanced with a sterile needle and the "seed" lifted out with a comedone extractor, but this operation can only be performed by an expert. Often veins can be disguised by the use of a special foundation cream. After patting on your skin tonic, apply some nourishing cream to the skin, because obviously your skin requires a certain amount of oil to replace the natural oils which are dried out during the day. Leave a little of the cream on over night. In the morning rinse with lukewarm water and cold water, apply your skin tonic, your foundation cream and your powder.

If you find your skin becomes oily during the morning, why not keep handy a small kit containing cleansing cream, skin tonic, your foundation cream and, of course, your powder. If you have time to freshen up during the morning, you will find that it will make your skin feel and look ten times better.

Good Proportions

AM I BUILT in proportion or too large? Am five feet, eleven inches high, thirty-two-inch bust, twenty-seven-inch waist, thirty-five-inch hips, am fifteen inches across shoulders and am large-boned. What should my correct weight be? I wear mostly raglan sleeves to slenderize my shoulders.

I am dark, with dark-brown hair and eyes. What colors and make-up are best suited for me? I am twenty-five years old, but my hair is very grey—having much worry and bereavement, etc. I wear my hair behind one ear and fairly long in wide waves.

YOU ARE by no means too large. For your height your shoulders are the correct width. If you were any slighter, then you would be out of proportion. Please don't develop the idea that you are built on a large scale. You can't be, with the measurements you have given me. With your height and proportions you should be able to wear very smart clothes. Don't attempt to minimize your height by wearing cut-up effects. See the latest fashion ideas and adapt them to yourself, because a tall woman can wear many of the newest quirks in fashion that a woman of average or short stature couldn't get away with.

As a matter of fact, you could afford to put on a little weight. You did not tell me how much you weigh, but your correct

weight according to your height and age is 154 pounds. Judging from your measurements, I don't think you weigh that. You could still be slender if you increased your bust to thirty-four inches and your waist to thirty-seven.

I would use a brunette make-up—a rachel powder and a dark, fairly vivid lipstick and rouge. If you have or use sufficient color you can wear such colors as blue, yellow, gold, dull dark pink, dark blue, dark, red, dark brown, green, black and deep shades of orange, too. Softer shades such as raspberry red, gold, reseda and bottle green would also suit you.

You did not tell me the shape of your face or anything about your features, but I would make a guess that a classic long bob will suit you. It has dignity and is smart. The hair is parted rather high upon one side and that side is waved deeply and widely down, the ends turned up and coiled flatly at the nape of the neck. The same type of wave is followed on the other side although, of course, a slightly deeper wave is allowed to come forward over the temple. The ears are covered. It is a style which would look very effective beneath a new hat.

Hair on Legs

MY UPPER legs are covered with coarse hairs, which I think is uncommon for the female sex. Can you tell me how I can remove them and prevent their growth? I feel very self-conscious, especially in a bathing suit. I do not want to use a razor on my legs.

YOU WOULD be surprised to know how many girls suffer from superfluous hair on the legs. This is something that women of today suffer from far more than our grandmothers did. But it is really a very simple process to remove the hair. It cannot, of course, be removed permanently, but the skin can be kept free from hair by using a depilatory once every four weeks or so. It really depends upon the individual how often it must be applied. There are many depilatories available in one form or another. Simply follow directions explicitly when using a depilatory.

Or, if you like, you can use a home-made preparation which takes somewhat longer to effect, but which is very satisfactory in its results. The process of bleaching and rubbing off with pumice stone is good. Three tablespoonfuls of peroxide are added to six drops of ordinary household ammonia and a sufficient quantity of powdered pumice to make a paste. This should be applied to the hair every night before retiring for a week, and it will bleach them and weaken the growth. It is best to wear a pair of old white stockings to protect the bedclothes. After a week you will find that a piece of white pumice stone rubbed over the hair will remove it. This, of course, also is not permanent but it will gradually weaken the growth of the hair. Indeed you will find that if you constantly use any depilatory, you will need to use it less and less as time goes on.

Sweet Sixteen

I AM sixteen years old. The main and greatest problem is my height. It is five feet ten inches, and because of this and my sensitive nature I endure many moments of agony. Is there anything I can do to make me look shorter?

What colors do you think would suit me best? I have dark brown, short hair which is



Pimples
Glogged
Pores
Itching
Eczema
Chafing

Don't be a "stay at home" ashamed to go places because you have these or similar embarrassing skin irritations. Get Resinol Ointment and Soap from your druggist today. Use this safe, medicated treatment as your external aid in restoring skin health.

The non-irritating father of the soap thoroughly but gently cleanses the skin. The special medication in the ointment soothes and promotes healing of the irritated spots. Try Resinol and see how quickly your skin improves.

Resinol



Don't be an EX-BLONDE

"HOW much lighter your hair used to be." What a pity to hear this from old friends. You won't, if you use Blondex. This special shampoo, for blondes only, helps prevent darkening—gradually restores natural, radiant beauty to dull, faded blonde hair. Not a dye. No injurious chemicals. Good for scalp. Follow the advice of millions of delighted users. Two sizes—economical \$1.00 bottle and inexpensive 25c package. Get Blondex today—see how beautiful it will make your hair. At all good drug and department stores. NEW! Have you tried Blondex Wave-Set, made especially for blondes? Doesn't darken hair like ordinary wave-sets. Not gummy or flaky.

beautify your eyes!

Transform them into bewitching pools of loveliness—instantly—with this new, easy-to-use eyelash beautifier. Makes lashes appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant. No skill required. Will not smart cheeys. Tear-proof. Try it. Black or brown, 75c; at all toilet goods counters.



The NEW Maybelline
NON-SMARTING-TEAR-PROOF

This Girl Knows..

YOU CAN
DEPEND ON NR
IT'S ALL-VEGETABLE
..SAFE!

Bright Eyes... No Bad Skin

She learned long ago how often dull eyes, pimply skin, nervousness and lack of pep come from bowel sluggishness and constipation. Now NR (Nature's Remedy) is her secret of sparkling loveliness and vital health. No more ineffective partial relief for her—all-vegetable NR Tablets give thorough cleansing, gently stimulating the entire bowel. Millions take NR for thorough, effective relief from constipation and biliousness. Get a 25c box. All druggists. Pleasant—safe—and not habit-forming.



FREE! New gold & blue 1934 Calendar-Thermometer—samples NR and Tums. Send name, address, stamp to The Lewis Medicine Co., Desk D1-97, 67 Crawford Avenue, Windsor, Ontario.

NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

noisy, and shocking fight was in progress. It lasted exactly four minutes. It was appalling. The management arrived at a lops, but could do nothing. Certain of the male spectators found much enjoyment in the fracas; women fled screaming.

Tessa's round, anxious eyes; Tante's smooth, parted hair; the office desk; the tub of ferns, revolved in dizzy arcs before Hal's eyes. And at the end of the fourth minute he slammed a hard fist against a pouchy, unguarded cheek, flooring his opponent to a heavy, crumpled mass of roaring oaths. And all his life he remembered with satisfaction the sound of a seam ripping in the sleeve of the man's expensively tailored coat.

IN A TOTAL of seven minutes, Hal had whisked Tante away from the carnage and they were jolting over the road in the battered little car which-should-have-been ashamed-of-itself. These two relaxed in the luxury of a let-down. Long howls of intoxicated delight fell from their lips.

"Let's go to the country club garden," suggested Hal a few minutes later. "It's early—not many about, and I have a feeling for the place."

So again they sat on the bench by the fountain, and curiously, sudden restraint held them after their laughter had died. It seemed difficult to begin saying what they needed to say.

Then Tante touched his arm. In her eyes he saw a sombre intensity. "Listen, Hal Traymore," she began, "have you ever been so poor that you lived practically on cereal for two weeks, and only the vegetables you could steal from a neighbor's garden? I meant all that about wiggling between the rows. They had so many, Hal, and somehow it gave me a great kick. They couldn't miss twenty-five pods of peas, or thirty nice string beans, or an occasional carrot or beet."

"No," agreed Hal patting her hand, "they couldn't."

"We were so poor I had no decent clothes left, but literally must wear costumes. We are that poor this very minute. My father is a good painter. His work is well known,

but for a long time there have been no sales. It's been ghastly.

Hal stared at her. How little she was, how appealingly brave!

"This is no hard-luck story, but you deserve an explanation. We must seem very queer to you. Mother was father's inspiration; his idol. While she lived he sold practically everything he painted. Most of his work owed its vivid quality to her influence. She had red hair . . ." Here her voice faltered.

"And so," concluded Hal with tender intuition, "you tried to be like her, to look like her, to give your father something of his precious inspiration."

The girl spoke more composedly now. "I posed in her clothes, then had to wear them to parties. I had to be careful, as they were part of my father's stock-in-trade. But father, just to prove to himself he had the power to break away from bondage, painted one portrait of me as I really am—without the red hair, which, perhaps fortunately, was burned up that day in the studio. It fell off somehow as we crawled out. That picture," Hal felt a light shudder run over her, "the obnoxious Bert Ranger promised to buy at a fat figure."

"Let's forget it," Hal looked up at the sky. A slow, contented smile passed over his lips. "There are two, perfectly matched stars right now . . . shining like sons of guns. Shall I pull them down for you?"

Tante gave a funny, choked laugh.

"Furthermore, sudden as it may sound, Miss Deliverance Dexter, will you marry me in the smoky dress at your earliest convenience? I'm at present the highest bidder on the portrait of the girl with the black hair."

Tante let two tears fall, and smiled.

"Just one more question, and forgive me. Why the tantrums? You aren't really like that!"

"Mother had them, I suspect, because father adored seeing her in them. She was so very little—like a volcano in a teacup. And tantrums go with red hair."

"And Tante goes with me—for ever and for ever!"

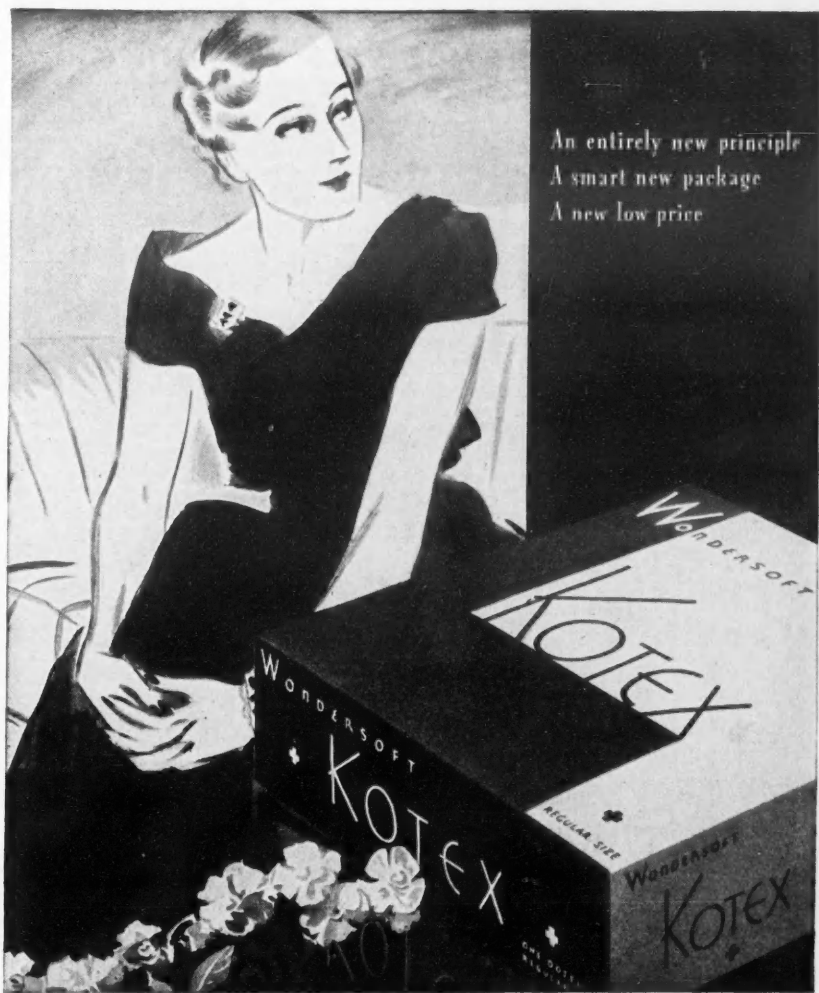
He held her close. And the stars winked down at them.



APRIL

by Isobel McFadden

Always the month of April fills
All of our world with colored thrills,
Leaves on a tree on a low green hill
And crocus blooms where the sun lies still.
Always with eager hands she spills
Poems of gold on the daffodils
And back of the miracles we see
Is the caring of God for you and me.
Even the rain in April sings
Even the blue in a pair of wings
And oh! the beauty of sound that's heard
In the magical singing of a bird.
Even the bell in a snowdrop sings
Of tiny dreams of lovely things.
Even the chords in a tired heart
Sing with the wonder flowers impart.



An entirely new principle
A smart new package
A new low price

In size and shape the new Kotex package is identical to that of boxes widely used for packing ordinary articles.

Discard old ways..
welcome the new!

NEW 1934 WONDERSOFT KOTEX brings a great change in the lives of women

HAVE you ever complained about the sanitary pads you have known? Have you ever suffered that ill-at-ease feeling with old-fashioned pads? Then this is important news for you.

Carefully, painstakingly—for more than 2 years Kotex scientists have consulted with a great Consumer Testing Board of 600 women. The result is—the New 1934 Wondersoft Kotex—an achievement that ranks with the highest of all scientific contributions to the health, happiness and comfort of women.

Third exclusive Kotex feature

Three times in two years—vital Kotex improvements have been made. Each of these improvements has solved a difficult problem for millions of women. Each is exclusive to Kotex. *First*—came flattened, tapered ends that made possible undetectable protection beneath the most clinging gowns. *Second*—the famous Equalizer strip, increasing the security by lengthening the hours of protection. And now—*Third* and most revolutionary of all Kotex improvements—the new 1934 Wondersoft Kotex.

The new 1934 Wondersoft Kotex is a scientific marvel of softness. A fluffy layer of soft cotton is applied to the edges—and *only* the edges. *This is important*—for chafing is prevented and the absorbent surface is left free to do its important work instantly. And—most important—this new wonder-softness has been achieved without sacrificing a single one of the priceless Kotex features you have always known. Once you have used the New 1934 Wondersoft Kotex—you will be satisfied with no other sanitary pad. No other pad is or can be like it.

A new package—new in color, shape and design

To make sure you get Wondersoft—and no other—we introduce it in a modern new package—totally different from the Kotex box you have known. Familiarize yourself with it at once. Ask for the New 1934 Wondersoft Kotex at your dealers today. And Wondersoft Kotex is introduced at the lowest price ever asked for Kotex in Canada.

"I used the new Wondersoft Kotex on a long 3-days-without-stop automobile trip. I never had such a feeling of absolute protection."

Home Girl

"Best of any pad I've ever tried. The side padding makes them softer than ever before."

Musician

"For the sake of my daughter I feel deeply grateful for the new Wondersoft Kotex. Nobody but a mother can know how important comfort and a feeling of security are to young girls."

Housewife

New Wondersoft Kotex is Made in Canada

Meet the GIRL MEN want to KISS



She knows how
to Accentuate Natural Loveliness

MEN don't want to kiss paint. Many a man has said: "It spoils all the illusion if you have to wipe your lips after kissing a girl."

So meet the girl men *want* to kiss. Her lips are neither a coarsening streak of paint, nor a faded, colorless line. Instead she has accentuated the cupid's bow of her mouth with a lipstick that gives the healthy, youthful glow that men admire without that painted look. Only Tangee could do this for only Tangee incorporates the magic color-change principle that makes it intensify natural coloring.

LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE

In the stick Tangee looks orange. But put it on and notice how it changes on your lips to the one shade of rose most becoming to *you*. No smearing, and no red spots on teeth or handkerchiefs. Tangee becomes a very part of you, instead of a greasy coating, hence is longer-lasting than ordinary "paint" lipsticks.

Moreover, Tangee is made with a special cream base so that it soothes and softens lips while it adds to their allure. No drying, cracking or chapping of lips when you use Tangee. Get Tangee today—costs no more than ordinary lipsticks. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. See coupon offer below.

UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look. make the face seem older.

PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.



Cheeks mustn't look painted, either. So use Tangee Rouge. Gives same natural color as the lipstick. Now in refillable gun-metal case. Tangee Refills save money.

Don't be switched! Insist upon Tangee. And patronize the store that gives you what you ask for.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ MIRACLE MAKE-UP KIT

PALMERS LIMITED
750 Vitre St. W., Montreal, Can. C4-1934
Rush Miracle Make-Up Kit containing miniature Tangee Lipstick and Rouge Compact. I enclose 10c (stamps or coin).

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Prov. _____

Red Hair Doesn't Mean a Thing

(Continued from page 30)

Tante's father said the fire had caused relatively little damage. It had soon been controlled. Yes, practically all the canvases were saved with the exception of a few sketches. It was thought that the fire started from the shed; Mr. Dexter had been there that late afternoon, cleaning paint brushes, and left his pipe near a turpentine rag. Yes, Dolly was feeling better. Many, many thanks to Mr. Traymore for his services . . . No, Dolly must be kept quiet for a few days. Still a little nervous over the whole affair. No company.

At the country club Pete made an irritating remark or so, flavored with references to his previous warnings about Mr. Dexter, and the very, very unanswerable contention of red hair changed to black. Hal told him to mind his own business, and went out and slashed off the heads of a hundred daisies with his cane.

Then there had been his cousin Tessa. She was a good sort. On the golf links she had talked to him about the Dexters. "I simply can't think of Tante doing any cheap, theatrical thing. I know her only casually, but she seemed so fine, somehow. Yet all that flaming hair . . . obviously an unusually gorgeous transformation . . . must have fallen off in all that scuffle in the studio. And then, of course," she hesitated, making a long, clean swing with her club, "I've seen that odious person with her a number of times."

"What odious person?" barked Hal, knowing very well what her answer would be.

"Something by the name of Bert Ranger." Tessa's tone was carefully chill.

"I know," admitted Hal.

He sounded so utterly dismal that his cousin gave him an encouraging smile.

"Go to it, old codfish, anyhow! I would, if I were in your place."

Hal thanked her gloomily, and went on thinking about Tante. He passed the Dexter place several times. He even saw the fine garden next door in which Tante professed to poach, but he could not quite bring himself to the point of going to the door. He felt that within that house, within that studio, some final, necessary efforts were being made. He could not define this assumption, yet remembering the girl's frenzy about saving the costumes and portraits, he was convinced that interruption would not be tolerated.

Tante sent him no word. She haunted him, and caused him to be very short with his friends. Those silly, ridiculously small green slippers twinkling under floating draperies of grey; their nonsense about a pair of perfectly matched stars. He himself did not know how near his heart lived this inexplicable girl.

Then happened those sudden, outrageous few minutes which, at first, seemed to mark the end of everything, and were, in reality, only the beginning.

One evening a few weeks after the fire, Pete, Tessa Searles, another girl and Hal went to a certain inn for supper. Though it was not far away, none of them had been there before. As they swept into the drive, they saw the smart cars of smart people parked in rows at either side of the verandah, and among that expensive array was one small, battered affair which should have been ashamed to be seen in such company.

"That's Tante's chariot," said Pete, "or I'm Hitler!"

Close beside it was a long, green monster gleaming with polished nickel. Hal felt a little sick. A quick revulsion overcame him and he hesitated on the porch steps, trying to conquer his reluctance about going in. Tessa threw him a glance of understanding and raised her eyebrows.

They went in finally and found many groups of people chatting in the hall. Hal and his friends made their way through several of these lively knots, calling out a greeting here and there.

Then, in a small alcove, he saw her. She was behind the office desk, her sleek, black hair beautifully smooth, her chin tilted upward. A man leaned toward her. She smiled at him and shook her head. Her fingers fluttered the leaves of a large ledger. She was pleasant, even gay. The man leaned nearer, insistent, low-voiced. He was a brutish fellow whom a veneer contributed by wealth could only make uglier.

Hal stepped closer, moving behind a protecting tub of ferns.

"No," Deliverance Dexter was saying in brisk, pleasant tones, "I'm awfully sorry, but I can't possibly, Bert."

"But a nice long ride in my car? I know a place where we can hit it up to eighty, so you can feel what it is like to be really stepping. Then a late supper somewhere, and dancing?" The man's bulging eyes seemed almost to touch that creamy skin. Hal felt as if their very gaze soiled its creamy perfection. "I know how to treat women," he was next saying . . . "make it worth their while. Whenever you finish with this place, will be O.K. I don't mind waiting." He gave her a disagreeable leer, "Or, I'll speak to the boss, and he'll let you off. He'll do anything I suggest." Here he gave a deep, offensive chuckle, "I set him up, anyhow, in the first place; he'd hate to make me mad. But there's plenty time . . . plenty . . . time." The flavor of his meaning was unmistakable.

"No!" Tante's chin lifted further. Hal saw in her glance the naked flash of revulsion.

A square, fattish hand reached across the desk and settled on her wrist. "You promise to go with me or maybe . . . I won't feel like buying that picture from your father. And don't make a yip. I'm liable to say anything. You might even lose your job. Who can tell?"

Into Tante's face came terror, then abhorrence, then revolt. Hal watched these reactions march across her countenance. Then before he could quite comprehend how it had been accomplished, she had wrenched her wrist free, told the man his conduct was inexcusable, and given him a ringing slap with the flat of her hand. "The vulgar deserve vulgar treatment! You're a beast and a brute, and I will not be subjected to such sordid tyranny, job or no job, picture or no picture! And let me tell you something more. I never enjoyed anything so much in my life as slapping your face. You've had it coming to you for a long, long time. Now what are you going to do about it?"

Though her vibrant voice was low-pitched, a sudden silence settled on the guests in the hall. The atmosphere was charged with a new voltage. Everyone heard those last sentences, so clear and clipped were the words.

"You richly deserve public humiliation." Tante's delicacy had drawn taut with courage. She seemed the embodiment of flame. Her eyes blazed like her father's.

Tessa Searles gave an audible gasp. Pete grunted out of sheer surprise.

A scene in this crowded place would be conspicuous and distinctly vulgar, but Hal did not object to scenes, providing he was sufficiently provoked. Three strides took him to the shoulder of the man at the desk.

"Take your face away from here before I smash it," he advised. "And don't be noisy, or I'm liable to make goulash out of it."

If Tante were startled to find Hal Traymore her miraculous defender, she gave no sign. Her face changed from an expression of affronted anger to watchfulness.

"And who," began the man, hand against his stinging cheek, "might you be?"

"Don't be so inquisitive! I'm not interested in your name either, though I happen to know it. Beat it, before I beat you!" Hal's bravado was superb and ridiculous. But he was happily unselfconscious. The man before him was many pounds heavier, a rough customer in gentleman's clothing.

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ous remark had ruined it for me for ever just as Fred's lack of sympathy had spoiled "The Playful Breeze." And so I decided that I would be "A Dying Rose." Of course The Dying Rose is a little more complicated than those other dances. There are places in it where it is occasionally rather difficult for me to keep my balance, but I felt that when I got up on stage the sympathy of the audience would sort of uplift me. I'm like that about my audiences. But, my dear, I had no idea of the difficulties I was to encounter the night of the entertainment. To begin with there was Mr. Brooks's rudeness. When I arrived at the Grand Theatre just in time for the performance I discovered that he had placed my act next to the end on the programme and I told him that I would not allow that—that I simply would not!

I explained that I had designed The Dying Rose for the grand finale and that I could not consent to its being placed anywhere else. And he said that's other act which he had written, and which was called "Love and A Skillet," had to come last because the Garrett Hardware Company had kindly loaned them a stove for it. It seems that the stove was for advertising purposes and had been written up in the paper along with the other performers. It was a particularly large "show piece" or "display range"—or whatever you call it—and it was very hard to move so they were using it at the end.

But I showed them that need not make any difference. I had sent to a theatrical place for a god Pan for me to dance before, and he was lovely but was made of pasteboard or something and he was hollow. They had made props to hold him, but I showed them that he could be fitted right over the stove. Mr. Brooks objected because he said we'd have to stretch Pan's "tummy," as he called it, to make him fit over it; but I said I felt that it was quite logical and artistic for Pan to have a large abdomen and that I would not go on that night unless The Dying Rose came after Love and Skillets.

WELL, ALL of them came and begged me to go on—all the people in the cast—and even the committee that manages the finances. Actually, my dear, we held up the opening of the show, and at last I said that I did not want to be selfish or to insist upon having my own way and that I would go on if they would put Pan over the stove and let my act come at the end.

They agreed, but somehow there were so many, you know, sort of unfamiliar things and so many annoyances. Mr. Brooks introduced each act like that—oh, what was his name—in that show—what do you call it? I advised him before he went on to be sure to talk loud enough—so often amateurs don't—but, do you know, he didn't seem to need my advice. He carried the thing through so fast, and the audience laughed every time he opened his mouth. I really was amazed. And somehow the show seemed to move—well—more swiftly than our affairs have before; and that act of his, "Love and Skillets"—though I never cared for comedy: it has always seemed vulgar to me—I had to admit that it was really funny.

It was about a girl who thinks she has dramatic talent and is about to leave her husband to seek a career. It seems she is being led on by a mercenary teacher and, my dear, when the teacher came on—at first I thought it was Gwendolyn De Smythe Jones, but it was—well, it was Fred. Fred! All decked out in draperies—and he talked like Gwendolyn De Smythe Jones—exactly. He even had "the divine gargle." And he really did bring down the house. It sort of spoiled the whole thing for me. I thought it was sneaky in Fred not to have told me he could act. I always tell everybody everywhere all about my work. I was actually upset. I think that's the reason I forgot my basket of rose leaves which I was going to scatter before the god Pan.

At any rate I did forget them, and I didn't realize it until the orchestra was playing and it was time for me to go on.

Of course I was absolutely distressed but being, as I am, an old troupier, I rose bravely on my toes and flinging my head back and smiling a light gay smile I tripped out on to the stage. I could see Gladys Metcalfe standing in the wings on the other side and as I circled past her I whispered "my bowl."

Then I bounded joyously on, fluttering my fingers through the air, thinking all was well; but when I leaped back to her side of the stage she held out to me—a chopping bowl that they'd used in the kitchen scene. I had to do something about it, and so, although the dance did not call for it, I ran up to her with tiny mincing steps and holding my hands up to my mouth as though I were giving a love call or something, I whispered, "My bowl of rose leaves." And then I whirled away and took up the dance where I had left off. The orchestra didn't seem to quite get the idea at first—orchestras will make mistakes, you know—but at last we got together again and I leaped back and forth, always smiling.

Whenever I passed Gladys I would hold out my arms as though in supplication and she offered me, first, a kitchen fork, then a tea kettle. And then—well—I miscalculated my leap and I didn't land quite near enough to her—and she was so worried about handing me what she had that she walked right out on the stage holding out a skillet. I couldn't smile any longer—I just couldn't! But I carried on. I made a gesture as though I were spurning something and jumped away from her. The audience tittered—yes, my dear, tittered—and at that Gladys got all mixed up, and she followed me sticking that skillet out at me. I leaped madly from her, and this time the audience roared—absolutely roared with laughter.

Gladys ran back then, but I was half insane, my dear, half insane. But I did not forget one movement of that dance—not one. I threw myself high into the air and whirled in mad frenzy. Those whirls have always annoyed me, and I somehow slipped and fell and there was a dreadful crash. At first I thought it was me myself hitting the stage. But it was not. It was the Great God Pan. When I rose to my feet I saw that he had fallen to the floor and that there stood the Garrett Hardware Company's stove—looking as gigantic and kitchenish as it possibly could—and all covered with pots and pans.

Any less experienced person would have given up then, but as I said I have, in addition to my dramatic instinct, great determination and I didn't leave out one bit of the dance. I acted as though nothing had happened. I backed away from the god—I mean from the stove, as though in surprise and horror. Then I seemed to yield. I knelt low before him—I mean "it"—in abject surrender. Then I lifted myself slowly to my feet and drifted toward the wings. And there stood Gladys holding out a bowl—at last! I took it from her and, humbly holding it, approached the god that I might scatter my rose leaves before him, and then I saw that it was not rose leaves at all. It was a bowl of potatoes, carrots and onions and turnips, and—oh, my dear—a cabbage head!

By this time the audience was shrieking and gasping, but I knew the dance must go on. Using my best gesture I reached into the bowl and drew forth a potato and dropped it lightly on the stage. Then I ran about—scattering here a potato, there an onion, there a carrot; and when I came to the last movement I saw that the only thing left was the cabbage. But still I did not falter. I lifted it high above my head and with all my strength I hurled it passionately before the stove. Then I fell gasping to the floor.

THE AUDIENCE was having hysterics but I did not forget my final gesture, which was to hold a rose to my lips and die. It

The three-cornered race



The stork, the doctor, and infection are running a three-cornered race. All three speeding for the same destination.

Which will arrive first? Three human beings, a mother, a baby and a doctor, are vitally concerned with that question.

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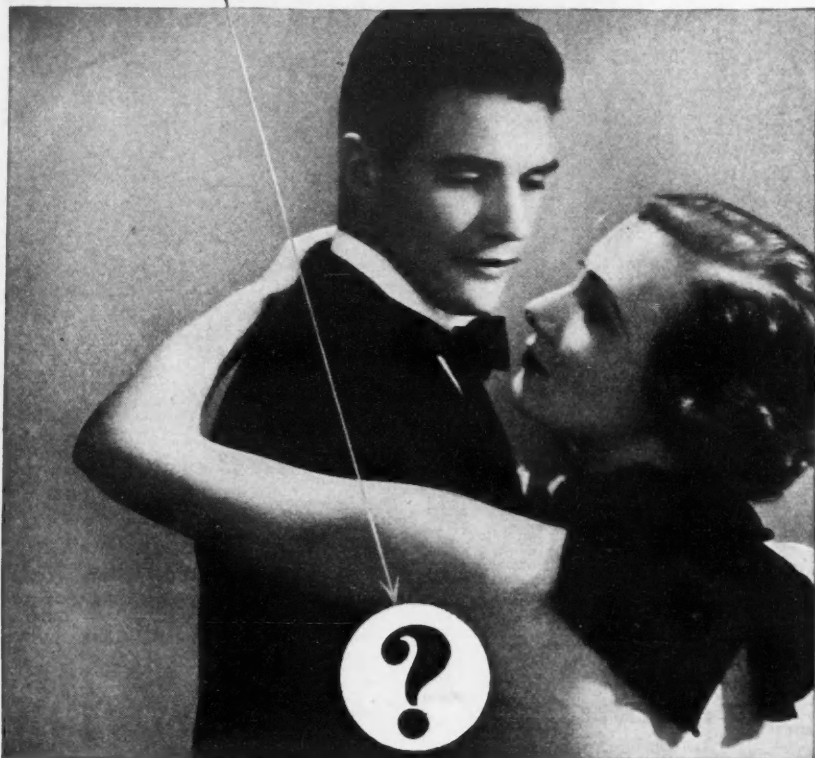
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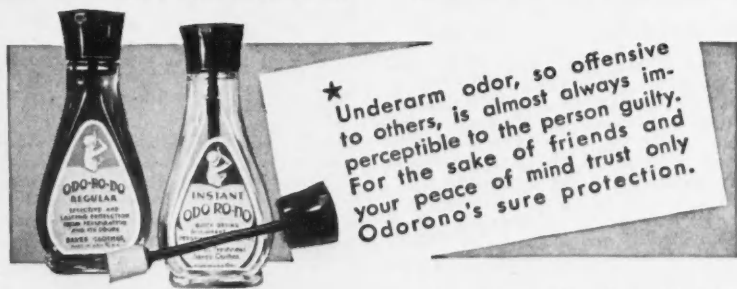
For perspiration moisture in the confined armpit forms an acid that ruins dresses and turns friends against you. And your daily bath is no help after the first few minutes.

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**Absolutely
a Dying Rose**

(Continued from page 11)

positively to be "Summer On The Wing."

"No," he said, "not really! Why, you must be the girl who's engaged to Fred."

"I am not engaged to Fred," I said even more icily, and then I told him how I felt about being tied to a kitchen and how for five years I'd been planning to go to New York and try out before a real theatrical manager, but he interrupted me insultingly—positively insultingly. "If I were you, girlie, I'd stick with Fred," he said. "Fred's a darn nice fellow."

And then before I could squelch him he jumped up and shouted: "Well, cut the talking, everybody! Cut it out! Let's get busy."

MY DEAR, the whole group was frozen—absolutely frozen. We never work at our first rehearsal—never. We just have a cozy little chat and Gwendolyn De Smythe Jones encourages us and says such lovely things and makes us feel we can do anything—just anything. But this man, my dear! He criticized—actually criticized. Even Gladys Metcalfe—who is a cousin of Jan Metcalfe, the movie actor. Of course Gladys's voice is high. It's catty of me to say so, but it is. But then it was horrid in him. And then when he'd finished with Gladys he yelled—simply yelled.

"Hey, Summer On The Wing! Where's Summer On The Wing? Up here on the stage, girlie. Make it snappy."

Well, my dear, I don't know why I obeyed him but I did. I got up there on that stage but I was all weak; positively, I was trembling in every limb. Gwendolyn De Smythe Jones was there in the wings and she whispered to me: "Go on, my little Pavlova!" But even then I couldn't move. I was just petrified.

He shouted "Piano! Where's the piano? Hurry up. Come on, girlie, show us what you've got. Make it snappy. Do your stuff. Hey, you others, clear out of the wings there. 'Som-er On The Wing' all right."

Well, my dear, at that I seemed to come to myself. I stepped out into the middle of that stage and lifted my hand for the piano to stop and I said. "I will not 'snap into it.' I will not 'do my stuff!' What do you mean by speaking to me like that!"

And Gwendolyn De Smythe Jones stepped right out beside me in all her draperies and her voice was sweet. But, oh my dear, it had an edge to it and she said: "It's quite plain that you have no understanding of the delicately balanced artistic temperament. You're quite out of your element. Have you ever before had anything to do with a little art theatre?"

"I have not," he admitted. "But I'll stick this thing out. I promised Fred I would."

"Then you'll stick it out without me," I said. "I'll never be Summer On The Wing again—or, anything else in this show. I'll never play for Prestonville charities again—never! never!! never!!! The Prestonville stage will have to do without me."

And I swept—simply swept off that stage and out of the room.

WELL, Gwendolyn De Smythe Jones followed me and begged me to be in the entertainment. And Gladys Metcalfe came and begged me to be in it. And Grace Woodford Finden came and begged me to be in it. And Blakesly Boswell begged me to be in it. And at last I said that I would—you see I didn't want my temperament to render me selfish—but I said that I would not come to any rehearsals, that I would save my little divertissement as a surprise for the public for that night.

I gave up the idea of being "Summer On The Wing." Mr. Brooks's coarsely humor-



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in with the carefree throng sauntering bandward. Nancy caught sight of Patty and her friend across the street where the more serious couples promenaded, those virtually, practically or actually engaged. Nancy had heard of something called the Great Divide; it now symbolized itself to her mind in the wide stretch of macadam which separated Woodford promenaders on band night. She sensed the greatness of the achievement signalized in going over to the "other side." She knew the significance of such remarks as: "Did you see Jimmy Walsh and Belle Matthews walking on the other side last band night?" or "They say John and Elmira'll be cake-walking on the other side when next the band tunes up."

Her heart soared as they emerged from the leafy tunnel to the business section of the street. Once past the livery stable and the "Church of England church," the shops were continuous and glittered with lights. The strolling throng grew denser. If they stopped to speak to anyone they got jostled, so for the most part they kept their own places and the pace of the crowd. Nancy ached to stop and look at the clockwork chewing-gum girl in O'Brien's window. The rhythmic nonchalance with which she plucked the gum from her mouth, elongated it to arm's length, then drew it back again to prepare it for another adventure in elasticity, fascinated Nancy.

The strident strains of "Oh, Listen to the Band!" made conversation increasingly difficult as they neared the bandstand. Nancy's backbone was a spiral of thrills as they passed it. The full blasts of the music seemed to beat against her body. Her ears tingled. A handful of urchins shouted and dodged each other round the pump near by, letting the heavy iron drinking bell on its long chain bang fearfully against the metal trough. Nancy had eyes only for Mr. Proddy as he swayed and dipped resplendently to the music, the music he was drawing from a dozen magic instruments by sheer allure of his bewitched black baton.

"Oh, Don, don't you simply love it?" she shouted. But Don, if he heard, made no reply. The crowd drew them on. Don had grown quiet. If she could only think of some grown-up remark that would recall his attention! But the flippant speeches that came so easily when she perched on the Pringle doorstep at meal times were clearly not in keeping with such an exalted occasion.

Another block brought them to the courthouse square where the promenaders turned. Nancy peered into the darkness beyond the street lights. She hoped Don wouldn't suggest a bench in the enclosure. Nancy preferred the lights and movement. She glanced up at Don but he was still preoccupied. Then, without looking at Nancy, he stepped deliberately into the road and began to cross.

Nancy's heart thumped. Did he know what he was doing? And should she follow? But, of course, there was no alternative. She walked dubiously by his side, wondering if they were observed and secretly wishing Maudie Freeland might see her. Within a few feet of the "engaged" side Don's step quickened. Nancy saw him transfer the bamboo cane to his left hand. As he raised the grey fedora in his best style, Nancy discerned in the shadow of an unlighted doorway a little slim figure, all in black, watching their approach with a wistful smile. When they came nearer, the figure stepped down to the sidewalk and fell in at Don's side with the curious contented motion of a homing bird.

Nancy recognized her at once. Zilla Marsden from the other side of the tracks, whose father kept the roundhouse. Nancy knew why Zilla wore black, too, and why people said there was a worse cloud hanging over the Marsden home than the smoke clouds from the trains. Zilla's little sister, Jeannie, had been in Nancy's room at school two years ago—a tall, stooped girl with husky voice and wide, sad eyes. Then she had stopped coming and the teacher had told them Jeannie would never come to school again. Before that it had been an older brother and another sister. There had been eleven in the Marsden family, but the

same relentless fate overshadowed them all until now less than half that number were left. And until now, with unvarying alternation, the hooded figure of disease had claimed first the oldest boy then the youngest girl, the oldest boy, the youngest girl. People who knew the Marsdens said the family talked—even joked—among themselves as to whose turn came next.

Zilla slipped a slender hand through Don's arm and leaned round him to bestow a smile on Nancy. No one spoke. Don's expression had changed to one of contentment. Nancy's feelings were mixed. Her triumph had been brief but Zilla's sweet smile assured her she was still one of the party. They were nearing the band again.

"Mazie, Mazie,
You'll drive me crazy!
How do you do your hair?
Is it a rat,
That makes it like that?
So lovely and high in the air?"

—hummed and sang the strolling couples to the lively strains of "Mazie Mine."

Nancy's spirits rose again. After all, it was excitement enough to be walking on the engaged side of Main Street with Don and Zilla. And when they sat in the ice-cream parlor it was lovely the way Zilla included her in all her smiles and speeches. Nancy watched fascinated as Zilla teased and purred over Don in turns, pleased as a child when she brought a laugh, always ready to lay a gentle hand over his if her quick words touched a tender spot. It was all so easy and friendly and natural, not a bit as though they must keep remembering they had a little gooseberry along. Don and Zilla were so happily sure of each other.

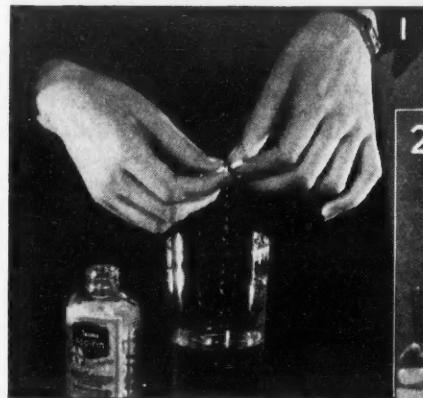
When they stepped into the street again, the air was cooler and the crowd showed signs of thinning. Zilla put up her hand to stifle a cough and Don took the little black cape she carried and put it tenderly round her shoulders. The band struck up the Merry Widow waltz—unfailing signal that the concert was almost over. Nancy sighed with regret.

Silence fell on the trio. To Nancy's surprise they turned off at the first corner, passing by the side of the bandstand. She had a last fervent look at Mr. Proddy, still standing unwilted on his stumpy pine dais, before he was lost to sight. The waltz followed them for two blocks down Market Street till it merged in "God Save the King." "Now," thought Nancy apprehensively, "they'll be sure to turn back." Her mother would be watching for her. But nothing seemed farther from the minds of Don and Zilla than going home. They strolled quietly on down the long, sparsely lighted street that led to the railway station, now almost unconscious of the lagging Nancy whose eyes grew heavy. If only they could all be gay and happy again as they had been over their sodas! But Don and Zilla just walked along, very close together, as though no words in all the world could express each to the other so poignantly as the starlit silence that wrapped them.

A LITTLE SHIVER touched Nancy. Then she saw they were making for the station waiting room, always deserted at this time of night. A close smell of stale smoke and unwashed paint met them as they opened the door. Mud-colored walls absorbed the light from a flickering gas jet. In one corner stood an old base burner scarred by many winters. A back-to-back bench with partitioning arm rests occupied the centre of the room. Nancy slipped into the section next Zilla; her head drooped against the back. Zilla coughed again and Don slipped his arm round her. She snuggled in to him as well as the intervening arm rest would permit and Nancy heard her murmur "My kind Don . . . my dear Don." There was a long silence. Did they want to be left alone? Nancy slipped away and made a tour of the room. But when she came back from inspecting the maps and locomotives and railway bridges on the walls she knew they had not spoken. She sat down again and her head drooped, this time toward Zilla's

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happened to be an onion, but I held it delicately to my face and closed my eyes and fell back as though dead.

Then the curtain fell, and I heard the audience applauding and applauding and applauding. And I realized that the curtain was rising. I did not get up—somehow I couldn't—but I waved the onion feebly. Then they went off into fresh applause, and the curtain was raised again and again.

And then somehow Mr. Brooks and Fred were helping me to my feet. And Mr. Brooks was shaking my hand and saying: "You're a wonder, girlie. Gosh, I'm dumb. I didn't get you at all when I first saw you. But I apologize. I thought my kitchen farce was good comedy but—my gosh!"

I couldn't seem to find my voice. And Fred said, "I apologize, too, Freda. You're good. That was the best piece of burlesque I ever saw."

And Mr. Brooks said, "I'm offering you a contract—any time you want it—the quicker the better."

Then my voice came back and I said weakly, "A contract?"

And Fred said, "Don't you know, Freda, that George Brooks is the George Brooks, the one that put on the biggest hit in New York last winter? He was writing some stuff and I told him to do this thing because—

well, because you said you wanted to get before a New York manager. But I didn't know it was going to work out this way." And then he looked miserable—absolutely miserable. "Since George offers you this contract I'll have to give you up," he said.

And then a man came with a huge bunch of roses and said it was from Mr. Garrett, of the Garrett Hardware Company, in appreciation of my advertising his stove!

And then there was a reporter who said, "Congratulations, Miss Preston! Side-splitting comedy! Won't you give me a line on how you worked out those gestures?"

And then I seemed to come to myself. I took that reporter by the arm and I drew him into my dressing room and I said, "When you hear the sensational story I'm going to give you, you won't care about my dancing."

And he didn't. The paper was full of my marrying Fred a few days after the show. You know I got him—I mean he got me—to go over quietly to the—what-do-you-call-him—and be married by the what's-his-name—and we went off on a wedding trip to—what is that place!

And that's the inside story, my dear. But you can see for yourself that none of it would have happened if I hadn't been—A Dying Rose.

"Radioitis"

(Continued from page 14)

short plays could be broadcast to teach such things as safety first, punctuality, honesty, truthfulness, kindness to animals, respect for elders, good citizenship and to exemplify the many virtues which the modern school is expected to teach both by example and implication.

A little experimenting has been done during the past few months in Ontario. This experimentation should be carried on during school hours, and the broadcasts received in a class room under ordinary conditions where the pupils would be under the observation of experienced teachers. These teachers could study and report the reaction of the pupils to the various programmes. In this way a special technique could be evolved for school broadcasting. Unfortunately, owing to conditions at the

time, the experimental broadcasts were held after school hours. Perhaps, as the Radio Commission obtains more control over our radio facilities, some very definite movement will be started to do some really constructive work along these lines. Until that time arrives, it would seem that the present offers a fine opportunity for one of our independent stations to start the ball rolling by inaugurating an experimental series of broadcasts during school hours.

With the radio occupying a place in the field of education, the rural school would enjoy many of the advantages of the city and urban schools. Children would be taught to listen to the radio as they listen to a fine musical instrument or as they listen to a speaker with a live, interesting message. Instead of it being "just the radio," this invention, which in many cases destroys the peace of the neighborhood, would become as valuable a source of culture and information as a library of good books. Will our educational authorities accept the responsibility of teaching the young to make the proper use of one of the greatest gifts of modern science? Until such time, we as parents must see to it that we no longer continue to let the radio make our children deaf to much that is beautiful in the realm of sound by our thoughtless abuse of its wonders.

Nancy Grows Up

(Continued from page 18)

A delicious smell of creams and lotions pervaded the room. Nell, whose boy friend worked in the drugstore, collected these things as a matter of course. Sometimes she gave tiny samples of powder and perfume to Nan who, in consequence, harbored the intention of one day marrying a druggist and felt secretly sorry for Patty whose fiancé worked in a real estate office.

When the girls had fluttered off, Nancy sat on the top step of the cellar stairs and watched Don polish his shoes. His deliberateness made her fume.

"That's shiny enough, Don. It starts at eight, doesn't it?"

"Lots of time, lots of time. What's the rush?" said Don calmly. He had changed to a blue suit and polka dot tie. His sleek black hair glistened. Nancy's impatience grew as he carefully trimmed his nails and

adjusted a new grey fedora. The result was worth waiting for. And when he took a slender bamboo cane from a holder in the hall and stepped out with Nancy into the warm-scented glow of evening, she thought she had never known such a thrill of happiness in her whole life. Not only was she going to the band without her mother and without Teddy, but she was going alone with Donald Pringle and he was wearing his best clothes and was talking to her almost as if she was grown up.

Nancy tried to walk sedately and keep the effervescent hop and skip out of her step. Don was grand when he raised his grey fedora to passing acquaintances. He must know nearly everyone in town. But, of course, when you measure silks in the largest dry-goods emporium for a few years, you naturally do get to know everybody after a time. The shadowy form of the druggist-husband began to fade out, and something with a grey fedora and bamboo cane took shape in its place. If only there were not that gaping, unplumbable eight-year abyss between her and Don! She wished her skirts were longer so people couldn't guess her age or suspect the good-natured Don had brought her down for a treat.

IT WAS three blocks to the main street and once in its tree-shaded dusk they fell

An Outdoor Living Room

How one woman solved her summer housing problem

by HELEN J. BRIGHAM

A FEW years ago it was my privilege and great pleasure to build a house in a thriving Western city, that was to include all the finer points in home building and prove a joy to the inmates. Did ever a dream house fulfill the dream? Mine was no exception. There was much that pleased, but there were drawbacks that could not be outmanoeuvred or circumvented.

Modern architecture has wrought many changes, one of which is the elimination of outside adornment that added to the expense of the building out of all proportion to the returns it gave. Long stretches of outdoor verandahs above and below, rarely used, have given place to small, often glass-enclosed porches, while the back stoop and woodshed have gone the way of hoop skirts. Expense is cut down, beauty is preserved, but at what cost! There is no relief for the family from the four walls of the house. Nor was mine any exception. The front steps and lawn bordered too closely to the street for any privacy or comfort; the trees were far from widespreading, while insects made the back lawn a questionable resting-place. The long cool evenings offered no relief from the hot afternoon. The warm sun, so appreciated in winter, made an inferno of the living rooms in July. I had made no provision for living outside, and the family suffered.

So I took stock of the house and realized I could effect no change there except at prohibitive expense. I turned my thoughts to the garden.

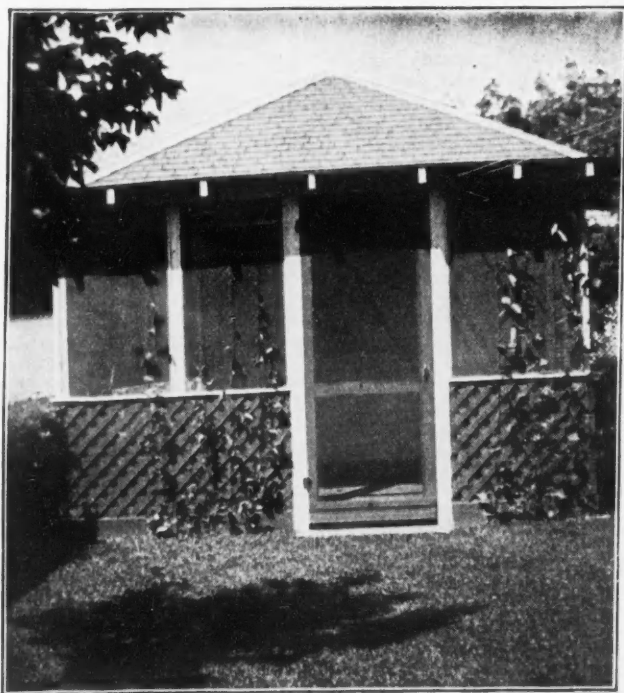
THERE was in one corner of the garden a twelve-by-eighteen-foot garage, with a single door to the east, a window to the south and north, and a large sliding-door to the west, which was in constant use to house the family car. It was an eyesore for the most part, but a necessary one. Right here was the solution to my difficulty. I secured the services of a carpenter who in three days completed my outdoor living room. He first put in concrete corners, on which he rested an eight-foot verandah along the twelve-foot side of the garage. It took

ninety-six square feet of flooring, and the same for a sloping roof, which was covered with a waterproof roofing. The pitched roof of the garage was not carried out on the verandah, as it increased the expense and produced a building much out of proportion. Two by fours were placed at two-foot intervals all around the verandah, and the whole enclosed with wire netting. To protect the wire, and give a measure of privacy, I have lattice-work to a height of three feet. A screen door in the centre front, the whole painted white with green trimming, completed the building at a total cost of seventy-five dollars.

Now as to the inside. Along the south exposure I have a curtain yet, as the vines are not heavy enough to temper the sun's rays. Across the east I plant scarlet runner beans, which grow rapidly and offer plenty of shade; the north exposure is wide open, giving an uninterrupted view of the flower garden. The garage proper is easily reached through the single door, and provides a storehouse for papers, magazines, books, cushions and toys, when not in use. In fact, I have a regular bookcase in the garage, which holds all reading matter easily accessible but not in evidence.

The furnishings are simple. A swing couch suspended from the ceiling, a card table and four wicker chairs complete the furnishings. I have no floor covering, as I often use the hose on the floor to cool and freshen it up. Some of the family decided to sleep on the couch, so an electric light wire was strung from the house and a bulb attached. These are extras, which may be omitted or added to. The living room has endless possibilities for comfort and rest, and is so practical. Any garage standing alone in the grounds can easily be so adapted. The exposure may not always be southeast and north as mine is, but direction does not matter.

Thus, at a slight cost, I have provided a playhouse, sleeping porch, tea, card, and rest room, all in one, for the whole family. The idea has been widely copied here, and I pass it on to *Chatelaine* readers as practical.



A summer playhouse, sleeping porch, tea, card and rest room.

How the Eskimo Got Tooth Decay

Before the white man came, tooth decay was unknown. Now the Eskimo eats different foods, doesn't clean his teeth, has civilized habits, and pays the penalty with poor teeth.



The modern Eskimo after a half-century of civilization's luxuries.

BEFORE he ate the soft, starch foods of civilization, toothache was almost unknown to the oldest Eskimo. Then the toothache of civilized races began to appear. It was found to result from common tooth decay.

Now dental science explains the cause of tooth decay in this way: Modern diet consists largely of soft, sticky foods, particles of which cling between the teeth and under the gums. Germs cause this food to decay and give off acids which dissolve the tooth enamel and the part beneath. These acids are produced by germs. The germs live and multiply in a coating of film or *mucin plaque*, which forms on teeth. This film catches the acid-producing germs and glues them to the tooth surfaces.

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shoulder. She daredn't think of her mother. It must be frightfully late . . . it might be even after eleven . . . Perhaps she dozed for a moment. Then Don's voice.

"Zilla," he said, scarcely above a whisper, "you promised to tell me tonight."

"Yes, dear, I did—and I will." Her voice was gently comforting.

"It's got to be yes, Zilla. I—I couldn't have it any other way."

There was a movement where their hands lay clasped.

"No, Don, it's not going to be yes . . . it can't be yes, dear. I love you."

"Oh, but why? Sweetheart, only tell me why?"

Again Zilla's sweet tones, "I love you, Don," and something like a groan from Don. Nancy's heart beat quickly. The scene beside her held her motionless in her seat as by an enchantment. As she closed her eyes again she felt Zilla trembling.

"If it's my folks," said Don, "that's no reason, Zilla. When they know you they'll understand. Darling, we'll all take such care of you always . . . always."

"It's not your folks, Don. And it's not my folks. It's just—it's just I love you." She ended bravely but Nancy knew the tears were near. Don's voice was hurt and impatient.

"I don't care for the old shadow, Zilla. I don't care for any reason. Nothing matters if we love one another. It's only an evil spell. It's not real. We can break it—together."

"Yes, Don, it's real. I've seen it work too often. It's never failed yet. And now—and now . . . I'm the youngest girl, Don . . ." Her voice broke.

"Very well, Zilla, then marry me anyway. Marry me. shadow and all. Marry me now. If our time is to be short let's begin. I love you more every hour I live. I want to show you what my love for you can be—what it can do for you. Darling, trust me. I'll do everything for you. I've saved something. It's all for you. Zilla, Zilla, say you will . . ."

His entreaty nerved her to fresh strength. Her voice was brave once more.

"My dear, dear heart," she said tenderly, consolingly, as though speaking to a child, "it can never, never be. It wouldn't be fair to you. It wouldn't be fair to—if there were others, Don. Some day you'll see it my way—just like a dream. It's such a lovely dream, Don, your caring for me the way you do. You're so big and kind. You're so wonderful to me, Don. That's why I love you so much. That's why I can't spoil the dream. I'm going to take it with me . . . Don, darling . . ." Her voice was tenderly low.

Nancy grew tense. Her eyes were closed. She felt a hot stinging under the lids. The lump in her throat throbbed and ached. If Don sobbed a second time she knew she couldn't bear it. She stole a glance at Zilla. Zilla was strangely calm. She had drawn Don's cheek to hers and held it there with little compassionate strokes.

"Don, dear; dear Don," she murmured, "we're going now. Others may be worrying about us. Lift up your head, Don. Dear me, what a heavy head it is! My clever Don! See! I'm smiling, sweetheart. It's a sweet, sweet dream, isn't it, dear? And a sweet, sweet secret . . . We must wake Nan. Poor little Nan! We've kept her so late." Her voice choked in a spasm of coughing. Don rose repentantly.

"It's my fault again, Zilla. It's all my selfishness. You're an angel—my angel . . ."

Nancy rubbed guilty eyes and sat up. Her hand was drawn through Zilla's. She felt the fresh air on her face and found herself walking homeward. Had she dreamed it all? No,

she knew she hadn't. Then did lovers really talk to each other this way? Did it actually happen in real life that two people who loved each other so utterly should have to part? Why, Zilla—Zilla was going to die . . . like Dick and Jeannie and the others. And Don was going to be left. Oh, poor, poor Don! How could he bear it? The lump came back to Nancy's throat and vibrated there. Darkness hid the tears that would no longer stay back. Her heart was an aching misery.

Then they were stopping before the Marsden place and Don had Zilla in his arms and was kissing her passionately again and again on her eyes and mouth and throat. And Zilla was clinging to Don even while she murmured sweet protest.

"Don, I'm so glad. We've had our walk on the other side. I'm so glad and happy and proud . . . because it was our last chance. They've told me I mustn't go out any more in the night air. But it's been so sweet tonight, Don. I can go on remembering it always . . . always."

Again that awful sound in Don's throat as he silenced her low words with a last kiss. Nancy pressed her wet cheek against the rough, cool bole of a friendly maple. She felt her body shivering. Then Zilla had darted up the path to the dark house among the trees and Don was walking on with head low.

Nancy checked a sniffle as she caught him up. Poor, poor Don! Poor, poor Don! said the ache in her heart, over and over and over. Block after block they walked unspeaking through the silent streets. Poor, poor Don! And oh, poor Zilla! It wasn't fair. Why, Zilla'd only just grown up! And she was so pretty and kind. Why should two people grow up for this—to walk only once on the other side!

On and on in the midnight darkness, only their footfalls echoing faintly between sleeping houses. Nothing looked familiar; nothing would ever look the same again. Always there would be this pressing, aching knowledge between her and Don. On happy, sun-warm evenings when she sat on the Pringle doorstep at meal time it would be there in her heart and she'd see it in Don's eyes. And no one else must know. Poor, poor Don! Poor, loving Zilla! And oh, poor Nancy! She wondered how long people went on bearing things like this. She thought of her mother and Teddy. How dear they were! And how they all belonged to each other.

They were passing the Pringle house. Just thin,—Mrs. Pringle had been asleep for hours. Even the girls' room was dark. And here was Nancy still on the street. She knew now what the fleshspots were. And perhaps Mrs. Pringle hadn't been so far out about Satan having a hand in the evening's entertainment.

Then they stood in the Frasers' glass porch and she heard the bell jangle in the kitchen when Don pulled the white knob. Quite suddenly as they stood waiting Nancy thought of Maudie Freeland. Had she ever envied Maudie? Poor, simpering, childish Maudie with her short-panted beaus! What was eight and a half months seniority if one had not tasted life. Nancy's mother opened the door.

"I'm afraid I kept Nan too late, Mrs. Fraser."

Don was gone and the door was shut and Nancy was a black shadow slipping up the black stair.

Full length, at last, on her own white bed under the sloping roof, her face in the friendly pillow, great sobs heaving her weary young body. And tears, like rain, in the darkness.

"So few fiction magazines are anything but trashy that it is refreshing to find one with stories that are well worth reading. I feel CHATELAINE is filling a real need in giving a magazine with stories which provide a means of relaxation for tired minds without being time-wasters."—Miss M.F.H., Radway, Alta.

ripped away a part of the upholstery in a pocket near the driver's seat and took out a small packet in a green celluloid cover. She said to me, "This is my father confessor and if I leave him in the car he may betray me."

Adrienne's eyes lighted. She would go back to Pontresina; ask Miss Henderson who now owned the Smith car to let her examine it, and if that paper should still be there, it would be one more step forward in the defense of the real Henry Smith. She became aware that Liggett was pleading with her.

"Keep away from that man and from Riverhead, Miss Sheridan," he said. "Barrows is mad, if abnormal evil is madness. I'm afraid for your life if you carry back to Riverhead what you know."

"Ah, I couldn't turn back now," Adrienne said.

COLBY SAT in the courtroom where he was to be tried for the murder of Henry Smith. He had endured well the morning session—the crowds of spectators staring at him, the noise of others struggling for entrance, illustrators on the front seat drawing sketches of him, reporters writing descriptions of him, the voice of the crier, Baldwin entering in flowing black, the choosing and swearing in of the jury, Baldwin's charge to them, the dismissal of the court for noon recess, and finally Sheridan's comforting hand on his arm, and Sheridan's words:

"A good representative jury, Franklin, but best of all I have just had a wireless from Adrienne which says: 'Arrive Saturday, bringing my sheaves with me.'"

And now he sat listening to Hardesty's opening speech:

"May it please your honor, some months ago a murder took place in the building known to the residents of Riverhead as 'The Surgeon's House'—an extraordinarily ruthless and even diabolic murder. In this surgeon's house lived two young men, Henry Smith and Franklin Colby. The state does not know when these two young men met, nor when the one became secretary to the other. But from the evidence of a credible witness, we know that Henry Smith, the employer, was kindness itself to Franklin Colby. A poignant feature of the case is that Henry Smith had not long to live. If the murderer had but waited he need not have struck the victim down. But he did not wait. He killed; and mutilated the defenseless body so that not even the person who knew him best could have said with conviction, 'This disfigured face was that of Henry Smith.'"

A dizziness overcame Colby and he lost the next part of Hardesty's speech. When he could listen again, Hardesty was saying:

"The state proposes to show that Franklin Colby killed his employer and benefactor and took several thousand dollars from him. In trying to escape, he felt too unsteady to drive his employer's car, and he made poor choice of a driver. He and the casual chauffeur he hired quarrelled, and the man put him out almost at the gates of his present counsel, Mr. Sheridan. There is no doubt that before the next morning he intended to be far from the scene of his crime."

"Franklin Colby, when faced by the police and the district attorney, pretended that he had lost his memory from a period dating several weeks before the time of the murder. The state holds that, finding, through his own folly he had been unable to make good his escape, he seized on the best excuse or defense that occurred to him."

Colby's attention wavered. He listened only fitfully while a man was sworn who said he was a bedroom steward on board the *Orbita* and had been in attendance on Henry Smith and Franklin Colby. He testified that they had kept to their stateroom, Smith ministering to Colby, who was apparently drunk or sick. To the best of the man's information, the two young men had driven off in an ambulance. Rather to Colby's surprise, Sheridan did not cross-examine.

"Is Mrs. Sarah Martin in the court?"

"Mrs. Sarah Martin," the crier called.

A large woman came slowly down the

aisle toward the witness box. She had an impassive face, steady opaque eyes, and a stern mouth.

After she was sworn, Hardesty asked,

"What is your profession?"

"I am a nurse. At times I care for patients in my own home."

"Mrs. Martin, on the first day of March of this year, where were you?"

"I was in my flat on Twenty-fourth Street."

"Had you a case at the time?"

"No, sir. I had previously taken care of a lady on Park Avenue, but her family had taken her south and I was free."

Hardesty's eyes contracted slightly. Colby wondered why. He thought he had the answer when Baldwin said, sternly:

"The witness is not to volunteer information. The witness is to answer questions." Hardesty resumed his examination.

"Will you narrate what happened to you on that day?"

"I was called to the telephone. A man's voice said that he was Mr. Henry Smith; he said he was not very well after a sea voyage, and that he had a friend with him who was also under the weather. He said that they meant to get a car and go for a trip, but felt the need of a rest. They wanted me to take them in. I said that if they would meet my terms, which were six dollars a day with separate rooms, meals and attendance, I could take them. But I said I had to go out immediately. The man to whom I was talking then asked if I could not leave the key with a neighbor or under the mat. I said I would leave it at the corner drugstore."

"And then?"

"Then I went on my errand. When I came home I found the two young men there."

"Do you see either of these young men now, Mrs. Martin?"

Mrs. Martin stared steadily at Colby.

"That young man is the one who was introduced to me as Franklin Colby. He was in bed and asleep when I got home. The other young man, who looked sick, did the talking and paid me in advance for a week."

"Did Mr. Colby remain in bed all the time?"

"No, sir; he was up next day. He seemed a little heavy-eyed, but otherwise all right. It was he who made the arrangements about the automobile."

"Tell us about the automobile, Mrs. Martin."

"Both the young men," Mrs. Martin said, "spoke of the trip they wanted to take. It occurred to me that perhaps they would buy my car. I got it second-hand from a neighboring garage, for I thought it would be nice to take my little girl driving. But after she went away I wanted to sell it, for it was no use to me. I proposed to Mr. Smith that he buy it. He and Mr. Colby tried it and then they bought it from me."

"Please do not introduce any irrelevant material in your replies, Mrs. Martin," said Hardesty, rather sharply.

Colby saw that Sheridan, with a satisfied look about his mouth, was making a note.

"How long did the young man stay with you, Mrs. Martin?" Hardesty went on.

"Four days."

"Do you know where they went then?"

"No, sir. They packed up their two suitcases that they had unpacked and took along the four that they had not unpacked, and they went downstairs. It was Mr. Colby who carried the suitcases, for Mr. Smith seemed very tired."

"Did the young men seem friendly, Mrs. Martin?"

"Quite friendly, I should say, sir, though I heard sharp words pass between them now and then. Mr. Smith was touchy. Sometimes Mr. Colby was patient with him and sometimes he was sharp."

"You heard nothing more from the young men after they drove away, Mrs. Martin?"

"Nothing, sir."

"That will be all, Mrs. Martin. Thank you. Cross-examine."

Sheridan approached the witness-box swinging the cord of his eyeglasses.

"Mrs. Martin, you spoke of nursing a lady

Continued on page 70

Here's What To Do

When Your Child Refuses Vegetables

—and objects to drinking milk



A Way to Make Him Actually Hungry Even for such Foods as Spinach... A Way That Often Adds Weight at the Rate of a Pound a Week or More

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How it Makes "Fussy Eaters" Happy

First:—Ovaltine is a rich source of the appetite-producing Vitamin B which is lacking from many every-day foods.

Second:—Ovaltine is not only extremely nourishing in itself, but also digests so readily that it gives the stomach a minimum of work to do. Thus acting to lighten the digestive demand on a stomach that's over-taxed or "slow."

These features of Ovaltine are important. And specialists will tell you that the child with poor or "slow" digestion is usually the

one who won't eat—who shuns vegetables and objects to drinking milk.

Start Today

For the sake of your child, we urge you to try Ovaltine. Note the almost immediate difference in appetite. Note, too, the steady increase in weight, in nerve poise and in strength.

Give Ovaltine at breakfast always—at other meals and between meals, too. You can get it at any drug or grocery store. Or, send the coupon for a trial supply.

NOTE: Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. It is highly recommended by physicians for sleeplessness—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.

MAIL FOR SAMPLE SUPPLY

A. WANDER LTD.,
Elmwood Park,
Peterboro, Ont.,
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SPECIAL OFFER

Orphan Annie's very own Mug

With colored pictures of Orphan Annie and Sandy, her dog. Orphan Annie Mug and sample package, 25c.

Name

(Please print name and address clearly)

Address

City..... Prov.....

(One package to a person)

1035-S

OVALTINE

The Ideal Food-Drink



This . . .

is the time of month I used to suffer agonies. Today would have been my worst day.

But that's all over. Gone, but not forgotten! I'll never be tortured by menstrual pain again, because I'll never be without Midol.

A salesgirl gave me my first Midol tablet, when I nearly passed out in a department store. Ten minutes later I was back on my feet, and finished my shopping without a quiver.

Since then I've told a number of women about Midol, and believe me, they've all been grateful! I take a tablet just before my time, and the old pains seldom even start. If they do, a second tablet ends them in a hurry. The relief from Midol lasts for hours, so two tablets see any woman through her hardest day.

I'm sorry for girls who still slump at this time of month, when they might menstruate in comfort. I'm glad the old hours of agony are ended for me!

Try Midol Free!

For free trial box, postpaid in plain wrapper, clip and mail this coupon to General Drug Co., 907 Elliott St., Windsor, Ont.

Name _____

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Bring back to unsightly gray, faded or bleached hair its natural color and beauty. Instantly, easily impart any shade from lightest blond to deepest black. Just comb thru safe, sure Brownatone. Used by thousands for over 20 years. Satisfaction guaranteed. Absolutely harmless to hair, scalp or skin. At all dealers, 50c. Or send 10c. for trial bottle.

Kentia Pharmacal Co., Dept. EE-36, Windsor, Ontario
BROWNATONE
TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

The Mystery of the Surgeon's House

(Continued from page 17)

in the night," Liggett paused, then went on. "I will tell you why. One morning the attendant, a brute of a fellow, came to me and asked for whisky. When I gave it to him, he said, 'I saw things last night no fellow ought to have to see if he is to keep going. It's all right for the boss to take revenge on a squealer; it's coming to him, too, when all is said and done, but there are limits. Even if the boss is suffering the tortures of hell himself, no need for them that did him dirt to taste double hell.' That fellow was as glad as I was when the patient died."

Adrienne shuddered. Then she said:

"I suppose this Barrows had his own way of getting into the sanitarium?"

"He had a key to the surgery," Liggett answered, "and on certain nights I was warned to keep away from that part of the house. Why and how long he used to stay I don't know. But I was not always in the sanitarium. Once he ordered me abroad. I was to go to Paris and meet there a Mrs. Smith and her little boy, Henry, and take them both to Russia. Mrs. Smith was a handsome young woman with brown hair. Henry was perhaps three. We went to Petrograd by way of Berlin, where Mrs. Smith's brown hair became red. From that, and other indications, such as her slowness to answer to the name of Smith, I knew she was leaving an old life and an old name behind."

"Barrows had evidently given her letters to some Americans, for she found a group ready to welcome her. A year later I was sent over to escort her to France. Friends she had made in Petrograd passed her on with letters. Once more I saw her, some years later, when she established herself in England. I think that sometimes Barrows himself moved her from place to place. The idea was to establish plenty of friends, though none of them dated behind the time when Henry was three years old."

"But didn't she talk to you?" Adrienne asked.

"Not so that I had any clue to her past in the United States. She sometimes spoke of Barrows whom the child called 'Uncle Archie.' She did not know I had never seen his face, and I knew better than to ask her to describe him. Once she said to me, 'Your friend has been my good angel and my bad angel. He has drawn me into heaven and he has pushed me into hell.' But since the war I had known nothing of the Smiths till this spring. I had a cable from Barrows bidding me sail on a fast steamer and meet at a point near Cherbourg a motor car. When I landed at Cherbourg a letter was delivered to me informing me that a stateroom was engaged in the names of Franklin Colby and Henry Smith; and also my passage was taken on a steamer sailing next day."

"I was at the place appointed at the time set. A large car drove up. In the tonneau were two young men. One was Colby, who was thereafter to be called Smith—a dark,

melancholy young man, evidently tubercular; and Smith, thereafter to be called Colby, who appeared to be drugged. The real Colby and I got Smith transferred to my car, and we drove to Cherbourg and down to the pier. Barrows had arranged for a special tender to take us to the *Orbita*, and we managed to get on board without too much notice. Smith and Colby went at once to their stateroom, where they stayed during the whole voyage. I was under orders to visit the other two only frequently enough to keep Smith under drugs. When we reached New York, the real Colby took charge, putting Smith in an ambulance. I went down to the surgeon's house and a day or two later Smith and Colby arrived. The day after, a man came from New York and gave Smith a permanent wave. Smith was still doped. Afterward I performed the operation on his nose, making him look as much like Colby as possible. I also copied Colby's dimple. Soon after his arrival, Colby began to spend most of his time in bed."

"He said Barrows had forbidden him to discuss what had happened, but that he could not be entirely dumb. He said he had met Barrows casually one day in Pontresina, and asked him if he could help him get work to do to pay the board of himself and his family. Barrows had given him a little typing, I believe. Then, after the accident in which Mrs. Smith was killed, Barrows came to him and offered to settle a sum of money on his wife and child if he would leave them, come to the United States and do Barrows' bidding till his death. Colby told me he never hesitated for a moment."

"You must have asked Colby—the real Colby—what Barrows looked like," Adrienne interposed.

"Naturally, but what would his description convey? I have told you that I am sure Barrows is a good actor. No doubt he wore a wig. Colby described him as tall, with a lined face, black hair, shaggy eyebrows, which may have been false, and piercing eyes; he couldn't tell me their color. Colby said he supposed that Smith had committed some crime, and that Barrows, his uncle, wished to save him by grafting a new personality on him. He felt bitter toward Barrows because he would not allow his wife and himself to correspond; and he was grateful because when Barrows ordered me to strip him and take from him every scrap of writing he had, I let him keep one letter. It disappeared later. He thought Barrows had taken it but perhaps Smiley Smathers was the guilty one, for one night he got out of his room and visited the room of the two young men and the surgery. It was while the false Colby was just coming out of the ether, after his operation, and Barrows was in the house. I believe that I heard his real voice that night, for he was very angry and did not employ his usual falsetto."

"I think you know everything else, Miss Sheridan—that I had to persuade Smith that he was Colby, arrange his past for him, keep him from knowing that the real Colby was in the house. I liked him; so did Palgrave. Barrows got rid of Palgrave because he knew too much."

Suddenly Liggett leaped excitedly to his feet.

"Miss Sheridan," he cried, "I've just thought of something. Once, the time I established Mrs. Smith in England, we were driving. We had an accident to the car which had to be hauled to the garage by a wrecking car. Before we left it, Mrs. Smith



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Andy Barr's

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Made in England by the Patentees, KIRBY, BEARD & CO., LTD., Patentees of the Kirbipin Bobby Pins.

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End Curler or Waver
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World Patents pending

Your Horoscope

The printing of the Planetary Sections was completed in a recent issue.

If anyone has missed any sections we shall be glad to supply them upon receipt of a stamped (3c) envelope and a list of the sections missed.

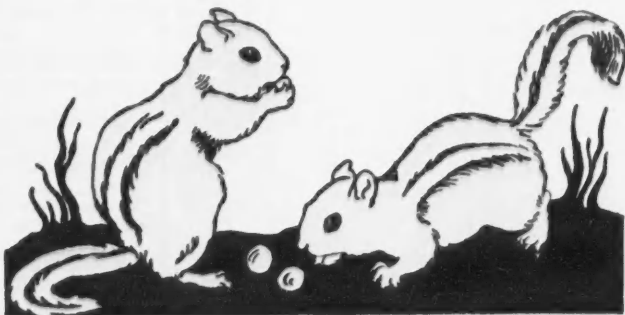
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The amazing action of Pedodyne is truly marvelous, and a boon to those whose bunions cause constant foot trouble and a torturing bulge to the shoes. It stops pain almost instantly and with the inflammation and swelling reduced so quickly you will be able to wear smaller, neater shoes with ease and comfort. Prove it by actual test on your own bunion. Just write and say, "I Want To Try Pedodyne." No obligation. PEDODYNE CO.
Dept. B-27, 201 Shepherd St. East, Windsor, Ont., Canada



lip and thumb sucking it will soon be forgotten if no attention is paid to it.

My three-year-old girl is troubled with constipation. I have changed her diet but still she is bothered. I should be pleased to have a diet which may be of help to her.—(Mrs.) W. H., Minnedosa, Man.

Constipation may be evidence of too little food, but if the child is gaining in weight each week and is normal in other respects a more laxative carbohydrate (sugar) should be used. Your little girl should weigh 30½ pounds and stand 35.2 inches in height. The most laxative sugar is lactose or milk sugar. If increase of the sugar fails, you may use milk of magnesia daily. Daily administration of Russian oil is useful, so is orange juice with equal water each morning. The change of diet as the child grows older will also help to get rid of constipation.

Diet for Constipation (two years and up):

7.30 to 8.00 a. m. Cream of Wheat, cornmeal, oatmeal, hominy, or Roman Meal, (cooked four hours) served with butter or milk. Bacon, minced chicken, or soft-boiled, poached, or scrambled egg. Drink of milk. Breadstuffs.

9.00 a. m. Juice of two oranges.

12 o'clock. Steak, lamb chop, rare roast beef, poultry, or baked or boiled halibut or codfish. Baked or mashed potato, spinach, asparagus, string beans, peas, squash, white turnip, stewed carrots, stewed celery, stewed onions, mashed cauliflower. Desserts: stewed or baked apples, stewed prunes, stewed berries in season (except strawberries), rice or bread or tapioca pudding, stewed rhubarb. Breadstuffs. No milk to drink at this meal. Give potato only occasionally. Usually two of above vegetables at a meal. Rest 1½ hours after this meal.

4 p. m. Raw apple, pear, or grapes (not to be given under four years of age.)

6 p. m. Any of the above-mentioned cereals or vegetables and a dessert: custard, cornstarch or junket. Drink of milk or five teaspoonfuls of malted milk to eight ounces of water, occasionally adding one teaspoonful of cocoa. Breadstuffs. No sugar on food; no candy, cake, biscuits, jam, jelly, honey, or ice cream.

Bran bread for constipation:

- 3 Cupfuls of bran
- 1½ Cupfuls of graham flour
- 1 Cupful of white flour
- 2 Cupfuls of sweet milk
- ¾ Cupful corn syrup
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder

Let stand in pan for a half hour, then bake in a slow oven for one and a quarter hours. Do not buy bran in package but in bulk, as package bran is too fine.

Would you please give in Chatelaine the cause of infant eczema due to the protein in milk, such things which aggravate it and if milk can be treated in any way to relieve it, or substituted by a cream and water mixture successfully to banish it?—(Mrs.) F. J., Alberta.

You do not give sufficient details about your child, such as age, kind of food or site of eczema. I doubt if milk is the cause. Perhaps you are using too much soap or improper soap. If a body eczema, use bran baths. The bran bath is prepared by placing

a large cupful of ordinary bran in a cheese-cloth bag. This is sufficient bran for two to three gallons of water. The bag is squeezed until the water is turbid. Stop use of soap for a time.

If this treatment is not satisfactory, send me more details of the case.

I have a little girl, four years old, weighing 32½ pounds and she is forty inches high. At meal times she ignores her food and listens to the conversation at the table. I never let her eat between meals, and seldom give her candy. Have tried to coax her by putting fruit in her cereal, but she picks out the fruit. She will not eat eggs and potatoes, but wants meat. She is well clothed and has all comforts, sleeps well from 7 o'clock until about 7.30 in the morning. Her bowels are all right. Please give me your advice as to what I should do.—(Mrs.) H. W., Uren, Sask.

You should not feed your child before others because the conversation distracts her attention. Place plain food before her and get her to take as much as possible. Then remove the food and give nothing until the next meal. Hunger is the best sauce. Many children linger over food. Appetite will be improved by exercise in the open air. There is nothing abnormal about your child from your description.

Is there a test for diphtheria besides the "swab test"?—(Mrs.) A.S.H., Bowsman, Man.

No, but there is a test called the Schick test, which, if used on children, indicates whether or not that child will "take" diphtheria.

Is it necessary in case of diphtheria to take more than one swab during the course of the disease?

It is usual to take two tests at two-day intervals to see if children may be released from quarantine. If negative, they may be released, or they may be released when the period of quarantine has elapsed (ten days).

Are there complications of diphtheria, or is any other disease liable to develop from it? For instance, would a patient having diphtheria be liable to develop scarlet fever at the same time?

The dangerous complication of diphtheria is heart weakness. Sometimes there is a paralysis of the throat which makes swallowing difficult. The latter usually soon clears up. Children with diphtheria should be kept in bed and very quiet, until well. There is no liability to scarlet fever in diphtheria cases, but both diseases have sore throat.

What is the general charge made for inoculation for diphtheria?

From fifty cents to one dollar.

Is it necessary to keep a strict quarantine in case of scarletina?

Yes, scarlet fever is very contagious and may result in the complication of nephritis or inflammation of the kidneys and be followed by uraemia.

What are the first symptoms of uraemia?

Headache and albumen in the urine. In such cases, if the urine is boiled, it will show more or less solid particles or flakes like white of egg.

OFTEN A CRYING CHILD is crying for help!



Poor little thing! He can't tell you in words. So he tells you with tears. And so often the tears are misunderstood. "All children cry sometimes. It's nothing."

Maybe. And maybe not. Many times, the cry of a child is a cry for help. It is Nature's warning of something wrong.

Act promptly, Mother!

That "something" may be one of several things. It may be colic due to gas. It may be sour stomach, flatulence, acid stomach. It may be the discomfort that precedes a cold. Perhaps it's constipation—a disorder that doctors tell us affects 90% of all children—even those who are seemingly "regular."

In any of these cases, mother, the best—the wisest thing you can possibly do—is to give your child a laxative. But not a grown-up's laxative—for often such laxatives are far too violent for little systems. Give your child the child's laxative—Castoria.

Why Castoria?

Castoria is made especially for children. Unlike castor oil and many harsh cathartics, it does not become an irritant in the bowels in order to increase their action. It gently stimulates intestinal action—chiefly in the lower bowel. Therefore it never disturbs digestion.

Children who rebel at taking "medicine," take Castoria eagerly—it tastes so good! And it never causes nausea or painful griping.

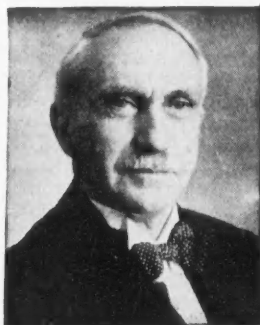
No harsh drugs — NO NARCOTICS—go into Castoria. It is not habit-forming. It is a safe, sure laxative for children from babyhood to 11 years. And in the new family-size bottle it is particularly inexpensive.

Mother, whenever your child needs a laxative—for constipation, for colic due to gas, for diarrhea due to improper diet, for sour stomach, flatulence, acid stomach, and as the very first treatment for colds—give Castoria.

CASTORIA The Children's Laxative



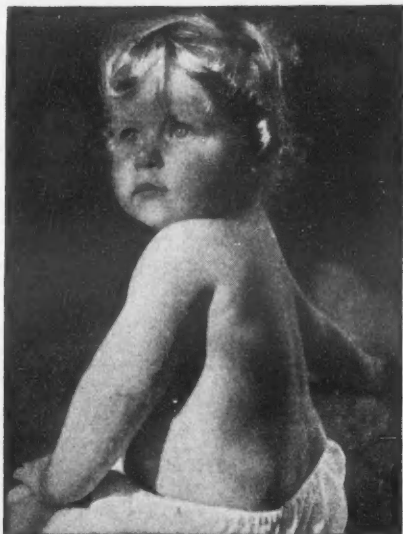
from babyhood to 11 years



How to keep the Baby well

... In these columns every month, Dr. J. W. S. McCullough, Chief Inspector of Health for Ontario, will contribute a brief article on some phase of the baby's health. He will, in addition, be prepared to answer questions sent to Chatelaine by mothers on the care of their babies, and other public health matters. Dr. McCullough will not prescribe.

... A stamped, self-addressed envelope should be enclosed if a private answer is desired.



Her Straight Strong Back well-Shaped Head, were Built With the Help of Bottled Sunshine

ALL BABIES require Vitamin D to build their bones strong and straight, their teeth sound and even. That is why specialists say babies should be kept out in the sun as much as possible—and when the season forbids this, advise giving Bottled Sunshine—good Cod-Liver Oil—as a certain source of the bone- and tooth-building Vitamin D.

Not all Cod-Liver Oils, however, are equally rich in this precious vitamin. That is why you should insist on Squibb's—the vitamin protected oil which actually gives in every teaspoonful many times more of the sunshine Vitamin D than inferior oils. Not only that, Squibb's is also a rich source of the growth-promoting and resistance-building Vitamin A.

Always insist on Squibb Cod-Liver Oil. It is really the least expensive oil you can use. It goes farther because it's vitamin protected.

Your baby may need an extra rich oil. For rapidly growing babies give Squibb Cod-Liver Oil with Viosterol-10D. It is ten times as rich in Vitamin D as regular Cod-Liver Oil.

For the older children this winter. Build up their general resistance with Squibb Mint-Flavoured Cod-Liver Oil. Pleasant-tasting it will help keep them well if given regularly every day.

Send for FREE Booklet

"Why Every Baby Needs Bottled Sunshine" is a valuable mother's book which is yours for the asking. Write for it to E. R. Squibb & Sons of Canada, Limited, 36 Caledonia Road, Toronto.

Squibb Cod-Liver Oil

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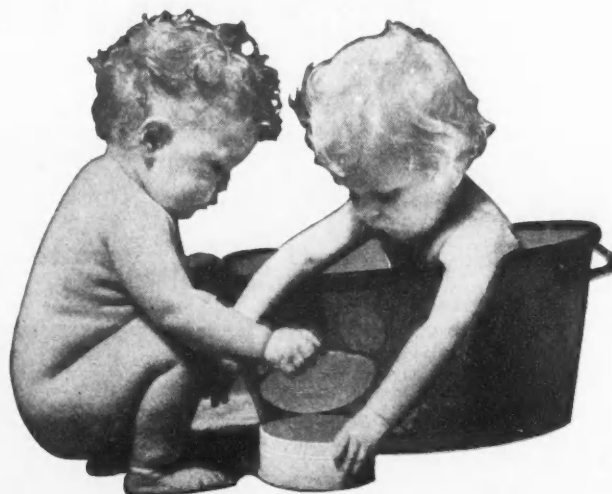
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a convenient and pleasant concentrate of Halibut and Cod-Liver Oil and Viosterol by which adults can obtain the precious vitamins from these healthful sources. Each Adex Tablet provides 1600 units of Vitamin A and 2400 units of Vitamin D. Take them regularly every day.

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"A NAME YOU CAN TRUST"

Chatelaine's Baby Clinic

Conducted by J. W. S. McCullough, M.D., D.P.H.



HEALTH PRINCIPLES

IF THE CHILD is to be well, it must have a healthy body, proper food, sufficient sleep and exercise, fresh air and sunshine.

1. A healthy body. The infant or child should have a periodical examination every six months or oftener. Record of height and weight should be kept by the doctor. A check of the height and weight is necessary to see if growth is progressing properly.

2. Food. A perfect diet is made up of protein for repair and growth, fat and carbohydrate for energy, mineral elements such as lime, salts, iron, etc., which are essential to the growth of teeth and bones, fluids, and vitamins.

Proteins

Eggs, meat and milk are nearly all protein. Peas, beans and vegetables contain a large amount of protein, and it is found in wheat, oats and other grains. Removal of the bran and germ of the wheat in the making of white flour unfortunately removes most of the vitamins and minerals.

Fats and Carbohydrates

Fats come from butter, milk, meat and eggs. The carbohydrates are found in sugars, flour and starches. All vegetables contain carbohydrate; some, for example potatoes, are nearly all carbohydrate. If too much carbohydrate is given such as sugar, jam, white bread, fine cereals, cornstarch or potatoes, the child loses his appetite for the other foods essential to health. The diet should be planned to provide a due proportion of all the necessary food elements. Leafy vegetables, whole grain cereals and some fruit should be included in the child's dietary. These prevent constipation.

Minerals

The ten mineral elements essential to life are sodium, calcium, magnesium, chlorine, phosphorus, sulphur, copper and iron. These with the exception of calcium, iron and iodine, are widely distributed in almost any diet. Calcium is required for the growth of bone. It is found in milk and green vegetables such as spinach, beet tops, chard, lettuce, string beans, cauliflower, asparagus

and celery. Only minute amounts of iodine are needed. If lacking, as it is in the inland parts of the country, the lack may be supplied by the use of iodized salt. The third element, iron, is essential for the formation of the red blood cells. It is found in egg yolk, meat, whole wheat, spinach, prunes, dates and raisins.

Fluids

The use of plenty of fluid is necessary for the health of the child. Every infant should receive three ounces of fluids per pound of body weight per day. Thus a ten-pound infant should receive thirty ounces of fluids (including milk) daily.

Vitamins

Six vitamins have so far been discovered. We could not live without them. They are named A, B1, B2, C, D, and E. Animals fed on a diet deficient in Vitamin A develop ulceration of the eyes. Lack of B1, causes a form of paralysis; lack of B2 causes pellagra and certain skin diseases. If Vitamin C is absent from the diet scurvy results; want of Vitamin D causes rickets, and lack of Vitamin E interferes with reproduction.

Vitamin A is found in fat of milk, butter, egg yolk, carrots, spinach and cod liver oil.

Vitamins B1 and B2 are found chiefly in yeast and germ of wheat.

Vitamin C is found in cod liver oil, and egg yolk, and in orange and tomato juice.

Vitamin D is gained by gradual exposure of the child's skin to sunlight, especially in the summer time. It is also found in cod liver oil. Foods irradiated with ultra-violet light are useful in the prevention of rickets.

In planning the child's diet the following are essential: milk, vegetables, fresh fruits, eggs and meat.

Sleep, exercise and fresh air are prime requisites for the health of everyone. They are imperative in the child's life. Good sleeping habits should be established early in life. "Early to bed" is a good maxim. Exercise in the open air helps development, improves the circulation, and gives a robust appearance. Sunshine is the great preventive and curative measure in rickets.

Dr. McCullough's Question Box

Would you please advise me what to do or get to cure my little boy, aged three years, of sucking his lower lip? He has had this habit for about a year and I have tried everything. It is starting to draw up his chin and his teeth are all sloping inward.—(Mrs.) J. M. M.

Pay no attention to him, and the habit

will soon be forgotten. Such habits of children thrive on attempts to stop them.

Please tell me how to stop my baby of one year and three months from sucking her food.—(Mrs.) A. J. C.

Don't pay any attention to this habit; like



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Proper foot development will bring that charm of childhood into well-poised maturity. Jack and Jill Health Shoes give you visible assurance of exact fitting protection of natural foot health. Read their foot-future through the Visible Fitter.

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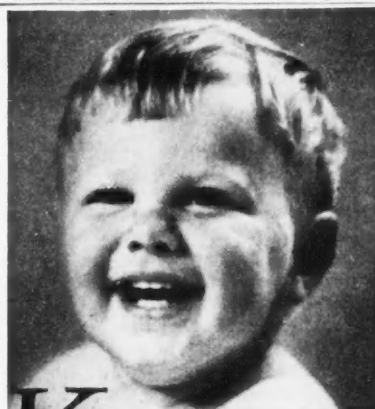


Jack and Jill Health Shoes are flexible, natural shape developers—smart in appearance, and they wear well.



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Keep him Smiling

Wise mothers insure baby's comfort and well-being with 'Vaseline' Borated Jelly. A generous application after the daily bath prevents chafing and soreness; soothes skin irritations. Rubbed on the bridge of the nose and applied in the nostrils, it relieves sniffles. Soothing and healing. Absolutely harmless. A blending of pure 'Vaseline' Jelly and boracic acid. Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 5520 Chabot Avenue, Montreal, Canada.



HOUSEKEEPING

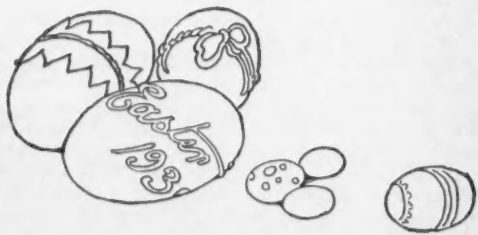
Chatelaine's Department of Home Management

EGGS and Easter — you think of them together. Like turkey and Thanksgiving or plum pudding and Christmas.

For what's an Easter breakfast without a bowl of eggs from which we help ourselves to one, two or as many as we like?

Everybody eats them, children play with them, and everywhere you find them the motif of decoration for the season's festivities. And such eggs — brown ones, white ones, speckled ones, delicately tinted and gaily painted ones. To say nothing of candy and chocolate ones.

They're a symbol of Spring, when old Mother Earth steps out in her brand new dress, when the thoughts of every chatelaine turn to something fresh and smart and lovely for her home, her table, herself. It's the time for new ideas, new methods, new perspectives and the Institute offers timely suggestions to every housekeeper.



Conducted by THE CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

Helen G. Campbell, Director



Eagle Brand Frosting in a Jiffy

TWELVE of the smoothest frostings that ever topped a cake—all different—some of the most delicious without any cooking whatever—none taking more than 5 minutes! Wouldn't you like to try this new Magic? Then send for your copy of "Eagle Brand Magic Short Cuts"—the book of cooking wonders—cakes, pies, macaroons, puddings and candies, with amazing speed and ease. Try this recipe today—

5 MINUTE CHOCOLATE FROSTING

2 squares of unsweetened chocolate.
1½ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk.
1 tablespoon water.

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, stir over fire 5 minutes until it thickens. Add water. Cool before spreading frosting.

But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.

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FREE...AMAZING SHORT CUTS

The Borden Company Limited,
Yardley House, Toronto.

Send me FREE book, "Eagle Brand Magic Short Cuts". Please rush it.

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City _____ Prov. _____

(Print name and address plainly) 8-108



Marry Now? Yes!

(Continued from page 26)

themselves and with life. They are fighting the battle together, with a few acres of land and a cosy cottage in the country as their objective.—H. P.

Brings Assurance

DEAR YOUNG man, if you think of marriage as a way to be "made happy," don't do it. We have enough people wanting to be "made happy" right now.

If hard times are your bugaboo, the last thing in the world for you is marriage. Nobody passes his life on the crest of the wave. Even if prosperity returns you will see hard times. And if you can't succeed married your success will be shallow.

In July, 1932, I landed in America, after studying in England, with fifty dollars in my pocket. My fiancée met me and we were married. I had no job. Her family disapproved, refusing to help her. We went to my home in New Brunswick. Regardless of dignity we camped on my parents, both of us working for our keep. After three months they couldn't afford to keep us. No job yet. I was willing to do anything. I was offered one dollar per cord to cut wood. I accepted.

Just in time, however, came news of a position in Ontario. We could not finance the trip. Finally, my prospective employer did it. I got the job, a very small salary and independence. My wife has no maid. We have a son and our own home. I have made good because I had to.

Reasons for my behavior are biological and psychological. When two people have faced hard times together, they can depend on each other. If they haven't, there's always a small wonder, a doubt, lurking to distract them when adversity threatens. "Can she stand it?" We have settled that at the outset. We are content to play the bid, doubled. I may lose my job tomorrow, but I know that any emergency I could meet alone we can meet together. You, apparently, have no such assurance.—Another Young Man, Almonte, Ont.

Take a Chance

GET MARRIED this year? Why, of course! The depression? It will be with us in varying degrees all the rest of our natural lives. The viewpoint of the writer in the February *Chatelaine* reminds me very strongly of my own viewpoint prior to 1929.

During those relatively "good" years I was making a fair salary—and spending it, every last cent! I was engaged to be married. When did I intend to marry? Well, first I must get my B. A. degree; then I must have at least five hundred dollars in the bank to furnish a home with; and, of course, I must have a good job. Oh, yes, I had great plans in those days!

In April 1932 I secured a small rural school after having been out of work for eight months. The monthly salary was less than half of what I had secured for my last month's work in 1929. I had fifty dollars in the bank which represented every cent I could borrow on my life insurance and all I had saved during the "good" years.

Yet, despite these obstacles, despite all the advice to the contrary from people who "wouldn't take a chance," on May 7, 1932, I married and I have been happier since that date than ever before.

My wife and I spent our first three months in a furnished house in a small village three miles from my school. During June of that year I applied for and secured the principalship I now hold; and—odd coincidence—I would have had no chance for this position if I had not been a young married man!

Before our house here could become a home it must be furnished. The furniture dealer in a neighboring city to whom I intro-

duced myself, was only too willing to do business. We furnished our home and lived in it for two weeks before a cent of money was paid over. You see, dealers are only too anxious to meet you halfway in these depression days. My salary is only 44 per cent of what it was here in 1929, but our furniture is all paid for and we even have a piano as our first great luxury.

What about that degree you ask? Well, I didn't get it during the "good" years, nor have I got it yet. But I am working on it more now than I did five years ago. How can you afford any amusements you ask? It is true we have had to cut out many expensive amusements but we still skate, swim, dance and play bridge.

If the writer in the February issue of *Chatelaine* is going to sit back with that hopeful, "Why doesn't the Government do something?" attitude he is liable to find the girl-in-the-case flying to some cosier nest. Better "take your happiness while you may."

Young men, if you have been delaying that marriage for better times snap out of it. Take a Chance!—W. N. H., Man.

Companionship is Precious

THE ATTACHED budget for an income of \$130 monthly is the one we have operated on since our last salary cut twelve months ago, and is a concrete example of the possibility of being happy if poor.

I know many people will find flaws in our budget—I can see them myself—but remember, this is only a temporary arrangement, or so I am optimistic enough to believe. I realize that there is no heading for savings or illness, but surely a young couple in reasonable health can afford to take a chance for a couple of years, providing they realize that as soon as the income is raised provision must be made for both items.

The amounts for clothes and amusements look very small, but we both had adequate stocks of clothes when we married eighteen months ago and have not had to replace any large items as yet. As for amusements, when two people are really congenial, fond of reading and bridge, and can be content with an occasional movie, it's amazing how happy they can be without spending a lot.

I think it rather cowardly to delay marrying too long, just because you cannot start where your parents leave off; and I can assure your young man correspondent that the resulting companionship of a marriage based on true love with not too much money is an infinitely precious thing.—E. P., Montreal.

Specimen Budget for \$130.00 Monthly

Rent	A three-room heated apartment with water rate included, hot water all the year round, and in a nice district.	35.00
Gas and light	Including use of electric percolator, toaster and iron as well as lights, oven for cooking etc.	2.00
Telephone	A party line, wall telephone.	2.75
Charwoman	Once every two weeks, \$1.50.	3.00
Laundry	Sheets, etc., which the woman cannot do.	2.00
Car fares		5.00
Insurance	Including burglary, fire, straight life and 20-pay life.	10.00
Clothes		10.00
Gifts	Includes Christmas, birthdays, a small annual donation to Federated Charities and occasional church collections.	5.00
Food		34.25
Husband's Lunches	(Not at the Ritz!)	6.00
Amusements		3.00
Miscellaneous		12.00
		\$130.00

Continued on page 72

NEW MOFFAT PAGES IN THE HISTORY OF ELECTRIC COOKING



The Oven THAT GUIDES ITS OWN TEMPERATURE . . . !

DO YOU STILL KNEEL to that old time oven, suffer the tortures of smoke and heat gushing forth each time you open the door? On the other hand, do you realize that no watching is needed . . . that you can enjoy more leisure, or indulge in golf or any of your favorite pastimes while a roast is cooking in your Moffat Electric Range? There is no effort, no anxiety, indeed you know the real joy of a perfect meal baked in a modern Moffat.

The new Moffat super-insulated "even-heat" oven is

designed for the modern woman. It is porcelain enamelled: has recessed elements and is controlled by the Therm-O-Matic Oven Heat Control. It has a scientifically designed Oven Heat Deflector to create even heat in all parts of the oven, with no "hot spots" which cause uneven baking.

You know without looking, without testing, just when your fowl or roast, cake or biscuits are done to a turn. It bakes so easily and guides its own temperature.

MOFFATS ELECTRIC RANGES
Sold the World Over

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THE CUP THAT CHEERS ..

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL,
Director of The Chatelaine Institute

THERE ARE some women who look their best behind the footlights, some on pleasure bent decked out in sports togs, and others in trim tailor-mades going capably about the business of earning a living. But almost every woman stars in a home setting—at her own table with the tea things before her. Watch her dispensing hospitality to family and friends, for there you see the mistress of her castle in her most becoming rôle. It's a gracious, charming part she plays and any woman is "the type." It is an important part; no wonder there's a rapt look on her face as she performs all the little rites of "pouring," gives you cream or lemon, one lump or two, and passes fragrant, steaming cups to refresh and cheer.

And it's the wise hostess who makes sure that the tea itself is as delicious as the delightful occasion. She masters the technique of preparation as well as service; indeed, she goes back farther than that in her effort to provide a good cup. For important as these steps are, the beverage will not have that desired delicacy of taste and aroma unless the leaves are of the finest quality. So she is particular about the blend and brand she buys, and is careful to keep the tea in an airtight container to preserve its first freshness until it is used.

Good tea is one luxury everyone can afford. Yet in Canada where the standard of living is high, many are content with cheap, inferior grades. On the whole, our taste in this respect is not so discriminating or fastidious as

in the Old Land, where almost all, even those on the lowest incomes, demand high quality. Perhaps that's the reason they use so much more—ten pounds per capita each year, while our consumption is a mere four pounds. And we lag far behind the other countries in the British Empire when it comes to the appreciation of fine tea flavor—and to tea drinking.

It really pays to buy a good brand. It is more economical for you to get more cups to the pound and more pleasure in each cup—better flavor, more fragrance, more bouquet. After all, suppose the difference in price is ten cents, it is very little divided between the two hundred cups in a pound of good tea. Or, looking at it another way, if each of us uses four pounds a year, the cost of living is increased by only forty cents a person over all that time. Not very much when we consider the enjoyment and the comfort in a real good cup o' tea!

But how are we to make a wise choice when we purchase? The best plan is to experiment a little until we find what blend pleases us most; then stick to that, except occasionally when we want a little variety, a bit of a change. Remember that well-known, advertised brands are uniform in quality and flavor and you get just what you pay for. There are no such things as bargains in tea. They are graded and blended by experts who have a reputation to maintain, then packed and sealed to retain their freshness. They are always the same, so you know what you're getting

when you buy them. There are signs by which you can tell a good tea. Generally speaking, it is a nice brownish black without a grey cast. It has a neat appearance, the leaves even and small, and if you look closely you will see among them a sprinkling of golden tips as opposed to hard stalks which are sometimes quite abundant in cheaper varieties. These golden tips are the tender, new buds at the very end of the shoot and are fine and delicate in flavor. Good tea when infused is a bright copper tone rather than a dull blackish color, and it has the tempting aroma and the flavor characteristic of quality.

The tea industry is one of the most highly scientific of all important industries. The bushes or plants are grown in far-off lands and, unlike most others, are cultivated not for their fruit but for their leaves which later travel across half the world to Canadian kitchens. In Ceylon where a quarter of the world's supply is produced, the mountains and hilly plateaus provide the high altitude, with the soil and climate most suitable for the plant and most conducive to fine flavor in the leaf. Several times a day as the leaves are plucked, they are sent on the backs of elephants and donkeys, by aerial ropeways and other romantic-seeming modes of transportation, to the factory on the plantation. There the drying, rolling and other processes of manufacture begin. The leaves are first weighed, then spread out on canvas trays and allowed to wither under exactly the right degree of temperature and humidity [Continued on page 65]

IT ALWAYS PAYS TO BAKE WITH MAGIC



**"DON'T TAKE CHANCES WITH
INFERIOR QUALITY. LESS THAN 1¢ WORTH
OF MAGIC MAKES A FINE, BIG CAKE. AND
MAGIC ALWAYS GIVES GOOD RESULTS,"**

says MISS ETHEL CHAPMAN,
well-known Cookery Editor of The Farmer

Costs shown above vary, of course, according to locality.

THE quantity of baking powder you put into a cake is small, generally only 2 or 3 teaspoons—but how very important it is!

For, a baking powder failure means a poor-quality cake . . . perhaps even the complete waste of all your other good materials—the eggs, milk, butter, sugar, flour and flavouring.

Not surprising, then, is it, that Canadian cookery authorities are emphatic in stating it never pays to use a doubtful baking powder? "Bake with Magic," they will tell you, "and be sure of success."

These experts have found through constant use that Magic gives consistently better baking results. Its fine quality never varies. That's why they use and recommend it *exclusively*.

WHY RISK FAILURES? Magic costs so little. It actually takes *less than 1¢ worth* for a tempting, big layer cake. A trifling sum to pay for the exceptionally fine texture and flavour Magic gives you—every time.

Your grocer carries Magic. Order a tin today. See how light, tender and delicious it makes your cakes, biscuits and muffins!



Made in Canada

"CONTAINS NO ALUM." This statement on every tin is your guarantee that Magic Baking Powder is free from alum or any harmful ingredient.



MAGIC WALNUT LAYER CAKE

—see what a fine, tender texture Magic Baking Powder gives

½ cup shortening	1 cup sugar
3 egg whites	1 teaspoon vanilla
2 cups pastry flour, or 1¾ cups bread flour	3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
¼ teaspoon salt	¾ cup milk

Cream shortening; add sugar slowly, beating in well; add unbeaten egg whites, one at a time; beating well after each addition. Add flavouring.

Sift together flour, baking powder and salt; add alternately with milk to first mixture. Pour into well-greased layer cake pans and bake in moderate oven 375° F. about 25 minutes. Makes 2 eight-inch layers. When cold, spread 7-Minute Frosting between layers and on top and sides (see page 14 of the new Magic Cook Book) and sprinkle chopped walnut meats over top.

WHEN YOU BAKE AT HOME—you're sure to want the new Magic Cook Book—it gives tested recipes for delicious cakes, pastry, cookies and other tempting foods. Send coupon below.

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Please send me free copy of the Magic Cook Book.

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"DEMONSTRATION" DISHES

The Institute presents some more of the special dishes made during its recent demonstration week

Baked Carrots

BAKING IS a convenient method of cooking carrots. If you have the oven on for other foods use the same fuel for this dish, the carrots will have fine flavor and good color.

Wash whole carrots and scrape if necessary. Cut in halves lengthwise or leave whole if the carrots are small, and arrange in a baking dish. Add a little water, cover the dish and bake until tender. For serving, sprinkle lightly with salt and add melted butter.

Southern Spoon Bread

We have given this recipe before and probably many of you have used it. Spoon bread was one of the favorite dishes at our Demonstrations, so we are repeating it. When you get the ingredients mixed together you may think there's been some mistake: the mixture looks so funny. But go ahead and cook it; it will turn out all right. Serve it from the same dish as an accompaniment to the meat course.

$\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of cornmeal	1 Teaspoonful of salt
3 Tablespoonfuls of melted butter	1 Cupful of boiling water
1 Cupful of milk	2 Eggs
4 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder	

Mix the salt and the cornmeal, add the melted butter and boiling water slowly. Beat until smooth, add the milk, and beaten eggs and the baking powder. Mix well and turn into a well-greased casserole—about eight inches in diameter. Bake from forty to fifty minutes at 350 degrees Fahrenheit. Serves six.

Orange Cream

One of those desserts which can be prepared beforehand. It's delicious and attractive. The children will love it and it's good for them.

2 Tablespoonfuls of gelatine	$\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of cold water
$\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of lemon juice	$\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of whipping cream
$\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of granulated sugar	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of strained orange juice

Soften the gelatine in the cold water and dissolve by placing over hot water. Add the sugar and the orange juice and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Add the lemon juice and strain. Pour one half of the mixture into a flat pan and allow to set until firm. When the remainder is partially set, beat it until foamy and fold in the cream which has been beaten until it is stiff. Turn this mixture into a cold wet mold and set in the refrigerator until firm. For serving, unmold the cream mixture on a serving dish, chop or cut the clear jelly into squares or triangles and arrange as a border around the base of the mold. Or, if you use a ring mold, turn out and pile the clear jelly in the centre. Serves six.

Macaroon Cake

Popular with the busy housekeeper and hostess for its convenience as well as its delicious flavor. No icing is necessary. It's good "finger food," fine with the afternoon cup of tea or any time you're serving "stand-up" refreshments. Let the paper with which you line the pan come up about an inch over the edge, then you can lift the cake out easily.

$\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of butter	$\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of granulated sugar
Yolks of four eggs	1 Cupful of sifted flour
1 Teaspoonful of baking powder	2 Tablespoonfuls of milk
Whites of four eggs	$\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of granulated sugar
1 Teaspoonful of vanilla	1 Cupful of grated, soft coconut

Cream the butter until light, add the sugar gradually and continue creaming. Add the well-beaten egg yolks and beat thoroughly. Measure the sifted flour and sift again with the baking powder. Add alternately with the milk, mix well and turn into a square cake tin lined with waxed paper. Beat the egg whites until stiff but not dry, and fold in the sugar, vanilla and coconut. Spread this mixture on top of the batter in the pan and bake in a slow oven—300 to 325 degrees Fahrenheit—for forty-five to sixty minutes.

Halibut With Welsh Rarebit

An unusual combination of flavors, which you'll like. You can make your own Welsh Rarebit or use the prepared packaged product which requires only melting over hot water.

Sprinkle halibut steaks with salt and pepper and place on a baking pan. Sprinkle with lemon juice and dot with bits of butter. Bake in a moderate oven—350 degrees Fahr.—for fifteen minutes. In the meantime, prepare Welsh Rarebit. Transfer the cooked fish to a serving plate and cover it with the rarebit mixture. Garnish with parsley and serve.

[Continued on page 69]

Four tempting dishes. From top to bottom, they are Orange Cream, Southern Spoon Bread, Macaroon Cake and Quick Maple Pudding.



THIS SPRINGY RUBBER SPONGE UNDER YOUR RUGS... MAKES THEM LUXURIOUS, SLIP-PROOF AND FAR LONGER WEARING

• Feel this amazing new material with your fingers. It is soft — springy — filled with thousands of rubber-sealed bubbles of air. Stand on it. Its cellular, sponge-like texture provides a pneumatic support making your rugs delightfully comfortable underfoot.

Goodyear Cushion Rug is slip-proof. Try to make it skid under your feet... you can't.

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Send the coupon today or see demonstration of Goodyear Cushion Rug at Furniture and Department stores.

GOODYEAR CUSHION RUG

SEND THIS COUPON

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO.,
OF CANADA, LTD.
New Toronto, Ontario.

Dear Sirs: Please send me leaflet and free sample piece of Goodyear Cushion Rug.

Name

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The Cup That Cheers

(Continued from page 60)

until they lose about half their moisture and about half their weight. After this they are twisted and broken up in the rolling machines where they are also partially graded for size. The tea is next spread out for oxidation on glass or cement trays in rooms with a fixed and controlled humidity. Then at just the right stage, it goes to the drying machines where fermentation is immediately checked and all remaining moisture removed—at 200 degrees Fahrenheit. And now it's black tea although not yet ready for our use. It must be sifted and graded according to size, then packed in lead—or aluminum-lined chests for its journey over land and sea to the great tea markets of the world.

Even then there are the testing, tasting, and careful blending to be done. Tea tasters, gifted with a highly sensitive palate and equipped with thorough training, examine every sample and by mixing the varieties from different gardens produce your favorite blend with its distinctive flavor, color and aroma. They go about their business in the most efficient fashion. A certain weight of tea is put in a cup and an exact quantity of freshly boiling water poured over it. This is closely covered, allowed to steep for three to five minutes, then the liquid poured at once into another cup—and the examination begins. There is much tasting and sniffing of the tea, much peering at the infused leaves and at the dry sample. Judgment is based on these points, and so well versed in his art does the taster become, so keen his ability to detect different characteristics, so expert his knowledge of how much and how little of this or that variety to use, that the blend is always the same when you buy it.

The finest leaves, from gardens of high elevation, might be rendered mediocre by indifferent processing. But all along the way, great care is taken that this does not happen.

So, too, the choicest blend will produce a far from superlative cup of tea unless your technique of making it is right. Begin with a good brand and keep it in an airtight container—such as an old-fashioned tea caddy with a closely fitting lid—away from odors and flavors. Warm a crockery, china or earthenware pot and put in the leaves, following the old rule of one teaspoonful for each cup and one for the pot. Pour on fresh water, freshly boiling, cover and let it steep for three to five minutes. Then, if it is not to be served immediately, pour the infusion from the leaves into another teapot, for oversteeping causes a bitterish flavor. A tea cosy helps to keep the last cup as hot as the first, so it's a good thing to have one if you expect repeated passings.

Perhaps you are not entirely satisfied with the tea you are serving? If not, it will pay you to buy the best quality—enough for, say, a month's supply. Think of where and how you store it and make sure that your teapot, spout and all, is scrupulously clean. Don't use reboiled water, for it is flat and tasteless. And don't stint on the tea or let it stand on the leaves for more than five minutes.

Afternoon tea is a delightful institution for the tea's sake and for the friendliness and sociability of the occasion. It's the easiest form of entertainment, as appropriate to the tiny apartment as to great, spacious rooms. Busy housekeepers know that the quiet hour and the beverage give them new zest for their duties. Busy executives find it profitable to snatch a few minutes from weighty matters and to give their office staff a cup of tea. For tea, above all else, seems to have that something which refreshes tired bodies and revives lagging spirits.

So drink, pretty creature, drink.



"Real economy in one box of Rinso"

writes Mrs E. C. Corkan of Winnipeg

"I AM very pleased with Rinso indeed. With one large package I washed the dishes 22 times, the floors 4 times, had sufficient to thoroughly clean my sinks and tubs 5 times and these two washes for a family of 5."

15 pillow cases	4 women's dresses	15 towels
3 face cloths	7 child's dresses	23 pieces child's underwear
8 dish towels	7 sheets	5 shirts
7 handkerchiefs	9 child's nightclothes	9 pairs men's socks
10 child's suits	3 nightgowns	3 tablecloths

Rinso is great in tub or washer—and so economical. Cup for cup, it gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps—even in hardest water. Recommended by the makers of 23 Canadian washers. Safe for your finest cottons and linens—white or coloured. Fine for dishwashing and all cleaning, too. So easy on the hands. Get the BIG handy household package today.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED

It's safe for your finest
cottons and linens
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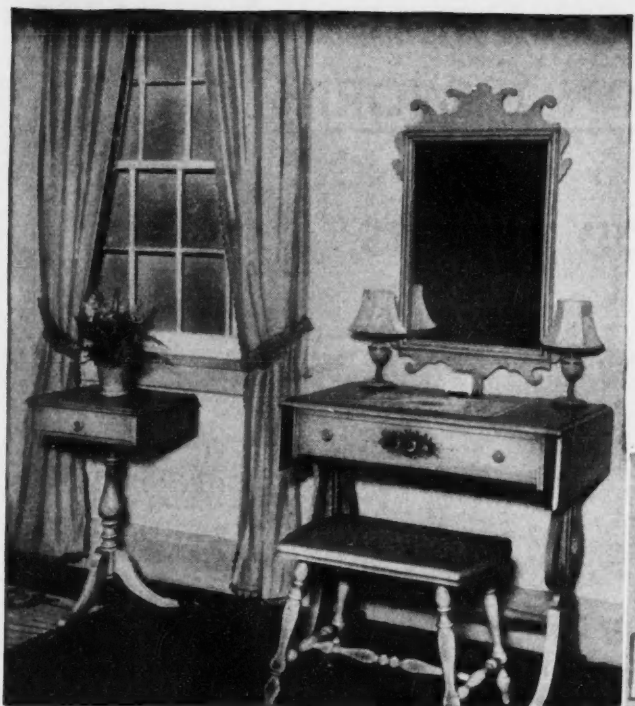
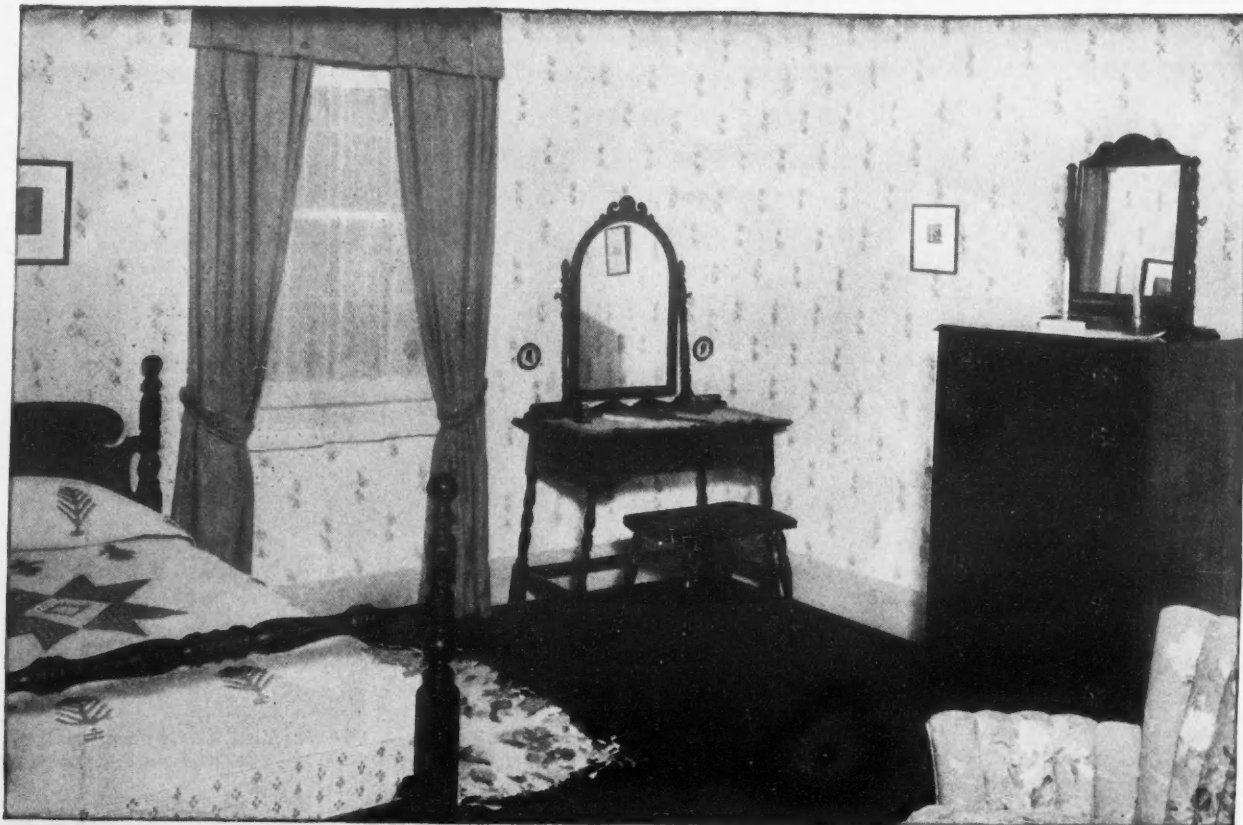


Millions use Rinso in tub, washer and dishpan

THE INSTITUTE ARRANGES

Two Bedrooms in the Colonial Manner

Built and Furnished in the
Institute Studios



Walls—Light background with small dots and neat pansy design in blue, deep mauve and yellow.

Furniture—Andrew Malcolm Colonial, mahogany finish.

Rugs—Plain broadloom type with small homespun mats in harmonizing colors.

Curtains—Celanese glass curtains.

Overdrapes—Delft blue Celanese lined to give weight. Tailored valance, pleated and trimmed with large covered buttons.

Bedspread—Homespun weave, in natural color, embroidered in blue in "tree-and-Mary" design.

Chair—Chintz with blue background and bright colors in the pattern.

BELOW

Walls—Diamond pattern in light, pastel colorings which harmonize with the background. Small conventional design in the centre.

Furniture—Andrew Malcolm Colonial in the new bone finish, decorated with floral motif.

Rugs—Plain with homespun mat at bedside.

Curtains—Celanese with pleated valance and tie-backs of green and white checked gingham.

Bedspread—To match curtains—pleated valance and narrow frill of gingham.

Pictures—Pair of flower prints with narrow dull gold frames.

Chair—Chintz with floral pattern.

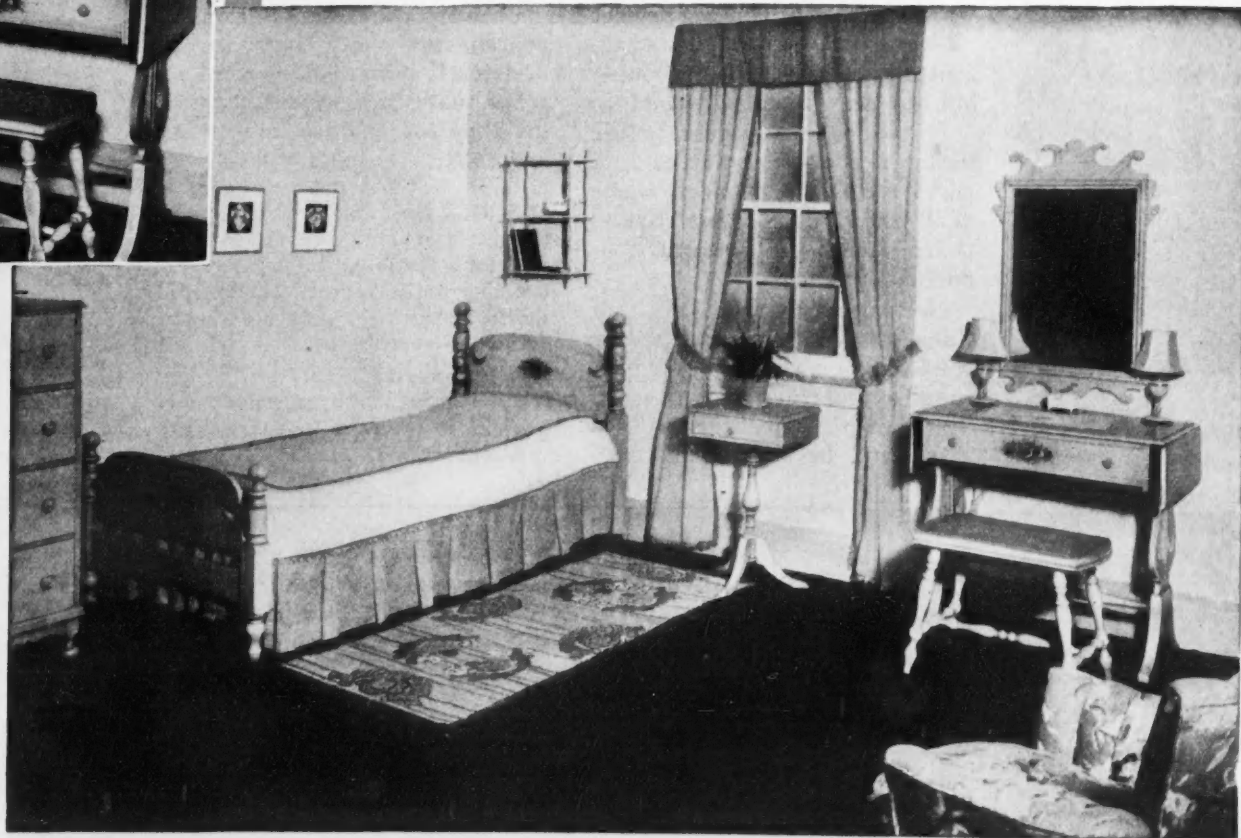
Lamps—Colonial style, pink with narrow gold band decorations; shades, soft pink.

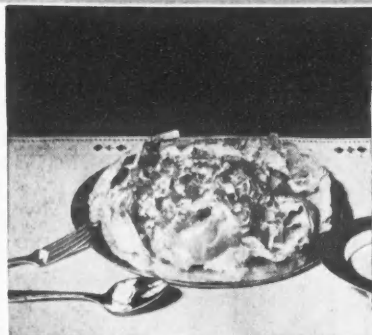
An attractive grouping

The dressing table has lyre shaped ends, two drop leaves and commodious drawer with painted decoration. Hanging mirror with decorative wood frame and bench with cane seat. Pedestal night table with drawer for odds and ends.

Furniture, courtesy of Andrew Malcolm Co. Ltd.

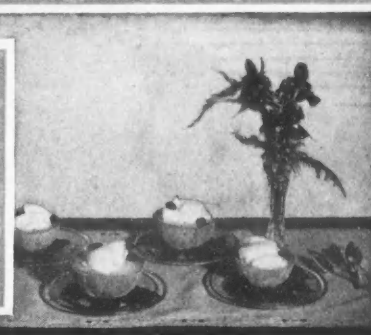
Curtains, bedspreads, rugs, chair and accessories, courtesy Eaton's—College St., Toronto. Wall papers by Reg. N. Boxer Co. Ltd.





Meals of the Month

Thirty Menus for April

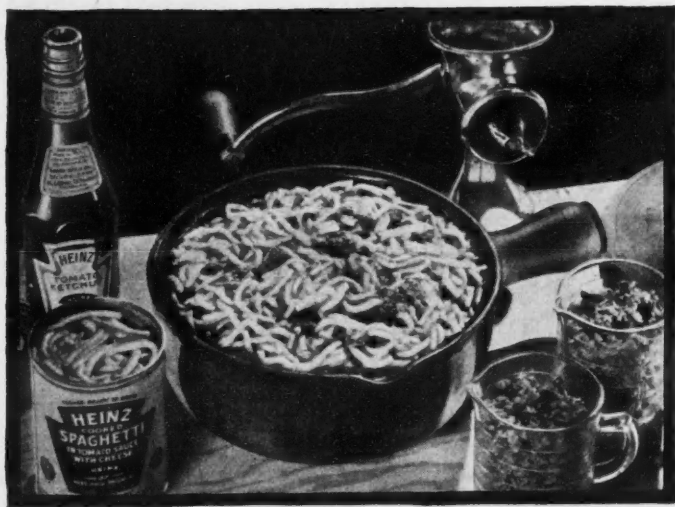


BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
1 (Easter Sunday) Orange Juice Waffles Coffee	Chicken and Almond Salad Hot Biscuits Individual Iced Cakes Tea	Tomato Cocktail Baked Lamb Roll Browned Potatoes Baked Carrots Rhubarb Crisp Coffee	16 Sliced Bananas Cereal Toast Coffee	Chicken Broth Cabbage and Pimiento Salad Brown Bread or Rolls Frosted Cake Tea	Roast of Veal Brown Gravy Mashed Potatoes Harvard Beets Chocolate Bread Pudding Coffee
2 Half Grapefruit Cereal Toast Coffee	Cream of Celery Soup Cold Sliced Lamb Roll Pan-fried Potatoes Canned Peas Tea	Broiled Calves' Liver Fried Onions Creamed Potatoes Beans Steamed Rice with Raisins Coffee	17 Stewed Apples Poached Eggs on Toast Coffee	Cold Roast Veal Potato au Gratin Stewed Prunes Cookies Tea	Celery Soup Meat Loaf Baked Potatoes Turnip Chilled Rice Made with Pineapple Coffee
3 Stewed Apricots Cereal Poached Eggs Coffee	Meat and Rice Croquettes Chili Sauce Jellied Fruit Salad Brown Bread or Rolls Tea	Rump Roast of Beef Mashed Potatoes Baked Chocolate Custard Coffee	18 Tomato Juice Cereal Muffins Coffee	Mutton Broth Cold Meat Loaf Potato Salad Canned Cherries Tea	Baked White Fish Egg Sauce Mashed Potatoes Spinach Quick Maple Pudding Coffee
4 Tomato Juice Milk Toast Bran Muffins Coffee	Cheese Toast and Bacon Head Lettuce with French Dressing Canned Fruit Tea	Barley Broth Cold Roast Beef Baked Potatoes Creamed Onions Blanc Manger with Hot Apricot Sauce Coffee	19 Cereal with Chopped Figs Bacon Toast Coffee	Corn Pudding Brown Bread Vanilla Cornstarch Molds Cherry Sauce Tea	Steak and Kidney Pie Boiled Potatoes Fruit Jelly Coffee
5 Apple Sauce Cereal Brown Toast Coffee	Shepherd's Pie Mustard Pickles Sliced Bananas and Oranges Plain Cake Tea	Breaded Veal Cutlets Riced Potato Buttered Beets Steamed Fruit Dumplings Lemon Sauce Coffee	20 Oranges Cereal Scones Coffee	Grilled Sardines on Toast Grated Raw Vegetable Salad Apricots (Cook enough for Saturday) Nut Cookies Tea	Cream of Asparagus Soup Baked Stuffed Onions Scalloped Potatoes Diced Carrots Lettuce Salad Gingerbread Coffee
6 Cereal with Raisins Chicken Haddie on Toast Coffee	Cream of Vegetable Soup Devilled Egg Salad Biscuit Tea	Salmon Soufflé Parsley Potatoes Cole Slaw Cherry (Canned) Pie Coffee	21 Stewed Apricots Milk Toast Muffins Coffee	Julienne Soup Sliced Bologna Mustard Pickles Pan-fried Potatoes Apple Sauce Gingerbread or Cookies Tea	Spanish Steak Riced Potatoes Vegetable Maceoine Maple Nut Ice Cream Ice-box Cookies Coffee
7 Sliced Bananas Bacon Curls Toast Coffee	Macaroni in Tomato Sauce Apple and Celery Salad Nut Bread Tea	Clear Soup Hot Baked Ham Mashed Potatoes Fruit Trifle Coffee	22 (Sunday) Grapefruit Parsley Omelet Toast Coffee	Waffles with Creamed Chipped Beef Dill Pickles Apricot Whip Macaroons Tea	Stuffed Tenderloin Baked Potatoes Scalloped Lima Beans Rhubarb Tart Pie Coffee
8 (Sunday) Stewed Rhubarb Cereal Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee	Lobster or Crab, Creamed in Patty Cases Celery Hearts Olives Ice Cream Fruit Sauce Small Cakes Tea	Tomato Bouillon Cold Sliced Ham Scalloped Potatoes Spinach Cocoanut Soufflé Coffee	23 Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Baked Noodles with Cheese Canned Strawberries Sponge Cake Tea	Cream of Corn Soup Cold Sliced Tenderloin Potato Puff Buttered Onions Fruit Roly-Poly Coffee
9 Sliced Oranges Bread and Milk Coffee Cake Coffee	Ham à la King Hard Brown Rolls Canned Plums Cookies Tea	Oven-Cooked Steak Boiled Potatoes Cabbage Apple Tapioca Coffee	24 Prunes Bread and Milk Graham Gems Coffee	Clam Chowder Raw Carrot and Celery Salad Lemon Meringue Tart Tea	Boiled Corned Beef Mashed Potatoes Cabbage Strawberry Trifle Coffee
10 Prunes with Lemon Cereal Toast Coffee	Onion Soup Sardines Head Lettuce Russian Dressing Hot Muffins Tea	Pot Roast of Beef Mashed Potatoes Corn Cup Cakes (Steamed) Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee	25 Sliced Bananas Bacon Toast Coffee	Corned Beef Hash with Poached Egg Fresh Pineapple Cup Cakes Tea	Irish Stew Boiled Potatoes Turnips Steamed Chocolate Pudding Foamy Sauce Coffee
11 Grapefruit Bacon Toast Coffee	Spanish Omelet Brown Bread Stewed Rhubarb Fancy Cakes Tea	Pea Soup Cold Sliced Pot Roast Horseradish Potato Cakes String Beans Lemon Pudding Coffee	26 Oranges Cereal Toast Coffee	Grilled Kidneys Scalloped Tomatoes Junket with Chopped Nuts Tea	Mock Turtle Soup Broiled Sirloin Steak French Fried Potatoes Diced Beets Jellied Fruits in Ginger Ale Coffee
12 Tomato Juice Cereal Fig Muffins Coffee	Frankfurters Mustard Baked Potatoes Jellied Fruit Salad Cream Dressing Tea	Loin Lamb Chops Mashed Potatoes Creamed Celery Custard Pie Coffee	27 Stewed Rhubarb Cereal Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee	Bean Soup Pear and Cheese Salad Biscuits Tea	Fried Salmon Steaks Tartar Sauce Mashed Potatoes Asparagus Dried Fruit Pie Coffee
13 Orange Juice Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee	Griddle Cakes Maple Syrup Head Lettuce Salad Crackers Tea	Fillet of Haddie Baked in Milk Boiled Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Banana Short Cake Plain or Whipped Cream Coffee	28 Cereal with Chopped Dates Bran Muffins Stewed Fruit Coffee	Tomato Jelly Salad with Hard-cooked Eggs Canned Fruit Caramel Layer Cake Tea	Consommé Hamburg Steak with Brown Gravy Boiled Potatoes Creamed Carrots Baked Lemon Pudding Coffee
14 Cereal with Chopped Dates Toast Stewed Fruit Coffee	Broth with Vegetables Egg Sandwiches on Brown Bread Canned Berries Tea	Dressed Spareribs Browned Potatoes Baked Apples with Marshmallows Peas Coffee	29 (Sunday) Orange Juice Cereal Broiled Baby Sausages Toast Coffee	Fresh Fruit Salad Hot Rolls Butterscotch Tarts Hot Chocolate Tea	Roast of Beef Yorkshire Pudding Browned Potatoes Corn Vanilla Ice Cream Caramel or Chocolate Sauce Cake Coffee
15 (Sunday) Fruit Cup Cereal Grilled Ham and Eggs Toast Coffee	Asparagus on Toast with Cheese Sauce Assorted Relishes Hot Biscuits Tea	Stewed Chicken with Dumplings Buttered Carrots Fried Mushrooms Grapefruit Bavarian Cream Cake Coffee	30 Sliced Bananas Cereal Toast Coffee	Potato Soup with Chopped Parsley Cheese and Bacon Fingers Baked Apples Tea	Cold Roast Beef Chili Sauce Baked Potatoes Peas and Carrots Johnny Cake Maple Syrup Tea

The Meals of the Month as compiled by M. Frances Hucks are a regular feature of Chatelaine each month.

ON YOUR "EMERGENCY QUICK-MEAL SHELF" be sure to include generous stocks of Heinz home-made soups; Heinz vine-fresh tomato juice; Heinz ready-to-serve cooked spaghetti; the four kinds of Heinz oven-baked beans; and, of course, such things as Heinz olives and pickles, Heinz thoroughly-aged vinegar, and imported olive oil, Heinz tomato ketchup. Remember that the *real* secret of this grand last-minute meal idea lies in the truly "home-made" flavours which Heinz so carefully preserves in Heinz prepared foods.

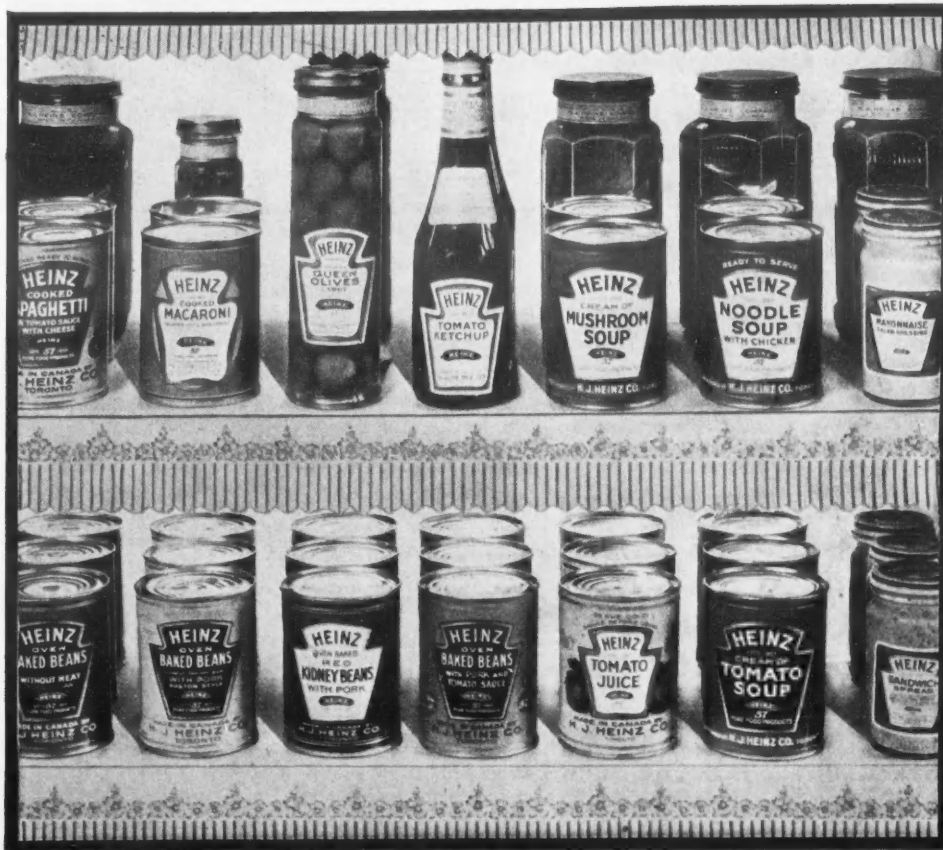
First-Aid For



Left-over meat becomes a feast, with this novel version of Lamb en Casserole. See recipe on this page. A great many other delectable dishes can be concocted with Heinz cooked spaghetti. This delicious food, made from high grade durum wheat, milk, butter, cheese, flavoured with Heinz own matchless tomato sauce, is made from an old Italian recipe. Piquant in taste and full of nourishment!



Do you like a French dressing for your salads? In an adjoining column a hostess gives her recipe. If your family prefers the creamy mayonnaise type, Heinz Mayonnaise Salad Dressing will be sure to please you. There is ONE RECIPE to follow for all salads . . . buy only fresh greens, keep cold without freezing, make dressing in advance, using the very best ingredients. Make salad just before serving.



Last-Minute Guests

BY JOSEPHINE GIBSON

Have you ever been the victim of your own impulsive hospitality? Or, perhaps, of your husband's eleventh-hour invitation to a business comrade? So often, you know, those random table-neighbors land upon the scene just at the time your larder lacks the fatted calf; when pot luck is on the docket.

I am reminded of a letter that has come to me, describing the manoeuvres of a quick-witted hostess, on an occasion such as this. Her refrigerator held but a remnant of a left-over roast of lamb, and fag-end bits of vegetables that had accompanied it the day before. And yet, half an hour after those unexpected guests arrived, she served a perfect feast. This is how she did it.

CREAM OF MUSHROOM SOUP

Two tins of Heinz home-made Cream of Mushroom Soup, quickly heated in the tins.

LAMB EN CASSEROLE*

2 cupfuls cold cooked lamb
1 large tin Heinz cooked spaghetti
½ cupful water
½ cupful Heinz tomato ketchup

Put cold lamb through meat chopper. Put a layer of minced lamb into a casserole; then a layer of Heinz cooked spaghetti, and repeat alternate layers until all ingredients have been used. Add ketchup and water, and cook in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 30 minutes.

OVEN-BAKED BEANS

1 tin of Heinz Oven-baked Beans, heated.

VEGETABLE SALAD

The left-over vegetables were transformed, with lettuce, into a really tempting salad, and served with delicious French dressing which she made in this simple way. She mixed together ½ teaspoon of salt, 1 teaspoon of sugar and ½ teaspoon of paprika, then added ¼ cup Heinz Vinegar and ½ cup of Heinz Olive Oil. This

mixture she beat thoroughly because thorough beating is the secret of a good salad dressing.

This hostess also remarks that her jar of Heinz Mayonnaise Salad Dressing which comes ready to use is often a welcome change. Of course, what raised her delightful last-minute repast from commonplace to festive levels was what she calls her "emergency quick-meal shelf," an idea that I believe is well worth passing on to you—an idea that makes *grand* luck of pot luck.

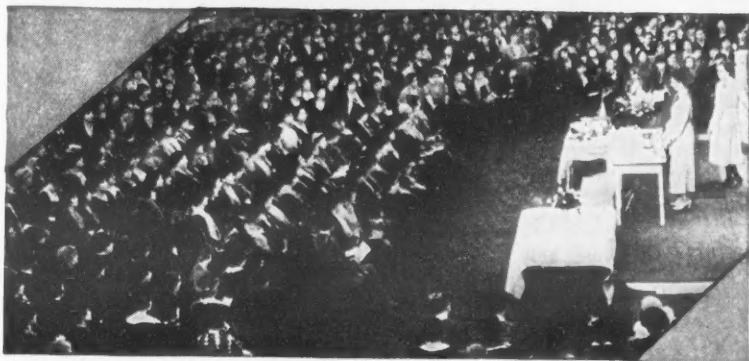
With a shelf like this, pictured and described on this page, who indeed could ever fail to conjure up a feast, no matter what the circumstance, no matter who the guests, how short the notice of their coming, or how long the list of those who swoop upon us.

In fact, this clever hostess whose feat of magic I've described, confesses that she frequently depends upon this "quick-meal shelf" even when no guests impend. Because, you see, her own menage applauds her modern kitchen sorcery. What a grand idea it is for bridge-club days, and afternoons when cooking seems a bothersome chore.

It occurs to me that this shelf could appropriately be called the "57 Varieties" shelf, with everything—the soups, the entrees, the delicacies, condiments selected from the "57."

If you stock a "quick-meal shelf," I feel that your experience will parallel the happy one of this wise lady. And, what is more, you'll find that menu budgets actually shrink.

*Securing variety in meat cookery is, for many housewives, one of the difficult tasks in meal preparation. The answer lies in various savoury, deliciously seasoned meat dishes which may be prepared (often using inexpensive cuts of meat) with the aid of condiments and relishes. Tomato Ketchup, Chili Sauce, Worcestershire Sauce, Beefsteak Sauce, Prepared Mustard, Horseradish, Pickle Varieties and Olives are only a few of the 57 Varieties that should be found on every homemaker's supply shelf. With them she need never worry about sameness or lack of flavour in her meat dishes.



Showing a section of the audience which attended the Chatelaine Institute's Demonstration in the Arcadian Court of the Robert Simpson Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Demonstration Dishes

(Continued from page 62)

Apple and Peanut Butter Pudding

This is an old favorite in a new way. The peanut butter adds a novel and interesting flavor and the topping of marshmallows glorifies the dish.

- 1 Quart of sliced apples
- $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of sugar
- 1 Teaspoonful of cinnamon
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of peanut butter and butter creamed together (a little more peanut butter than butter.)

Arrange half of the sliced apples in a greased baking dish and sprinkle with half of the sugar and cinnamon which have been mixed. Dot with half of the peanut butter and butter mixture. Add the remainder of the apples, sprinkle with the remainder of the sugar mixture and dot with the rest of the peanut butter mixture. Cover the dish

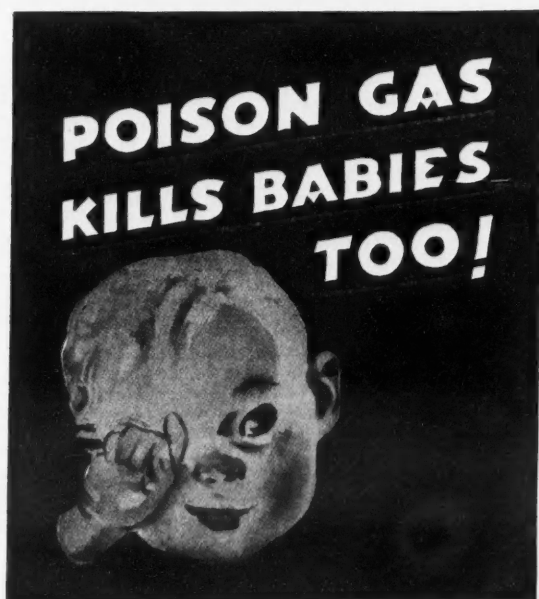
and bake in a moderate oven—350 degrees Fahr.—for half an hour or until the apples are tender. Then fit a layer of fresh marshmallows closely over the top and place under the broiler until nicely browned. Serve at once. Serves six.

Quick Maple Pudding

Seasonable and quickly made. This pudding supplies its own sauce and is "good eating."

- 1 Cupful of maple syrup
- 1 Tablespoonful of shortening
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
- 1 Egg
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of milk
- 1 Cupful of sifted pastry flour
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of salt

Heat the maple syrup to boiling and pour into a greased baking dish. Cream the shortening and sugar together, add the beaten egg and combine thoroughly. Mix and sift the flour, baking powder and add alternately with the milk to the first mixture. Pour this batter into the hot syrup in the baking dish. Bake in a moderately hot oven—400 degrees Fahr.—for twenty-five minutes, turn out on a serving plate and garnish with chopped nuts. It may be served with plain cream or a marshmallow sauce if desired. Serves four.



IS
YOUR
GROUP
WORKING
FOR
PEACE?

This is one of the striking posters made available to groups who are interested in working for peace by the Women's League of Nations Association of Toronto

change to crispness



WINTER is on the run—and with it the need for heavy, monotonous winter menus. Bring spring to the breakfast table!

Call the family to a feast. Fill their bowls with Kellogg's Corn Flakes—crisp and golden—served with milk or cream and a bit of fruit. Watch their faces brighten as they taste that delicious flavor—that crispness, so refreshing to winter-jaded appetites!

Kellogg's are rich in energy, easy to digest. A nourishing lunch or supper for children.

Economical, too, and so easy to serve! No cooking. Always oven-fresh in the heat-sealed inner WAXTITE bag—an exclusive Kellogg feature. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

Kellogg's

FOR CRISPNESS





Mother is Right
for DELICIOUS DESSERTS
BENSON'S
is Best!



Listen in to "SYRUP SYMPHONIES" every Monday evening at 8 o'clock E.S.T., over a network of Canadian Stations.

FOR over 70 years BENSON'S PREPARED CORN has been the outstanding favorite with Canadian housewives.

This famous Corn Starch, sold in the familiar yellow package, is an old, trusted friend, so well-known in practically every kitchen.

For generations, women have said, "BENSON'S is indispensable in my kitchen, especially for custards, sauces, gravies, and delicious desserts." And so the young housewife of today naturally turns to this tried and tested brand, knowing that substitutes are not as good.

Naturally such a favorite has imitations, so to avoid disappointment be sure to specify BENSON'S when you want the best Corn Starch.

The CANADA STARCH COMPANY, Limited

BENSON'S CORN STARCH

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Please send me your Recipe Book,
Enclose 10c. to cover mailing cost.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____

This Prize-winning book containing economical recipes will be sent on receipt of 10 cents. Fill out the coupon



Some Favorite Recipes

JUST A few recipes—good food for everyday use. A couple of desserts that may fit in, two vegetable suggestions, in case you feel that the spring crop is a long time appearing on the market and a choice of meat or fish for the main course. It is so simple, nowadays, to give a new slant to foods.

Jellied Apricots	Chatelaine, Oct. /33
Peach Cabinet	
Pudding	" Oct. /33
Veal Birds	" Sept. /33
Glazed Parsnips	" Sept. /33
Tunafish Soufflé	" Sept. /33
Baked Vegetable	
Macedoine	" July /33

Jellied Apricots
1½ Tablespoonfuls of gelatine
½ Cupful of cold water
1½ Cupfuls of boiling water,
or boiling water and
apricot juice
3 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
2 Tablespoonfuls of lemon
juice
½ Cupful of orange juice
¾ Cupful of cooked apricots
cut in pieces

Soak the gelatine in the cold water for five minutes, add the boiling water and the sugar and stir until the gelatine and sugar are dissolved. Add the lemon and orange juice and set aside to cool. When the mixture begins to thicken, fold in the cut apricots and turn into a cold wet mold. Chill and serve unmolded, garnished with whipped cream and chopped green cherries. Serves eight.

Peach Cabinet Pudding
1 Cupful of drained peaches,
canned or freshly stewed
and cut in eighths
½ Cupful of powdered sugar
3 Egg yolks
¼ Cupful of sugar
¼ Teaspoonful of salt
2 Cupfuls of milk
1½ Tablespoonfuls of gelatine
2 Tablespoonfuls of cold water
¾ Teaspoonful of vanilla
3 Egg whites

Sprinkle the powdered sugar over the peaches and let stand. Beat the egg yolks slightly, add the sugar and salt and gradually add the milk which has been scalded. Cook over gently boiling water, stirring frequently until the mixture will coat a spoon. Just before removing from the fire, add the gelatine which has been soaked for five minutes in the cold water. Add the flavoring and allow to cool, stirring frequently. When it begins to thicken, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and turn into a cold, wet mold which has been lined with the peach sections. If desired, the peaches may be folded into the mixture with the egg whites. Eight or nine servings.

Walnut Squares
½ Cupful of butter
½ Cupful of sugar
2 Egg yolks
2 Cupfuls of pastry flour
2 Egg whites
2 Cupfuls of brown sugar
2 Cupfuls of chopped walnuts
Vanilla

Cream the butter with the sugar, then add the slightly beaten egg yolks and the sifted flour. Press into a flat pan, having a layer about one-sixth inch thick. Beat the egg whites until very stiff, then fold in the brown sugar gradually, add the chopped nuts and the vanilla. Spread over the top of the other mixture in the pan. Bake in a slow oven—300 degrees Fahr.—for about one hour. Cool slightly, cut in squares and allow to cool in the pan.



"HOW DID YOU EVER MAKE SUCH A DELICIOUS CAKE?"



"OH EASY! AND I MADE THE BATTER EARLY THIS MORNING!"

Thanks to
double-acting
EGG-O
BAKING POWDER

A SNACK with a SMACK!

Paris Pâté always tastes good . . . wholesome . . . sustaining . . . deliciously flavoured.

ASK YOUR GROCER



It's flavor that makes them happy.
PURITY SALT
brings out the finest flavor in ALL food.

Made in Canada
PLAIN OR IODIZED



Purity SALT

amount of luggage, her examination was brief. Carter himself shouldered her suitcases. They passed through the immense building and descended to the street. Parked as near the building as the rules allowed was Sheridan's car.

"So you found your lady?" said the fat policeman who stood at the entrance.

Adrienne stepped into the car. Carter put the suitcases in with her and then took the driver's seat. They sped away eastward. As soon as a traffic signal stopped them, Adrienne leaned forward.

"Carter," she said, "I have a very special little package here that helps to burst my handbag open. It's too much trouble to unstrap and unlock a suitcase; so will you look after this for me?"

"Sure, I will, Miss Adrienne," Carter said.

She handed him a thin, small green leather case. He slipped it casually into his coat pocket. How carelessly he handled it, she thought; and yet on it hung, perhaps, the safety and happiness not of one man but of two.

The car turned, and they were in the midst of the one o'clock traffic. They crawled, hugging the curb. Adrienne watched the sidewalk crowd slowly milling up and down, free for the luncheon hour, people from offices and lofts and factories.

The imperative red light stopped the car at a corner. Adrienne found herself looking into the thin keen face of a well-dressed young man who was opening the car door. He got in, and she felt something hard pressed against her side, while he said:

"If you scream, I'll shoot. Same time your chauffeur will die."

She saw that another man was sitting beside Carter. For a moment she felt no

constant and explicit directions. He was going too fast or too slow. He must turn to the right or to the left. They threaded their way through the traffic which grew thinner as they left behind them the business streets. They were out now in Westchester County. After a time the streets took on a suburban character. They were driving along country roads. Finally they left the macadam and took a dirt road, passing between farms. They came at last to an abandoned farm on which there was no house, but a large tottering barn. The doors of it were opened and they drove inside.

For a moment Adrienne blinked in the semi-darkness. Then she saw that there was another car in the barn, a small coupé driven by a little pallid youth. The man beside her said:

"Out with you, sister. Get in the coupé."

As she dismounted, she spoke her first words,

"Is Carter coming with me?"

"No, Carter isn't coming with you," he replied. "Carter is going to spend a few restful hours right here."

At his command, Carter got out stiffly, a pistol still pressed against his ribs. He threw a miserable look at Adrienne. She smiled at him as cheerfully as she could. The man who had ridden next to Adrienne said to the driver of the coupé:

"You take this big car and beat it. Joy-ride a good distance. Don't forget to change the license plates."

The pallid youth took Carter's seat, backed the car out and drove away. Babe said to Adrienne:

"I thought I told you to get into the coupé, sister."

Adrienne entered the car. Babe shut the door upon her. Then he and his companion proceeded to search Carter. Trying to hide her anxiety, Adrienne watched them. They took Carter's purse and such letters as he had, leaving his keys and gloves. They searched last the pockets of his overcoat. Momentarily she expected the green case to appear.

"Well, he's clean," Babe said.

Adrienne supposed that Babe had slipped the green case into his pocket without her seeing it. Perhaps he thought it held money which he could keep instead of sharing with his companion. She pitied Carter, standing so still and miserable, not daring to struggle for fear of her as well as of himself. The search over, the two men took ropes from the coupé and bound Carter's hands and feet. They threw him on the ground, fastened him to a staple, and gagged him with his own handkerchief.

Then they asked Adrienne for her keys, and went carefully through her luggage, taking every scrap of writing there was. Nothing escaped their scrutiny. Then they repacked her suitcases and loaded them into the coupé.

Babe said:

"Now, sister, we've got to stay here a while till it's darker. I enjoy night travel. I can give you a paper to read or you can occupy yourself with your thoughts. Just go on keeping quiet, though. One peep out of you and you won't ever have to bother about time again, you and this fellow here. You'll be learning about eternity."

"I don't care to read," she said.

For a long time she sat in the car while Babe and his companion strolled up and down the barn, now and then talking, now and then looking out. Once she heard Babe say:

"They may go to sleep early in that little burg, but I got my orders not to deliver the bundle till past midnight."

Suddenly Babe got into the coupé with her and fumbled for a moment in a black case at his feet. She smelt a sickish odor. The next instant a sponge was clapped over her nose and mouth. She struggled; then she relaxed, the sound as of many waters in her ears, the hard menace of Babe's face above her merging into blackness.

When she awoke it was to find that she was blindfolded and gagged. Then she was aware that she was in a car, lying on the

Continued on page 75



emotion other than amazement, and then the conviction that these people belonged to Barrows.

The man beside Carter called back through tightened lips.

"There's lots of gas, Babe."

The man next to Adrienne nodded. "All right; tell him to turn. We go through Westchester."

What would they do with her, Adrienne wondered. Search her luggage; take the copies of the letters she had written her uncle; take such photographs of Laetitia Smith and her son as were not already in Sheridan's possession. If they searched Carter they would find the letter in the green leather case. Of that she had made no copy. She had not even had time to send word about it to her uncle. She had no hope that they would not search Carter. This Barrows was well served.

She leaned back and tried to quiet the heavy beating of her heart. The man beside her looked at her with leering admiration.

"Well, sister," he said, "you're a cool one. There hasn't been a gasp or a sob out of you."

She managed to smile faintly.

"And that little grin of yours means 'What's the use?' Well, there's no use. But I'd like to know you better, sister. I could use a girl with your control in my business."

She closed her eyes. Nothing could happen to her that she was not able to bear; even death she could bear. She noticed that the man beside Carter was giving him

Plain FOOD and Plain GELATINE

MAKE IT!



NOT much cheese. Not very many tomatoes. Only $\frac{1}{4}$ of a package of *plain* gelatine. But put them all together and the result is this delicious Tomato-Cheese Salad which is sure to delight the family. And once again you prove to yourself the plain fact that plain gelatine is the most useful and best.

That is why Knox Sparkling Gelatine has been kept free from "factory-flavoring". If it were ready-flavored it would go only $\frac{1}{4}$ as far. If it were not plain you would not be able to combine it with all foods. Just to surprise yourself on the many, many delicious and thrifty dishes *plain* gelatine will help you make, send for Mrs. Knox's books, "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy". And tell the grocer to send you Knox Gelatine so you can try

TOMATO-CHEESE SALAD

(6 Servings—uses only $\frac{1}{4}$ package)

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine | 1 tablespoonful onion juice |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water | 1 tablespoonful butter |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups hot thick tomato soup | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream cheese or cottage cheese |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream cheese or cottage cheese | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup stuffed olives, sliced |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful salt |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream, or evaporated milk, whipped | |

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Heat soup over boiling water, add salt, cheese, onion juice (extracted by grating onion) and butter. Heat until cheese is softened, add soaked gelatine and stir until dissolved. Cool, add mayonnaise, whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk and olives. Turn into mold that has been rinsed in cold water and chill. When firm, remove to bed of lettuce and serve with mayonnaise sprinkled with paprika. This may be frozen in the tray of an automatic refrigerator, or frozen in baking powder cans, cutting in half inch slices for serving.

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Please send me **FREE** Mrs. Knox's Book, "Desserts, Salads, Candies and Frozen Dishes", also "Food Economy". A valuable aid to saving food and money.

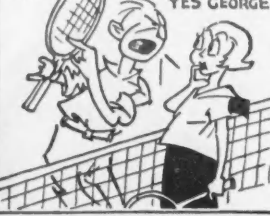
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NOT SO DUMB

THE GIRL FRIEND
SHE'S A FLOP AT TENNIS
HOLY SMOKE WOMAN—HIT
THE BALL WITH THE FACE
OF THE RACQUET—NOT THE
EDGE



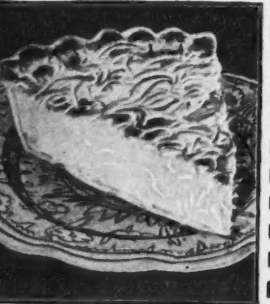
A POSITIVE MENACE AT DANCES
OUCH!—SAY
MY FEET—BIG
AS THEY ARE,
WERE ONLY
MADE FOR
ONE PERSON



AND UTTERLY IMPOSSIBLE AS
A BRIDGE-PARTNER
WHY—YOU—YOU—
WHAT'S THE IDEA
OF TRUMPING
MY ACE?



BUT WHEN IT COMES TO BAKING
WELL—THAT'S ANOTHER STORY
M-M-M THIS
COCONUT PIE'S
DELICIOUS DEAR
WHEN IT COMES
T'IE MAKING
YOU'RE NOT SO
DUMB
UM-M-M-M



With Baker's it's
easy to make the coco-
nut pies and cakes all
men love. Baker's 3
kinds are always de-
liciously fresh. In the
package, tin or by the
pound.

BAKER'S
COCONUT

The Mystery of the Surgeon's House

(Continued from page 55)

on Park Avenue. Would you mind giving her name and address?"

For a second Mrs. Martin hesitated. Then she said:

"No, sir. She is Mrs. John Ashley, 327 Park Avenue."

"Thank you. You spoke, I believe, of your little girl going away. I hope you did not mean by that that you lost her?"

Judge Baldwin leaned forward, his face showing that he was half-minded to ask where such irrelevancy tended.

"No, sir," replied Mrs. Martin, "I mean she was—was sick and I had to send her south with a friend."

"I see. Now Mrs. Martin, did you say it was Mr. Colby who negotiated with you about the car?"

"I did not intend to say that, sir. All three of us talked together."

"My mistake. Did you go out with the two young men when they tried the car?"

"No, sir."

"Which of them drove? Did they each drive?"

Mrs. Martin hesitated. "I really could not say, sir. When they came home, they both talked approvingly of the car as if each of them had tried it."

"When they drove away after taking the suitcases down, I suppose you went with them to the street?"

"No, sir. I was busy getting ready for some work. I bade them good-by at the door of the flat."

"Did you have enough interest to go to the window and look after them?"

"Yes, sir; I did that."

"Did you notice which of them was driving?"

Mrs. Martin lowered her eyes. "No, sir," she said, after a pause. "I was looking ahead to my work. I just stood there ready to wave if they did look up, but not thinking much about them, the way you do when boarders go off."

There was a ripple of laughter in the court. Judge Baldwin pounded on his desk. Sheridan said, suavely:

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Martin. That is all."

Judge Baldwin's voice sounded crisply: "Court is dismissed for the day. It will convene at ten tomorrow."

The curious point, Colby thought, amid the confusion of receding footsteps and interested voices, was that everyone seemed satisfied with this first act of the drama of his trial. The spectators were certain that they would have the worth of their time. Hardesty's manner said that the state had a clear case to be abundantly proved by impregnable witnesses. Sheridan's contented look and whimsical smile implied equal confidence. As he parted from Colby he whispered:

"That woman, Martin, is false to the core."

ADRIENNE'S SHIP was expected on Saturday morning. Sheridan sent the chauffeur, Carter, to meet her, as he himself had to be in court. The events of the morning consisted of the evidence of Desmond Shaw and of Sheridan's cross-examination. He found Shaw an imperturbable witness, thoroughly aware of his rights and not to be

shaken in any respect. Court adjourned for the day at noon. Then, learning that Adrienne's ship had just docked, Sheridan decided that with any luck he would be able to meet her before she had finished with the customs officials.

He stopped at the surgeon's house to pick up Simms, ordering him to get that afternoon, if possible, an interview with the woman who had been Mrs. Martin's employer just before she took Smith and Colby into her nursing home, emphasizing the importance of Simms' return before dark. He drove rapidly, but by the time he reached the pier Adrienne had gone. Sheridan telephoned to his house to say that when she came she must not wait luncheon for him. Then he drove back.

Luncheon was waiting for him, but not Adrienne. He assumed that having had a very early breakfast, she had stopped in New York at some restaurant, perhaps with Hardesty. The afternoon wore on. He had several telephone calls, one from Simms, giving the result of his interview. At something after three, Hardesty appeared. He said that he, too, had gone to New York but had failed to catch Adrienne before she had left the pier. The two men sat together for a time and then Hardesty went home, asking Sheridan to telephone him when Adrienne arrived. By dinner time, when she had not come, Sheridan was thoroughly alarmed. He went to see Hawkin, asking him to find out if there had been any automobile accident that afternoon of which Adrienne might have been the victim. Then he drove Adrienne's roadster into New York and went back to the pier. He discovered that Adrienne had arrived, had gone through the customs, had been met by Carter, and had driven away. A policeman had been talking to Carter as the ship docked, and had afterward seen Adrienne come out of the pier building. She had got into Sheridan's car, and Carter had driven her eastward along Twenty-third Street.

Sheridan telephoned Hardesty and then Hawkin. There was no record in any hospital or police station of any accident which could possibly have involved Adrienne. Sheridan could only conclude that the man whom Adrienne had written of as Barrows must have known of her quest overseas, and must have decided that whatever she had learned should not appear in the trial. His organization, whatever it was, must be far more powerful than Sheridan had believed.

Hawkin offered to go to New York and see what he could learn, not from police stations but from that part of the underworld which sometimes speaks outside the law. Hardesty accompanied Hawkin, while Sheridan sat at home by an open window, waiting for the slightest sound that would announce Adrienne's return, waiting the long night through.

And while he waited, Adrienne lay not ten miles from him. The ship arrived shortly before noon. As Adrienne stood on the upper deck, watching the slow approach to the pier, she was filled with a sense of security and of happiness. She was home, bringing, as she had wirelessed her uncle, her sheaves with her. Only when she thought of Hardesty did her happy mood sober. As she went down the gangplank and entered the customs shed, the chauffeur, Carter, hastened toward her, his ruddy face beaming.

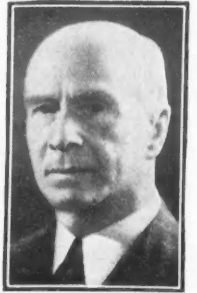
"Welcome home, Miss Adrienne. Mr. Sheridan, he had to be in court till twelve today, said he'd meet you at luncheon."

"We'll just fly through the customs, Carter," she said.

As she had travelled with the least possible

The Crystal Gazer and I

ONE of the most popular schemes of the "easy money man" is Crystal Gazing—peering into a shiny sphere and foretelling the future. I have nothing to say against the Crystal Gazer. Patronize him if you will—but he cannot tell his own future.



The above is from a photograph of Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., at 75. When 50 years of age Dr. Jackson was given but four months to live by the famous Sir Wm. Osler, but through natural living habits and the use of alkaline foods Dr. Jackson is to-day in his 76th year the embodiment of youthful vigor and endurance.

In matters of health, which is my chief interest in life, I, too, can "peer into the future." I know the future of one who does not obey Nature's laws of health. He is going to pay a penalty, early on coming physical degeneration, decrepitude, disease and premature death. And death is premature always in one who disobeys Nature's health laws, even if it occurs at 75. He might have almost doubled that age, had he obeyed those laws. I know, too, that a man or woman by right living habits can defy disease, even the common cold (as I do), and have abundant and constant health. This is the reward of Nature for obedience to Her health laws. And this healthy abundant life will be almost twice as long as it would have been for one living contrary to Nature's health laws. I have proved it. I brought my own deformed, diseased and dying body, at fifty, back from the brink of the grave to what I am to-day, a man whose deformity is so transformed that six times in less than two years I have been sought by sculptors to act as a model for a statue; a man so well that publicly in the "Press" and nightly from the lecture platform, I defy disease, even colds to attack me; a man who at 76 can do anything the average man in his early thirties can do and do it better; a man who can work 80 to 85 hours a week and never tire, and in addition walk ten miles daily; a man who can live in Canada and wear no overcoat, vest nor underwear the year round also walk five miles thus dressed and be at his desk daily before 7 a.m.

It is all a matter of obedience to the health laws of Nature, as presented in my books "HOW TO BE ALWAYS WELL," "MAKE YOUR MIND BUILD HEALTH" and "MASTER GUIDE TO PHYSICAL PERFECTION," written in non-technical language that anyone can understand.

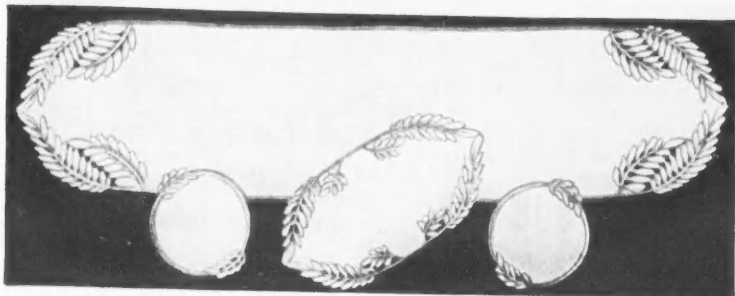
Of course, the foundation upon which my health is built is proper foods. And the corner-stone in my health-building diet is to make at least one meal in the day from Roman Meal, Bekus-Puddy or Lishus, my only beverage being Kofy-Sub.

These are all alkali-forming grain foods, the only alkali-forming grain foods known, and build up in the body "a normal alkali reserve, Nature's first defence against fatigue, disease and premature death."

In addition to these, other alkali-forming foods should be eaten to such an extent that four-fifths of our total diet consists of alkali-forming foods. If you do not know what foods are alkali-forming, and are interested in knowing, I shall gladly mail you my Service Bulletin upon alkali-forming foods and my booklet "HOW TO KEEP WELL"—both free. Simply address Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., 516 Vine Ave., Toronto.

Robt. G. Jackson M.D.

"I have taken CHATELAINE since the first issue and am one of its "charter" members, as a friend of mine says. I wouldn't be without the CHATELAINE for a million dollars, for as soon as it arrives I sit right down and devour the contents. You seem to touch on everything. It's like a dinner party from 'soup to nuts,' eh?"—Mrs. W. S. C., Edmonton South, Alta.,



An exquisite design in cut work.

APRIL FARINGS

From Chatelaine's
Handicraft Studio

C281—Ann Hathaway's Cottage—the home of Shakespeare. You will find this a most fascinating little picture to work. The blue linen on which the design is stamped forms a lovely sky—background for the quaint old thatched roof and the profusion of summer flowers. Size 9 x 12 inches, it is priced at 45 cents and cottons for working at 30 cents.



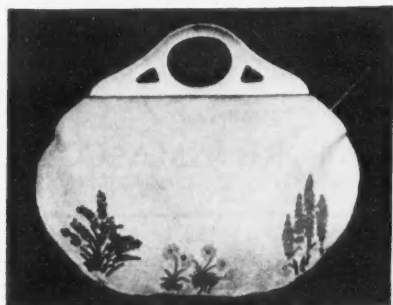
This tea cosy needs no form.



Anne Hathaway's Cottage.

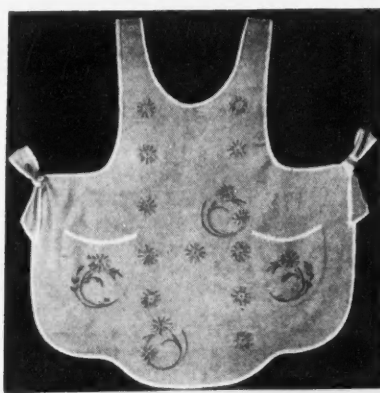
C256—Laurel Wreath Vanity Set and Scarf. This is quite the most exquisite and distinctive design imaginable in cut work. Stamped on heavy cream or white Irish linen—the vanity set size 9 x 27 inches and the scarf 12x38 inches. The vanity set is priced at 35 cents and the scarf at 45 cents; cottons for working either come to 25 cents.

C276—Four-sided Tea Cosy—Made of art felt and lined with the same material in contrasting color, this cosy requires no form. The design of tulips, long slender leaves and quaint posy is worked in brightly colored wools. It is full size—stamped on green art felt lined with yellow. A brass ring is also supplied, which is buttoned with wool, to make a fingerhold. The price is 75 cents; wools for working, 35 cents.



A gay bag for knitting or needlework.

C280—A Dainty Work Bag—The polished wood handles are so designed that the bag may be carried by hand or hung on the arm. Bright blue larkspur, small flowers in rose, and green bushes and foliage form the decoration. The handles are 12 inch size and the bag itself measures 12 x 18 inches, with an additional two-inch strip inserted at the bottom, making it very roomy for knitting. Stamped on strong brown linen, complete with sateen lining, polished wood handles and wools for working, the outfit is priced at \$1.45.



A brown-eyed Susan apron design.

C. 279—Brown-eyed Susan Apron—Stamped on green linen, the bright gold daisies with their brown centres and markings make a lovely contrast on this dainty yet business-like apron. Outline, lazy daisy and French knots; binding in gold to match daisies, but edges may be turned in and buttonholed if preferred. The apron is priced at 50 cents, cottons for working 10 cents, and binding 20 cents.

Any of the handicrafts on this page or those shown in previous issues may be ordered from Chatelaine's Handicraft Studio by sending money order to Marie LeClerc, Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



I SIMPLY DON'T
UNDERSTAND
ABOUT MOTHS

NEITHER DO I.
THEY'RE THE
BANE OF MY
EXISTENCE

Why don't you ask the man at the store?

Your druggist will tell you that all the old ideas about moths and moth damage have been completely overturned by a new scientific discovery which makes it impossible for moths to eat wool!

Just imagine that! Your grandmother tried to *hide* her woollens away from the mothworm—in boxes or bags. Also, she thought it would help matters a little to put a bad smell in with them—black pepper or cedar shavings, moth balls or flakes. Science laughs at that, because Science knows the mothworm cannot smell *any* smell, good or bad!

But now we have got to the bottom of this mothworm business. The big textile concerns were the first to use this idea of treating the wool itself. They call it "mothproofing," and that word explains just the difference between *Larvex* and all the older methods of moth-fighting.

This *Larvex* penetrates the very fibres of the wool and it is a wonderful product for the woman who is proud of her woollen belongings, whether women's clothes, men's clothes, furniture or rugs. It will save her hundreds of dollars in moth damage, besides in some cases saving some irreplaceable treasure that is beyond money value.

Larvex is non-injurious and odorless. Keep your clothes hanging, ready to wear anywhere, anytime. No folding, wrinkling, stowing away. And *Larvex* is economical. One application of it will mothproof for a full year, and this year's service costs no more for a suit of clothes than a single pressing of that same suit! Sold everywhere by drug and department stores. The *Larvex* Corporation, Limited, Ste. Therese, P.Q.

LARVEX Prevents MOTH DAMAGE

One application mothproofs for a whole year!



When you are cold, tired or nervy, a cup of HOT BOVRIL is at once warming and stimulating: the rich beef goodness in BOVRIL helps young and old to build resistance to fatigue.

No other food has been PROVED to possess the same remarkable BODY Building Power as BOVRIL.

BOVRIL

RE-BUILDS STRENGTH QUICKLY 34-7M

CHATELAINE PATTERNS

—MADE IN CANADA—From New York and Paris Styles

If there is no dealer as yet in your neighborhood, we would be glad to have you give us the name and address of your favorite store, and in the meantime you may order Chatelaine Patterns direct from the

CHATELAINE PATTERN SERVICE, 481 University Ave., Toronto
See Patterns on Pages 83-84-85-86

In ordering by mail be careful to write the pattern number plainly, and be sure to state the size required.



3-in-One lightens housework—prolongs the life of household devices. As it lubricates it cleans and prevents rust. Get some today!

You Can't Bluff April

(Continued from page 41)

days spent indoors, you'll find that the same long walks and pure diet I have already prescribed will brighten them back to beauty. Wash them every day, too. Eyes should be washed as systematically as teeth. Buy a little eye cup, if you have not one already.

Eyelashes can be made to grow. Warm olive oil or petroleum jelly are excellent for this purpose. Or you can use one of the special eyelash creams which darken as well as encourage growth.

Eyebrows must be clean-cut. And this is especially true if you intend to wear an off-the-face hat. The pure line of the brow is absolutely ruined if the eyebrows are allowed to straggle untidily. Keep their natural curve, but pluck out the unruly hairs. Do this with system. First brush your eyebrows smooth and flat, then pluck the superfluous underneath hairs one by one. Use tweezers, of course, and grip the hair near the root, quickly jerking it out in the same direction as it grows. Remember to use your tiny brush to remove every speck of powder from eyebrows and lashes.

And now April, are you satisfied with all this activity you've inspired? Life is tingling inside us; spring peeps out from our eyes, our skin and our buoyant carriage. We're ready to do you proud, April!

Marry Now? Yes!

(Continued from page 58)

Are We Downhearted?

1929: The market crashed, and we became engaged while still at college.

1930: Graduation; search for work.

1931: The dark days; no money, no jobs, no hope. But we were married. "Darn fools!" said some. "How brave!" said others. For all we had between us were a pair of college degrees and one part-time job.

1932: The job disappeared and the first baby was born. They said we were mad to have children. But we were not. Nor were we brave. We had a goal for ourselves and refused to be diverted. That is all.

1933: How did we live? Like kings and queens or like paupers. Take your choice.

We moved to a cottage outside the city; sold furniture, clothes, books, and bought 150 pullets. Now we sell eggs, helping out our income with garden produce, harvesting, and odd jobs. This spring we buy 700 chicks. Next spring, 1,200. The year after. . . ?

We spend nothing on meat, canned foods, movies or barbers. (Cutting hair is not so hard.) We bake our own bread and cut up wood for fuel. Clothes we thought worn out remain neat with the help of needle and hot iron. Life is hard but very good.

1934: Poverty is unpleasant but we are happy. Our second baby arrived before Christmas. The first is running about now, a gay nuisance. We shall enjoy the children while we are young and still have many years to enjoy the world when we are older.

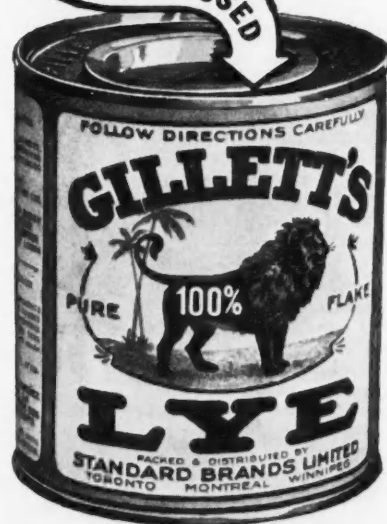
Four can live cheaper than one—and happier, too. Alone, there are appearances to keep up and pleasures to ease the loneliness. But four find it easy to live hard because of the joy of being together and accomplishing.

Leap in, faint hearts. The water is fine. We know.—G. W., Edmonton, Alta.



I WORE MYSELF OUT RUBBING AND SCRUBBING

UNTIL I USED



It actually *Washes* the Dirt away!

WHY make hard work out of household tasks . . . with Gillett's Pure Flake Lye you can wash the dirt away! Just use a solution of 1 teaspoonful dissolved in a quart of cold* water.

Have Gillett's Lye handy whenever there's any heavy cleaning to be done. For toilet bowls, too—and clogged-up drains. It kills germs and destroys odors. Get a tin today. At your grocer's.

*Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.

FREE BOOKLET—Get a copy of the new edition of the Gillett's Lye Booklet. Tells you dozens of ways to keep your home spotless . . . how to make heavy housework easy. Address Standard Brands Limited, Fraser Ave. & Liberty St., Toronto, Ont.

GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT

The Mystery of the Surgeon's House

(Continued from page 71)

floor, covered with a light rug. A foot was pressed against her side. She assumed that she was still in the coupé and that Babe sat above her. She decided not to let him know that she was awake. She felt nauseated and weak and heartsick. What would her uncle be feeling, and Hardesty? How stupid of her to have sent that exuberant wireless. Barrows must have intercepted it somehow. Not the letters, for those had been sent to a post-office box her uncle kept in New York. But that wireless surely advertised that she had information of value. If criminals sooner or later overlook some detail which brings them to book, Adrienne thought, so certainly do those who attempt to hunt down criminals.

She knew by the movement of Babe's foot that he was leaning forward.

"There's a dirt road at the next corner," he said to his driver. Take that. We're going in by the little back gate."

For five more minutes they drove. Then the car stopped. Babe got out and she heard him saying.

"I'll unlock the door. Then you help me carry her in. There's no one around in this dark pocket but we might as well be quick."

In a few moments she was lifted out, none too gently. She was carried by her feet and hands and plumped on the ground. She heard the sound of a door being locked and then the roll of wheels as the car drove away. Presently she was carried first over the ground and then through a doorway. She was laid on a bed and the gag was taken from her mouth while someone whispered.

"There are sandwiches on a table by the bed and a pitcher of milk. In a few minutes you may undo the bandage over your eyes and eat."

Adrienne's courage rose. They had not meant to kill Carter or they would not have left him bound in the barn. They probably did not mean to kill her. They expected to keep her until danger from her testimony should be over. Meantime, there was her Uncle Dick's resourcefulness to reckon with. Further, the information he already had would certainly retard the progress of Colby's trial, would certainly in the end save his life. No matter what happened to her, there would be time to unravel this plot against Colby.

After a few minutes, she lifted shaking fingers and untied the knots that held the bandage against her eyes. There was a subdued light over the bed on which she lay. She saw that she was in a plainly furnished bedroom which had two windows across which were drawn iron shutters. The room had two doors, one apparently leading into a hall, the other into a bathroom or a cupboard. By the side of the bed was a small table on which was set a tray of food; thick sandwiches and milk. Adrienne reflected that the sandwiches must have been cut by

a man. Doubtless she was the only woman in the place.

She ate and then she slept. She was awakened suddenly by the sound of an angry voice.

"Let me go, you big sap."

Then one of the doors was wrenched violently open. On the threshold of a bathroom stood Simms, a blood-stained bandage on his head, his feet bound but his hands free. Struggling with him was the policeman, Peter Clark. At the sight of Adrienne both men stared, open-mouthed.

"For Pete's sake, Miss Sheridan," Simms exclaimed, "have they got you, too?"

Clark shook his head and said, deprecatingly:

"Sho, sho."

"I'll 'sho sho' you, you double-crosser," Simms shouted.

Clark dodged away, running swiftly through the bathroom and then into a room beyond. They heard a key grate in a lock.

"Now he's got us locked in," Simms said. "If my feet hadn't been shackled, I'd have been too quick for him. I bet that door of yours is locked." He hobbled to the door that led into the hall and tried it. "Yes; here we are, locked in."

"But what does it all mean?" Adrienne cried. "I mean do you know where we are?"

"We're in the surgeon's house, Miss Sheridan. I went to town with your uncle this noon for a job he wanted. Got the stuff with both hands, telephoned him, got back here about dark, let myself in the front door, and bam! something hit me. Next thing I knew, there I was, feet and hands tied."

"But Peter Clark?" Adrienne said.

"Well, Miss Sheridan," Simms confessed, "that he is here is, I suppose, my fault. Your uncle said not to let anyone in the place. But I never thought an order like that need apply to the police. As you know, Mr. Sheridan had me change the locks. No one could get in but him and me either by the big front gate or the little back gate. Soon after we changed the locks, this Peter Clark came buttering up to me. We got friendly and when he was off duty he'd come in to smoke a pipe with me. You understand, it was pretty dull here, Miss Sheridan."

"Of course it was," Adrienne consoled him. "I'm sure it was natural for you to trust Peter Clark."

"What I think now," Simms said, "is that Clark must have taken impressions in wax of the front and back locks so that he or anyone else he liked could get in. Once or twice I've had a dopey feeling. I used to make coffee for Clark and myself and I wouldn't put it past him to have dropped something in my cup. Once or twice, too, when I've been half awake I've had the feeling that someone besides myself was in the house. But I've never found anyone although I've searched every inch of it from cellar to garret. I think there must be a secret entrance to the cellar."

"You do?" she exclaimed.

"I may be dreaming but tonight when I got into the house and took that step or two before I was slugged I thought I saw somewhere a part of flooring giving away. Then I got mine. When I came to, I was in the bedroom connected with this by the bathroom and my throat dry as a bone. I was tied so tight I couldn't undo the knots with my teeth. When I got a little strength I rolled over to the bathroom door. I saw there was a glass sitting beside the wash-basin. I was able to get to my knees and knock it off with my head. It broke, and then I sawed at the rope that was around my wrists with a piece of the glass. I sawed my wrists, too, getting free. I was just making for your room when that double-crosser Clark came in and caught me."

"I can't understand why anyone should want to get into this house," Adrienne said, "and above all, I don't understand why Peter Clark is here."

Clark's voice sounded outside the door. "I feel awful bad that you're here, Miss Sheridan."

"Yes, you do," sneered Simms.

"But don't you worry, Miss Sheridan. I'll see that no harm comes to you."

HOW PEGGY GOT TO THE PARTY ON MONDAY NIGHT



Discovers Oxydol; Ends Hard Rubbing
Gets big wash and ironing done same day now!

READ MRS. WIRTHLIN'S LETTER



Mrs. C. Wirthlin

Now I get my washing and ironing done the same day, am not tired, and have a whiter, sweeter bunch of clothes."

"When I washed the old way, I was so tired I could not do my ironing for several days. A few weeks ago I discovered I could get my clothes spotless by soaking them in Oxydol suds!

THE amazing new discovery of the world's most famous soap experts, the makers of Ivory—this new and improved OXYDOL does these things no other soap can do or has ever done:

- (1) Soaks out dirt in 15 minutes. Without boiling, without back-breaking rubbing. Hence—cuts washing time 25% to 40% in tub or machine, saving hours of labor.
- (2) Gets clothes 4 to 5 shades WHITER, by scientific Tintometer test, than other soaps. Whiter in ONE washing than ANY other soap can get them in TWO to FOUR washings!
- (3) Yet, due to the special mild protective elements it contains, it neither fades nor in-

jures color or fabric. Even cotton prints and children's dainty frocks are safe. And—it's so kind to hands that you're amazed at its power to clean clothes!

Thick 3-inch Suds in Any Water

The new, improved OXYDOL will make thick "soft water suds" in any water, hard or soft. Without added "softener" or washing preparations. This is why:

To make OXYDOL, improved soap elements are scientifically combined with specific agents to soften hardest water. Thus combining in one package the effect of both water-softener and soap.

You can see the results in the suds. OXYDOL multiplies 500 TIMES in suds! Which means at least twice as much "soap action" as from old-style soaps.

And OXYDOL is economical. By actual test, a regular 25c package will do the work of 8 to 10 cakes of bar soap or 2 to 3 times as much flakes!

Get OXYDOL today from your grocer. You'll be glad you did! The Procter & Gamble Company of Canada, Ltd.



THE NEW AND IMPROVED OXYDOL MULTIPLIES 500 TIMES IN SUDS





"You should see how fine my floors and furniture look"



writes
MRS. M. B. BATES

"Johnson's Wax

makes my work much easier too"

● "My dusting has been cut in half and I never scrub my floors now that they are wax-polished." The wax *repels* dust, scratches and wear and gives a much longer-lasting polish. You can save the expense of repainting your light woodwork and refinishing your floors if you protect them with genuine Johnson's Wax. Wax your painted walls and cupboards, leather goods, parchment shades and metal radiator covers and window sills. Every day you'll find a new use for Johnson's Wax.

● For sale at hardware, paint, drug and department stores.



● It's easy to wax-polish your furniture and ward off finger-marks and scratches.

Rent the Johnson Electric Floor Polisher. Send the coupon for trial size of Johnson's Wax.



JOHNSON'S WAX
PASTE OR LIQUID
FOR FLOORS AND FURNITURE

S. C. Johnson & Son, Ltd., Dept. C4, Brantford, Ont. Enclosed is 10c. Please send me generous sample can of Johnson's Wax and very interesting booklet.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Province _____

THE FRUIT-BASKET QUILT



No. 18. Loganberries

THERE IS one light central berry which will be old rose, a single and group of three in deeper raspberry red and one in shadow that is violet. Leaves are a medium bright green with a lighter—or darker—bit of contrast on one. There is a bit of solid green embroidery at the tops of three berries; the thorny stem is to be embroidered in red brown or brown with dark red thorns.

One idea that has come in on our Fruit Basket series suggests putting a layer of sheet wadding under each fruit. These would have to be cut a trifle smaller than the appliqué covering, but certainly would add another touch of realism to the fruits in contrast to the leaves which would still be appliquéd flat.

The old-fashioned way of extra padding or stuffing a quilt was to poke additional cotton

in through a tiny opening in the back. This was done in the chosen areas with a knitting needle after the quilting was complete.

A special assortment of good quality broadcloth is available to readers who are making the Fruit Basket Quilt. It contains all the colors required for the appliqué parts, including the baskets. The price is \$1.50.

Readers who wish to obtain any blocks previously published, will be interested in learning that the first eleven blocks in the Fruit Basket Quilt, together with the cutting units and quilting design, can be obtained for ten cents complete. Send to: Editorial Department, *Chatelaine*, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, for both the block reprints and the appliqué materials.



A Lovely New
Bedroom—
this Easy, Inexpensive Way



NOW you can have that Colonial bedroom of your dreams. You can watch it grow in beauty under your eyes. You can have the fun of transforming your bedroom yourself. It's all so easy and inexpensive.

Begin by replacing your bed with a handsome new Malcolm poster. See them now in the stores. Quaint, charming, moderately priced. To save expense, use your present spring and mattress. You'll thrill with the room's new beauty.



**Malcolm
Colonials**

like open
stock china

Later, as you can afford it, add piece by piece other Malcolm Colonial furniture. You can buy them any time, like open stock china, with assurance of harmony of color, design and finish. Almost before you know it you will have a lovely new bedroom. It will be your constant pride and the envy of your friends.



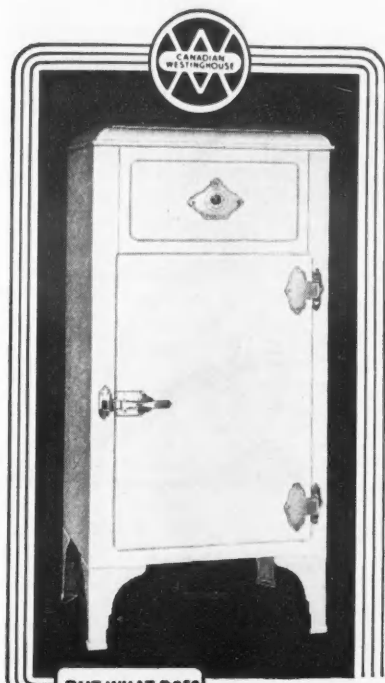
Andrew Malcolm's famous Colonials consist of sturdy ancestral beds, roomy, deep-drawered chests, stately high boys, graceful dressers and other historic furniture. Your choice of honey-toned maple, old mahogany or rich walnut browns. Expertly made by a 60 year old Canadian manufacturer, renowned for quality. Begin now to make over your bedroom. Send for free booklet.

**ANDREW MALCOLM
FURNITURE CO., KINCARDINE, ONT.**



Send booklet to

NAME
ADDRESS
CL434



BUT WHAT DOES
dual-automatic
MEAN?

IT MEANS YOU
CAN ALWAYS
DEPEND ON IT!



To WOMEN who never want to be mechanics!

When you own a Westinghouse Refrigerator you can park the oil can on a back shelf along with worries about servicing and adjustments, for here is the one refrigerator that never requires a moment's attention—that offers carefree, lifetime satisfaction.

When abnormal power conditions develop, the Built-in Watchman shuts off the current and equally important—automatically restores it when the danger is past. There are no belts to loosen—no mechanical joints to leak—no fuses to replace!

But carefree, lifetime service is only one of many advantages you will enjoy with a Westinghouse. You will especially appreciate the convenience of such advanced features as the Stor-Dor, lighted interior and refrigerated shelf. You will always be proud of its gleaming beauty and graceful lines.

See the various models at your Westinghouse Dealer's or mail the coupon below.

Westinghouse
The only dual-automatic
REFRIGERATORS

CANADIAN WESTINGHOUSE CO., LIMITED
HAMILTON, ONTARIO

Please send me folder showing all models
without obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

How to Make a Candlewick Bedsread

by IRENE HEARN

THERE IS a strong revival of interest in candlewick work. Prim, tufted coverlets are seen in the bedrooms of modern houses, and very charming they look, for all they are so practical and hard-wearing. The work itself is simple and quite fascinating to do.

Unless you intend to use the plain white wick, the first step is to dye the wick to the shade desired. One should be careful to have sufficient wick for one's design, for naturally it is difficult to duplicate a dye. I have found three balls sufficient for a fairly simple design. Test a small piece first and allow to dry, in order to obtain your correct color. Unwind the wick and tie it into loose skeins. After dyeing and drying, wind it back into balls again for use. The wick should be rinsed well, to prevent color from running into the spread when it is laundered.

A harness store was able to secure for me the round needle with an eye sufficiently large to carry the wick, and the needle itself heavy enough to pierce the cotton for the wick to pass through. The needle was too long, but I had it cut off and polished.

A good grade of unbleached factory cotton is an excellent choice of fabric. The design is worked in running stitch. Cut between the stitches so that the ends push up together. Do not make your running stitch too loose or you will have to clip the rosettes afterward, as they become too long. One needs to do only a small part of the design before one can gauge this for the balance. The work can be clipped from time to time—there is no need to wait until the whole design is complete.

It is wise not to wash the cotton before starting. This should be done on completion. The cotton shrinks and holds the rosettes in place. It is optional whether one uses a quilt framer or not. If a good piece of cotton is used, it is as well to wear the fingers from an old glove on your hand, and a light pair of pincers to help pull the needle through the material. A row of rosettes around the edge of the bedspread finishes it off very nicely, but this, of course, depends entirely upon the type of design used.

Home Discoveries

Scented Laundry

My newly laundered clothes have always a faint perfume because I dissolve all the thin bits of toilet soap left in the bathroom and at the sink, in the water in which the clothes are boiled.—Irene, Fredericton, N.B.

Hanging Curtains

When putting curtains on a flat rod, fold a piece of wax paper over the end of the rod before pushing through the fold. This is much quicker and easier as well as saving on fine curtains.—M. M. S., Hamilton, Ont.

Old Hot Water Bottles

When a rubber hot water bottle becomes leaky and can no longer be used safely for holding hot water, a very good bottle filler can be made from the upper half. Remove the stopper, cut the bottle round about two inches from the neck with a pair of scissors. Use this part (where the stopper goes) as a funnel for filling pint or quart bottles, holding the rubber well down over the neck of the bottle.—Mrs. H. B. Pearse, Waterville, N.S.

For the woman
who wishes
her letters
to be well
received /



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Stationery

Made in four finishes

VELLUM - LINEN - RIPPLE
DECKLE EDGE

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SHE KNOWS HER BREAKFAST - FOODS



IT'S no wonder she loves her Shredded Wheat! The crisp-baked golden-brown biscuits taste so good . . . make her feel so good. For Shredded Wheat is made of selected Canadian Whole Wheat, which contains Nature's vitalizing, nourishing elements in a most delicious and easily digestible form. Give the children Shredded Wheat every day, hot or cold, with milk or cream. Whichever way you serve it, it's good and good for them. Give all the family Shredded Wheat, the complete meal that costs only a few cents.

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EUROPE—how it knows the subtle attentions that make a guest's journey an epic of comfort and luxurious ease. You, with other charming guests on the "Empress of Britain", will find your every need anticipated. Spacious public rooms—apartments, instead of staterooms, with baths. One turn of the decks gives you a quarter-mile constitutional. Here is SPACE to really relax and move freely—SPEED that means just 4 days, land to land. These are the essentials of luxurious ocean travel afforded by the Canadian Pacific on your Trans-Atlantic crossing. The "Empress of Britain", "Empress of Australia", "Duchess" and "Mont" ships all sail by the Short St. Lawrence Seaway from Montreal or Quebec to British and Continental Ports.

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713

"How sweet of you," Simms commented. "If you do as well by her as you did by me, you'll be doing grand."

"Things never are as bad as they seem," Clark went on. "Just think the best you can, Miss Sheridan."

His footsteps receded. After a time they returned, and he said,

"I'm very sorry, people. I don't understand things myself. I seem to be locked in the house, too; can't get any of the doors open."

"I can't bear to believe you," Simms said, "but if you are double-crossed, too, that's the best news I've heard since I got into this cursed surgeon's house."

"Sho, sho," said Clark, gently.

Adrienne broke into peals of laughter.

"You'll think I'm crazy," she said, "but the whole thing is so strange. When I think of poor Carter—and then here is Clarkie making an anticlimax with his 'sho, sho.'"

Simms withdrew to the room where he had been confined and Adrienne slept. She did not awake till the next morning. What aroused her was the opening of the door and the insertion by Clark of a well-filled tray. Looking at it Adrienne saw that the food was meant to last herself and Simms for a day. Evidently Clark did not intend to subject himself to an attack from Simms. Clark made no reply when she called out to him.

The day ended. Adrienne slept fitfully during the night, being awakened again by the entrance of a tray. Again Clark refused to answer any of her questions. Again she spent the day reading, talking to Simms and trying not to think of her situation. When night came she ate a little and sank once more into a restless sleep.

She was awakened by having a gag pushed into her mouth. She stared up, frightened, at a man bending over her. She could not see his face for he was masked and cowed in black. But she knew, as he bandaged her eyes, that he was strong and skilful. As he lifted her, she heard sounds outside the windows of the room. That was it; someone was trying to get in, and she was being prevented from screaming. The man opened the door leading into the hall and handed her over to someone else. She felt herself carried a few yards. Then the man who held her pushed open a door, took a step forward and began to descend. She counted twelve steps. The place in which they were was cold, and she shivered.

She knew that she was in a place that was lighted. There was a movement near her as of some heavy body, struggling. That, she conjectured was Simms. Listening intently, she heard, presently, rapid footsteps above her. They descended. There was a heavy sliding noise and then silence. She could hear nothing for a few moments. Then someone uttered a long miserable sigh, and she heard footsteps pacing to and fro.

"Sho, sho," whispered Clark.

Suddenly Adrienne lifted her hands and tore the bandage from her eyes. She was in a room brilliantly lighted, and furnished rather like a chapel. She was lying against a wall, near Simms. Pacing up and down the room was the tall man in the cowl who had gagged her. On the other side of the room was something covered by a rug. At the head of the room was a bed on which lay a body, covered by a sheet. Clark began to bandage her eyes, but the man in black stopped him.

"No," he whispered, "if she is so curious, let her see."

He led Adrienne up to the bed and she looked down into the face of a young man, embalmed, wonderfully preserved. But on the face was not the serenity that death usually brings. The man in black held her arm and uttered a laugh of bitterness.

"There he lies," he whispered, "and there beside him, to clear the score at last, shall lie the body of Henry Smith."

With a supreme effort, Adrienne pulled herself from his grasp, and ran to the other end of the room, tearing the gag from her mouth. Mad with fear, she uttered shriek after shriek. The man in black overtook her and put a strong hand over her mouth. Her senses left her, and she knew nothing more.

To be Continued

"Cheese Soufflés are Easy with this Pyrex Casserole"



"UNTIL I GOT MY PYREX WARE, I NEVER DID KNOW WHETHER MY CHEESE SOUFFLÉS WOULD BE LIGHT AND FLUFFY OR SOGGY FAILURES."

Tricky, hard-to-make cheese soufflé turns out beautifully when baked in this sparkling glass ovenware. Pyrex dishes absorb heat uniformly. Soufflés, puddings, pies and cakes bake ALL THE WAY THROUGH more evenly in Pyrex Ware than in ordinary baking ware. And, you can see, too, when the food is done!



The top of the 2-in-1 Casserole becomes a pie plate with handles. The bottom is just right for soufflés and baked puddings. Together, they make a good-looking covered baking dish. Try baking Pop-overs in Pyrex Custard Cups, held secure in their convenient wire rack. Fine for muffins and cup cakes, too.

"I USED TO BE NERVOUS, TOO, EVERY TIME I MADE A COCONUT CUSTARD PIE OR POP-OVERS. BUT—NOW THAT I USE PYREX DISHES THEY TURN OUT BEAUTIFULLY EVERY TIME."



"I'M TERRIBLY PROUD OF MY SET OF PYREX WARE—IT'S SO CLEAR AND SPARKLING. AND YOU SAVE SO MUCH DISHWASHING WHEN YOU USE THE SAME PYREX DISH FOR BAKING, SERVING AND KEEPING LEFT-OVERS IN THE ICE BOX."

Pyrex Brand Ovenware keeps its sparkling new look always. It's long lived. Easy to keep clean. No seams or pores to collect dirt. Utility Dishes 75¢ to \$1.50. Pie Plates 60¢ to \$1.00. Casseroles—round, square or oval—60¢ to \$2.50. Custard Cups 10¢ each. Stock up now.

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Saves money, saves time, cooks foods better

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Hurlbut Anti-Acid shoes protect your child against burning acid-filled leathers used in ordinary footwear.



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Valuable Coupon
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Shoes for Children

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Spring Fever,
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try this as the

First Resort



We can't take credit for the blue expanse of ocean or the salted April sunshine at Atlantic City. But we have provided just about everything else to round-out a perfect spring holiday. Inspired food to climax bright hours of golf, tennis, or beach play. Lazy Sun Decks for acquiring first tans. Soft beds for rest, beautiful rest. Salt baths and health baths to revive the old zip. Game rooms. Dances. Hotel entertainments. The hum of spring is in the air. So make a bee-line for Chalfonte-Haddon Hall! Moderate daily rates. American and European plans.

Leeds and Lippincott Company

**Chalfonte-
Haddon Hall**
ATLANTIC CITY

Painting Pictures
With Flowers

(Continued from page 4)

Blue and purple. The deep violet-purple dwarf iris reticulata, rich in color and perfume, planted closely in masses, makes a good combination with spreading groups of scilla near by.

Blue-purple, violet and rose. Mertensia virginica (Virginia bluebells) grows one to two feet, with dark-green foliage and loose panicles of rich blue-purple flowers; use with it violet and rose-colored tulips. Below these groups plant nepeta mussini (catnip) with greyish foliage and pale lavender-blue flowers and viola cornuta, blue; the catnip and violas will carry on bloom through the summer.

Purple in two tones. Sheets of crocus purpurea, var. grandiflora, blooming under a leafless shrub, may be supplemented by heavy bulbs of hyacinth Lord Derby in a half-deep tone of purplish blue.

White, orange, scarlet and yellow. With the delicate white sprays of shrub spirea thunbergi bloom tulips la merville, orange-scarlet, and Count of Leicester, tawny-orange and in front low masses of the Munstead strain of polyanthus primrose with large yellow flowers.

Yellow, blue, white, lemon, lavender. Plant with the primrose just mentioned, some tardy forget-me-nots, white arabis, lemon-colored alyssum saxatile, lavender phlox subulata. This low-growing group should find a place under shrubbery.

Darwin tulips should be planted in groups of five or more of a color, preferably in the perennial border where their yellowing foliage will be hidden by other plants. Good effects may also be had with mixtures, as Ewbank and Clara Butt; bronze king, bronze queen, golden bronze, Dom Pedro, Louis XIV; orange globe, orange king, panorama, salmon prince, la merville; purple perfection, Faust, D. T. Fish; grand monarque.

If you have a row of French lilacs such as Madame Abel Chatenay (double, white), President Grevy (double, blue), Charles X (deep purplish red), Emile Lemoine (double, pinkish), azurea (light blue), plant bleeding-heart in groups below, which show drooping sprays of bluish pink when lilacs bloom, and clumps of iris Germanica, in pearly lavender. Behind the iris place alternate groups of Darwin tulips, Clara Butt and Rev. H. Ewbank. You have in this planting a fine contrast in form and habit as well as a color symphony in pink, lavender and cream-white.

When planting the bulbs this month, make a note to intersperse fine prostrate things among them next spring, such as perennial yellow alyssum saxatile, purple and mauve aubrietia, creeping phlox, and early, middle and late varieties of forget-me-not.

Summer effects. If you have screened the garage wall with the soft pink of Dorothy Perkins roses, plant between the trellises some of the new delphinium hybrids, and (for succession of bloom) artemisia lactiflora whose large panicles of sweet-scented creamy flowers are excellent for cutting in August and September.

For June color, plant digitalis ambigua, the pale buff perennial foxglove, with the brilliant scarlet geum Mrs. Bradshaw.

When the proud beauties of June and early July are laid upon the compost heap and sun and drought take their annual toll, there is the inevitable dearth of bloom unless precaution has been taken to avert it. Plan to have a midsummer border, choosing cool white, misty blue, purple-blue with several shades of yellow and orange. An unclipped hedge of cedar is the best background as evergreens suggest coolness. Against this

Continued on page 82

"My living-room
has a lovely
new color scheme!"

"I certainly surprised my husband not long ago," writes an enterprising Wingham woman. "He returned from a business trip and found our living-room done in an entirely new color scheme. Of course the first thing he wanted to know was where I got the money to buy new things. He wouldn't believe it when I told him it cost only 30c! Our rug is green so I decided on a contrasting scheme of green and rust colors. I got two packages of Diamond Dyes and dyed my faded draperies and table cover a rich rust, and the shabby pillow tops green, to match the rug. Then I tinted my net window curtains with ecru Diamond Tints. They all came out beautifully and you'd never know it for the same room! I had used other dyes before but never again! I didn't dream there was such a difference in the color beauty of Diamond Dyes and others." Because Diamond Dyes actually contain a greater amount of the finest anilines, they give a depth of color and rich sheen that you expect only in new material. No dullness, no off-tones. Use Diamond Dyes for permanent dark colors by boiling and Diamond Tints for tinting light shades without boiling. All drug stores have them. 15c.

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SILVO—the liquid silver polish that is always kindly—cleaning quickly, yet always cleaning well.

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**ON FLOOR. SPREAD IT—THEN
SIT DOWN AND WATCH IT DRY
TO A WONDERFUL SHINE
IN 15 MINUTES.**



IMAGINE giving your floor a beautiful, lustrous, long-lived finish while you sit down and rest in your favorite chair. That is science's latest gift to women. A new Old English no-rubbing Floor Polish that actually makes waxing floors as easy as dusting. It's the new-day, no-work way to wax floors without rubbing! All you do is spread it lightly over the floor. That's all. And it dries to a beautiful shine in a few minutes. Gives the floor a satiny finish that stands up under hard wear for an amazingly long time.

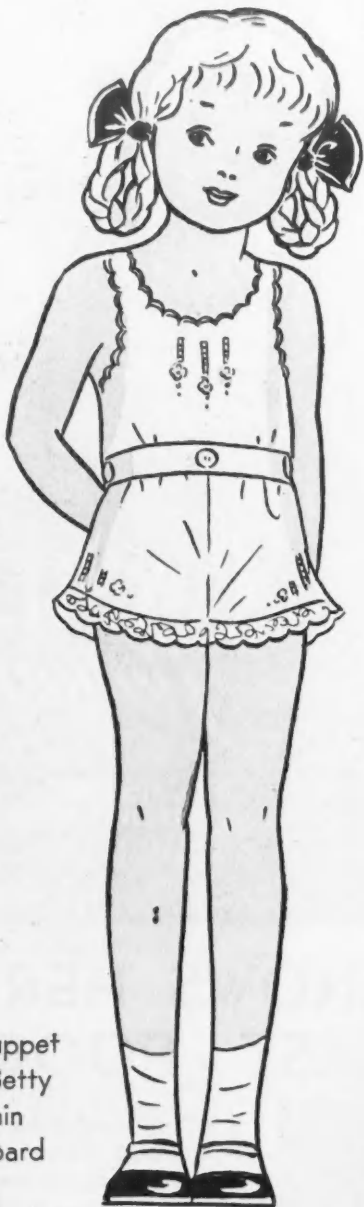
Try this new, work-saving way of waxing your floors, both wood and linoleum. You'll say what tens of thousands of women are saying every day. THAT IT'S MARVELOUS. You can now get Old English

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ALL READY FOR EASTER!

BY GEORGETTE BERKMANS



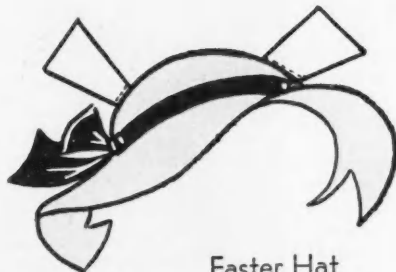
Betty Puppet
Paste Betty
on thin
cardboard



Play Frock



Easter Egg



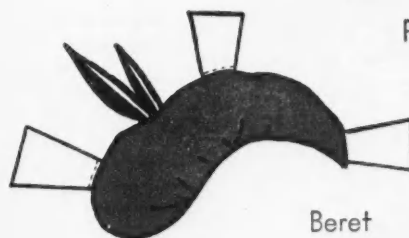
Easter Hat



Party Dress



Easter Coat



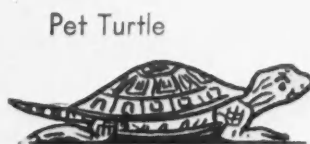
Beret
and
Purse



Chubby,
the Easter
Rabbit



Gift



Pet Turtle



Alice-in-
Wonderland
Dress

FIRST AID FOR HOUSEWIVES

Your messiest, most tedious task—scouring pots and pans—is now made easy. You can clean roasters, deep baking dishes, Pyrex, aluminum, stoves . . . everything that needs cleaning . . . in less time and with less work, if you use S.O.S. Magic Scouring Pads.



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Make the tea towel test! A clean pan never stains. If your pans are not clean enough to wipe on your tea towel, they really aren't clean enough to cook in. S.O.S. makes kitchenware immaculate—clean and bright as new . . . and it is as easy as washing china.



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There is nothing else like S.O.S. It has a special cleaning compound imbedded in each pad—an exclusive feature. Only S.O.S. makes scouring so easy or does it so well. To use S.O.S. daily costs only one-half cent a day. Don't keep house without it. Buy a package today from your dealer—look for the red and yellow package.



FREE TRIAL PACKAGE

Write S.O.S. Manufacturing Company of Canada, Limited, 365 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont.

S.O.S.

MAGIC SCOURING PADS

At the Movies

(Continued from page 28)

worked up that the suspense as to whether Joe will win or not—whether you want him to or not—is really exciting.

Another good comedy that ends with some surprising occurrences is to be found in "Trouble Makers," in which that delightful young oaf, Jack Oakie, and the virile Spencer Tracy are telephone lads who specialize in locating troubles on the wires. Spencer Tracy is in love with the fly-away Constance Cummings, and so finds more trouble than he bargains for, as Constance is smitten by a criminally minded young man. Jack Oakie is really funny, and plenty of excitement happens, too. So much so that Constance is accused of murdering the criminally minded young man, and Spencer Tracy has an apparently impossible job to locate the one woman who could tell the truth. At that an earthquake nearly ruins everything, but gives some thrilling shots when Tracy finds the girl nearly dead in the streets and clamps his telephone among the blazing live wires that have been crashed into the broken streets, so that the girl's dying confession can be heard at headquarters. Spencer Tracy and Jack Oakie are excellent foils. There's definite entertainment in "Trouble Makers."

Alas, the same cannot be said for "Happy Ever After," the new film starring Cecily Courtneidge, Jack Hulbert and the quaint little Lilian Harvey. It might have been so good, and it becomes so wearisome! Both Jack Hulbert and Cecily Courtneidge seem to have one bag of tricks and they never weary of turning them out, one by one. The most amusing sequences show the little waif's dream of Hollywood, in which she tries to dance before gigantic modernistically treated directors with enormous feet—her own, not the directors.

THERE IS delightful music in the talkie version of "The Cat and the Fiddle." It is four years since the operetta drew crowds on Broadway, and since then its charming, lilting airs have been sung and hummed and whistled and crooned from one end of the continent to the other. Such popularity might have proved disastrous to less worthy fare, but the music of "The Cat and the Fiddle" is not tarnished by acquaintance. The airs have an unquenchable freshness, and they are sung very pleasingly by Jeanette MacDonald as the crisp young American pianist-composer-singer, and Ramon Novarro as the volatile French pianist-composer-singer, who meet, love and work tempestuously in Brussels, quarrel and part in Paris, and finally are dramatically reconciled during the initial performance of Novarro's operetta.



Bette Davis and William Powell in "Fashions of 1934."

Turn a trip across the Continent into a Canadian Rockies VACATION



**7-DAY
STOPOVER AT
JASPER
PARK LODGE
\$47.50
SPECIAL PREPAID RATE**

WHAT a lucky break that this sky-high Jasper Park vacation is right on the coolest route to the Pacific Coast!

To the right—to the left—the mightiest of Canada's Rockies thrust their dazzling snow-crowned peaks high into the sky . . . then plunge headlong into brilliant, jewel-like lakes. And color! If any artist ever caught one-tenth of it you wouldn't believe him . . .

Now for action! Jump into the saddle and follow the trails that lead in all directions from Jasper Park Lodge or view Jasper's glories by motor. Go climbing with experienced guides. Golf on the Jasper course. (Jasper Golf Week, Aug. 26 - Sept. 1).

Take the new Sunwapta Drive that gives a breath-taking panorama of the Athabasca Valley. Fish for speckled trout in Maligne Lake. Play tennis. Swim. Dance. Enjoy the perfect food, the luxury and comfort of Jasper Park Lodge. (Season, June 15 to Sept. 23).

THE COST? Way down! As low as \$7.00 a day (including room and meals) at Jasper Park Lodge — discount for extended stay. Rail fares are low, too. Find out how little extra it costs to travel on to the Pacific Coast and Alaska. Ask, too, about vacations at Minaki and in Eastern Canada . . . Consult your local agent or write for booklets.



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HOW ONE MAN LOST 19 lbs. FAT

Now Feels Absolutely Fit

A fat man is commonly supposed to be good-humoured, easy-going. But there is many a fat man who finds the going far from easy. The following letter describes one typical instance:—

"I began to put on weight this year, and developed stoutness in the stomach which was very ugly. I took Kruschen Salts each morning for a month, and reduced my weight 13 lbs. So I kept on, and have now reduced 19 lbs. altogether. Apart from that, it has also relieved me of headaches, and I feel absolutely fit each morning, ready for a hard day's work."—H. M.

Taken every morning, Kruschen effects a perfectly natural clearance of undigested food substances and all excessive watery waste matter. Unless this wastage is regularly expelled Nature will eventually store it up out of the way in the form of ugly fat. Once Kruschen gets into the blood you will soon see that double chin begin to go, and that too prominent abdomen begin to disappear.



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HAVE TO SCRUB
A TOILET**



Sani-Flush

**cleans closet bowls
without scouring**



SANI-FLUSH removes stains, rust and discolorations from the toilet bowl. Keeps the porcelain glistening like a china dish. Sani-Flush eliminates all scrubbing and scouring. You don't have to touch the toilet with your hands.

Sani-Flush is not like ordinary cleansers. It is made to clean toilets. Follow directions on the can. Sani-Flush purifies the hidden toilet trap. No other method can do this. Sani-Flush removes the cause of toilet odors.

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● The Publishers desire to call attention to the fact that with the single exception of Chatelaine Patterns, *Chatelaine Magazine* and the Chatelaine Institute maintained by it have no connection whatever with commercial products sold under the same name.

Handle With Care!

(Continued from page 25)

We have seen how obstinacy is often instilled in childish minds by the attitude of the parents toward the school. An obstinate child is a very difficult one to teach. He closes his mind to all knowledge and turns stubbornly from the kindly advances of the teacher. Perpetual thwarting of his impulses and desires within the home is often the root of this stubbornness. Cross and over-exacting parents are liable to produce stubborn and sulky children, and this state of mind carried into the classroom spells trouble for both children and parents.

Homework has been the cause of many disagreements between the home and the school. Given in moderation, it is like most things, beneficial. The child needs individual and uninterrupted study in order that his intellect may be trained to grasp quickly and retain that which he is studying. Because of this, "study periods" are required on all public school timetables, but children so vary that what is sufficient time for one child is nowhere near enough for another; or where one child can concentrate upon his studies while others are around him, another child must at least be away from his companions to do the same. This is why one child will bring work home to do, while his companion in the same class will not.

The old joke about mother and father doing the homework while the child sits leisurely by, is, after all, no joke but a reality. Parents still make the sad mistake of helping or even actually doing the work for their child. Besides confusing the young brain with different methods than those upheld by our educational system, they are destroying the very purpose of the homework. The child is given this work for the development of his intellect, to teach him to think things out and to absorb learning without the aid of anyone. Parents will agree that unless he is able to do this, he is unprepared to face the world of maturity: he is uneducated. A kindly word of advice here, an explanation there, are often necessary to help guide the child, but actually doing the work, or explaining how to do so, is harming the child and again hindering his educational progress.

IF THE HOMEWORK seems too much for the child, quietly look into the matter. The

teacher may be overrating her pupils' powers; the child may not be keeping up with his work in school; he may not be putting his mind to his work while he is at it. Being an average pupil myself, I can well remember having, quite frequently, hidden among my homework books an interesting novel. It absorbed a great deal of time that was supposed to be used in studying. And I can remember also hearing my parents remark at different times during my school career: "The teachers give the children too much homework!"

Timing the children is a great help. "See how many rivers of Canada you can learn in five minutes, Jack. I'll ask you about them, then!" father may say; and, depend upon it, Jack is able to give them all, because work is turned into play but is none the less beneficial in teaching Jack to concentrate.

Healthy, happy boys and girls who are going to climb steadily from class to class in our schools, need their proper amount of sleep every night. Neither homework nor parties must keep it from them. Parents are sometimes guilty of neglecting this important factor in their child's health when in all other ways they are perfect guardians. Sleep and food play a more important rôle in our children's school progress than we sometimes care to admit. Mothers in these modern times study all about vitamins, hot cereal breakfasts, and a proper balance and variety in the food that they give to their children—or at least we hope that they do. And the wise mother will not allow her boys and girls to pick and fuss over their food. That is a bad habit, and like other bad habits may be conquered with the proper amount of firmness.

Then in the matter of health and hygiene in our schools, there seems to be a perpetual war being waged against our present-day systems. Perhaps this is for the best, for where there is no agitation in such matters there is no progress, and though we now have ventilating systems and school nurses, there is still room for improvement and the health of our children comes before all else. So let everyone agitate for the healthiest school environment that can be worked out; but in doing this, be careful that your enthusiasm along this line does not harm your children.

DON'T PAMPER them. If they are fed well, dressed according to the weather and persuaded to take proper exercise in the fresh air, they will, no doubt, thrive even in the germ-laden air of our classrooms. Nowadays every teacher believes in good room ventilation, but he or she also believes in healthy outdoor exercise even in the coldest weather, during the school recess and both before and after school.

HOW CLARA CLEARED UP HER RED EYES



When eyes become bloodshot from crying, late hours, or exposure to sun, wind and dust, apply a few drops of *Murine*. It quickly clears up the unsightly redness—leaves eyes looking and feeling just fine! This time-tested lotion costs less than a penny an application and is sold by druggists everywhere. Write *Murine Co.*, 65 Front St. E., Toronto 2, for free book.

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EYES
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- ☐ How to Make Distinctive Becoming Hats
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Name..... (Please specify Miss or Mrs.)

Address.....



No. 238 — Brief flared sleeves are effective on this tailored looking summer frock. For midsummer heat another version is included in the pattern — sleeveless and with a low V-back, the back and front tying flippantly together on the shoulders. Sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19 years. Size 15 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 39 inch material.

No. 229 — Here is a frock that is attractive with or without its accompanying jacket. It may be very smartly carried out in three color-tones — white skirt blue and white striped bodice and blue jacket, for instance. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 34 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards for dress and jacket, 1 yard for bodice — 39 inch material.

Chatelaine Patterns, 15 cents

SEW IN THE SPRING TO WEAR IN THE SUMMER

These are Chatelaine Patterns. They may be obtained from stores in most cities, or direct from The Chatelaine Pattern Service, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. If your favorite dealer does not carry them in stock we would be glad to have you give us his name and address. When ordering Patterns name the number and size of the style desired.



Delightful Springtime UNDERTHINGS

The piquant Miss of 1934 will discover in Stanfield's NOVASILK Lingerie gorgeous bits of soft, form-moulding underthings that will surely add alluring charm to her new Spring ensemble. Ultra smart and light as gossamer, yet long wearing and beautifully washable, we commend NOVASILK vests and bloomers, brassieres and panties to the gay young epicures of Fashion—who know it

is not necessary to sacrifice serviceability to the season's chic and svelteness.



STANFIELD'S LIMITED, TRURO, N.S.

Painting Pictures With Flowers

(Continued from page 79)

plant the pure white liliun candidum and liliun regale with its white trumpet suffused inside with primrose yellow and outside shaded rose-purple, physostegia virginiana, a native plant with soft pink flowers in spikes, and the white boltonia asteroides. Choice delphinium raised from seed this fall will bloom at the same time as the lilies next year. In front of these come shasta daisy, phlox Jeanne d'Arc and Von Lassburg (all white). Black-eyed Susan and gaillardia (yellow), eryngium amethystinum (sea holly, metallic blue foliage and flowers), St. John's Wort (hypericum moserianum, charming waxy yellow), azure blue Stokesia cyanea and salvia azurea. Liliun elegans fulgens lift rich orange cups intensifying the glow of gaillardia. Gypsophila and statice latifolia spread their fernlike sprays of delicate white and lavender among the bolder blooms. Along the edge campanula carpatica swings its fairy bells of blue and white. A satisfying border this, all very cool, very airy, the graceful, long-stemmed flowers swaying in the languid summer air.

Late Summer Blooms

THE QUESTION of what to do when hollyhocks lose their beauty is answered by one ingenious gardener in this manner. Hollyhocks in wine and rose shades filled two corners of her rectangular formal garden, about a dozen in each planting. In the angles of the wall were trees, dogwood and red-bud (cercis canadensis); below them was planted buddleia (summer lilac). When the hollyhocks were finally cut down and the ground cleared of dead leaves, the buddleias were fertilized and watered, carefully staked and featured. In about ten days a new picture presented itself: the growth of Japanese anemone in front, new leaves at the roots of the hollyhocks, and the purple flames of the buddleias filled the two corners with luxuriant beauty.

An excellent August combination uses the tall lavender-blue sprays of statice latifolia (sea-lavender) as a background for phlox Rijnstroom of soft clear pink, and white shasta daisy. In front are clumps of the clear pink verberna beauty of Oxford. Contrasts of color and form are evident.

Statice also makes a perfect foil for the calendulas orange king and sulphur queen in the August garden, as well as a good companion for the spring-flowering scilla nutans which preceded the calendulas.

Combination for late summer bloom, as arranged from back to front: physostegia virginica rosea, phlox Europea, artemisia lactiflora, lavatera loveliness (annual grown from seed), ageratum (annual), campanula carpatica. Physostegia and artemisia also make a good group with the beautiful pale yellow evening primrose afterglow.

Autumn is the time to plant the hardy lilies. Among lavender and white phlox plant the orange lilies superbum and Henryi. Artemisia near by adds to the picture.

Autumn bloom. Plant bocconia cordata now and make a note to add dahlia autumn king and dahlia Mina Burgle with aster tartaricus, at the proper planting time next year, for late summer and autumn bloom.

Michaelmas daisy with the tall pale-blue salvia patens and the blue-lavender salvia farinacea, with clusters of pale pink stock, make a surprising September picture.

Aster novae angliae (New England aster) is the finest species of Michaelmas daisy for the large border, as the flowers have a large number of vivid-colored ray petals. Lil Fardell, deep rose, and Rycroft purple are two of the best varieties. They grow to five feet and bloom September and October.

Smartly Sophisticated



with



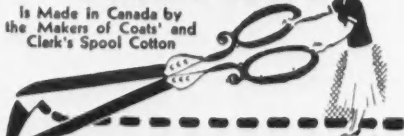
HAND CROCHET

Crocheted things are the vogue for dress trimmings. You can make them yourself, fashion them to alluring loveliness with J. & P. Coats' Mercer-Crochet—the evenly spun threads of lasting lustre—guaranteed color-fast. White, ecru, linen, black and popular pastel shades . . . Send coupon below for instructions on how to crochet these attractive dress accessories.

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FOUR WELL-DRESSED ECONOMIES

CHATELAINE PATTERNS

Price 15 cents

No. 1220 — A most unusual neckline gives piquancy to this frock, attractive in a soft, hairy wool, or a light weight tweed. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 34 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39 inch material.

No. 178 — Buttoned epaulettes are a smart military touch. This frock uses them in conjunction with a large bow, tied at the throat. Sizes 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches. Size 34 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 39 inch material.



198



1220



178



1225



No. 198 — A two-piece frock, the blouse of which may be worn, if preferred, tucked into the skirt. The pattern also provides for a scarf collar. Sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19 years. Size 17 requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39 inch material.

No. 1225 — An interesting new suit which features the knee-length coat. The frock is pleated front and back, and the neckline is finished with a smart up-standing collar. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 36 requires 5 yards of 54 inch material.



FOR AFTERNOONS AND EVENINGS



Chatelaine
Patterns

Price 15 cents



No. 1214 — Starched handkerchief linen or organdie on a heavy silk crêpe is suggested for this interesting new frock. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches. Size 34 requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 54 inch and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 35 inch material.

No. 1211 — The pattern includes both frock and wrap. The wrap lends itself delightfully to taffeta, and the frock to a plain or printed silk crêpe, with crisp taffeta ruffles. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 34 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 39 inch material for frock.

No. 222 — A graceful afternoon blouse designed for satin or silk crêpe. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches. Size 34 requires 2 yards of 39 inch material.



No. 1047 — This well fitting skirt comes in sizes 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 28 requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 54 inch material.



*Marriage is no
gambling matter*



**BETTER
FIND
OUT ...
BETTER BE SURE
ABOUT IT**



Foremost among women's intimate problems today is feminine hygiene. There has been a great deal of vague talk about it, but here we are putting it in language that is clear and direct.

First: the worry about poisons

No woman really wants to use a poisonous germicide on her body. Those who do take the risks of such a practice are living in a past age, for modern Science has discovered Zonite. This great antiseptic-germicide has provided comfort and safety for hundreds of thousands—probably millions—of women.

Zonite, as safe as pure water

No longer need women fear the touch of burning, poisonous germicides on sensitive tissues. Zonite removes all this fear as well as the fear of accidental poisoning. For Zonite is as safe as pure water.

Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of cresol or carbolic acid that can be safely used on the human body!

Besides the liquid Zonite (three sizes 30c, 60c, \$1.00), there is a newer form, Zonite Suppositories. These are \$1.00 a dozen. They are dainty, white, cone-like forms which provide a continuing antiseptic action. Some women prefer these and others the liquid. Some use both.

Write for "Facts for Women"

This is a plain, clear statement on the whole subject of feminine hygiene. It has been much discussed in women's circles. By sending for a copy you will get frank, authoritative data on this important phase of modern life.

Zonite Products Corporation, Ltd. CH-43
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Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.

- ☐ Facts for Women
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

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Chatelaine's Index of Advertisers

ONLY worthy products and services are accepted for introduction to Chatelaine homes through the advertising pages of Chatelaine. Readers, therefore, can buy the lines advertised in Chatelaine with confidence of satisfactory service. By insisting on trade-marked lines of known quality and value, Chatelaine readers avoid costly mistakes when buying for their homes.

Absorbine Jr.	52	Lambert Pharmacal Co.	1
Baker's Coconut	70	Larvex	73
Barber Ellis Co.	77	Lever Bros.:	
Bayer Aspirin	51	Lux	34
Benedict, F. L. Co.	68	Rinso	65
Blondex	44	Lewis Medicine Co.	44
Bon-Ami	24	Listerine	1
Borden Co. Ltd., The	58	Lux	34
Bovril Limited	72	Lysol (Canada) Limited	49
Boyle, A. S. & Co.	79	Magic Baking Powder	63
Bristol-Myers Co. Canada	3	Malcolm, Andrew Furn. Co.	74
Brownstone	54	Maybelline	44
Calay Soap	34	Midol	54
Campana's Italian Balm	40	Milqo Co. Limited	68
Campbell's Soup	23	Moffats Limited	61
Canada Starch Co.	68	Murine Eye Remedy	80
Canadian National Railways.....	80	Nestle Le Mur Co., The	50
Canadian Pacific Railway	76	Northam Warren Corporation:	
Canadian Spool Cotton, The ..	82	Glazo	42
Canadian Westinghouse Co.	77	Odorono	48
Castoria	57	Odorono, The Co. Inc.	48
Ceylon Tea Bureau, The...3rd Cover		Old English Floor Wax	79
Chalfonte-Haddon Hall	79	Ovaltine	55
Charm	80	Oxydol	75
Chase & Sanborn Tea	4	Palmer's Ltd.:	
Chesebrough Mfg. Co.	56	Maybelline	44
Chipso	6	Tangee	46
Chrysler Motor Co.	36	Palmolive Soap	39
Coats' and Clark's Spool Cotton ..	82	Paris Paté	68
Colgate Palmolive Peet Co.:		Pedodyne Co.	54
Colgate's Dental Cream	38	Pepsodent Antiseptic	50
Palmolive Soap	39	Pepsodent Tooth Paste	53
Colonial Sheets	32	Phillips' Milk of Magnesia	45
Congoleum Canada Ltd. ... 4th Cover		Pond's Extract Co. of Can. Ltd.	29
Corning Glass Works	76	Pontiac Motor Cars	33
Cover Mark	54	Potter Drug & Chemical Co.	52
Cream of Wheat Corp., The....	31	Procter & Gamble Co.:	
Crescent Mfg. Co.	64	Calay Soap	34
Cuticura Remedies	52	Chipso	6
Delnaps	44	Oxydol	75
Delong Hook & Eye Co.	44	Purity Salt	68
Diamond Dyes	79	Pyrex	76
Dominion Corset Co.	87	Resinol	44
Dominion Oilcloth & Linoleum ..		Rinso	65
Co. Ltd. 2nd Cover		Roman Meal	70
Dominion Salt Co.	68	Sani-Flush	80
Dominion Textile Co.	32	Shredded Wheat	77
Egg-O Baking Powder	68	Silvo	79
Excelsior, The Life Ins. Co.	53	S. O. S.	81
Fleischmann's Yeast	27	Squibb, E. R. & Sons of Canada: ..	
Fletcher's Castoria	57	Cod Liver Oil	56
Galt Chemical Co.	80	Adex Tablets	56
General Motors of Canada Ltd.: ..		Standard Brands Ltd.:	
Pontiac	33	Fleischmann's Yeast	27
Gillett's Lye	72	Gillett's Lye	72
Glazo	42	Magic Baking Powder	63
Gold Dust Corp.	48	Stanfield's Underwear	82
Goldman, Mary T.	46	Sterling Products:	
Goodyear Cushion Rugs	64	Bayer Aspirin	51
Guaranteed Products	44	Diamond Dyes	79
Heinz, H. J. Co.	66	Phillips' Milk of Magnesia	45
Hinds A. S. Co. (Canada) Ltd.	43	Three-in-One-Oil	72
Hosezene	48	Swift Canadian Co.	5
Hughes, E. Griffith & Co.	80	Tangee	46
Hurlbut Shoes	79	Tender Leaf Tea	4
Hygienic Products Co. Ltd.	80	Three-in-One-Oil	72
Ipana Tooth Paste	3	Tums	44
Italian Balm	40	2 in 1 Shoe Polish	48
Jackson's Dr., Roman Meal	70	Vaseline	56
Jergen's, The Andrew Company..	41	Vicks VapoRub	46
Johnston, S. C. & Son Ltd.	74	Vitone	68
Kellogg's Corn Flakes	69	Wander Ltd., A.	55
Kenton Pharmacal Co.	54	Women's Institute	80
Kirby Beard & Co. Ltd.	54	Woodbury's Facial Powder	41
Knox Gelatine	71	Wragge Shoe Co. Ltd.	56
Kotex	47	Young, W. F. & Co.	52
Kruschen Salts	80	Zonite	87

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Secret is in the Sliding Back*



With a
NuBack
TELESCOPIC
You Can

at last be certain of your appearance at all times in the most daintiest of dresses. No more embarrassing ridges at the back or unsightly bulges at the hips.

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WILL NOT RIDE UP

A SPRING MISCELLANY OF CHATELAINE STYLES

Price 15 cents



214

No. 214 — "Toppers" are a new spring inspiration. They slip cleverly over one's not-so-new frock and completely transform its appearance. This pattern includes three styles. They may be carried out in plaid or plain woollen weaves, rough silk crêpe, velvet, crêpe satin, or wool crêpe. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches.

No. 1241 — A jumper frock with contrasting jacket and matching revers. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards for frock, 1 yard for jacket, and 1 yard for blouse — all 39 inch material.



1245

1243

1241

1244



No. 1245 — A dainty sprigged cotton with a plain square yoke. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 6 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39 inch, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 35 inch (dark), and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 18 inch (light) material.

No. 1243 — Fine pleating in front, and a deep inverted pleat at the back of this attractive little frock. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39 inch material.

No. 1244 — A deep frilled collar is a charming touch on this little pleated frock. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 2 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39 inch material and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 32 inch material.



These are Chatelaine Patterns. They may be obtained from stores in most cities, or direct from The Chatelaine Pattern Service, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. If your favorite dealer does not carry them in stock we would be glad to have you give us his name and address. When ordering Patterns name the number and size of the style desired.



"THE ICE BREAKER AT LEVIS," painted by Robert Pilot, A.R.C.A., and property of The Ceylon Tea Bureau.

At the Journey's End... there is nothing so refreshing as a cup of

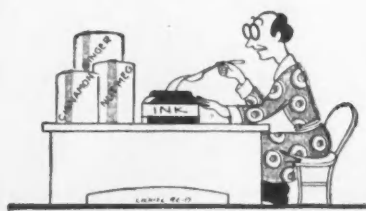
GOOD tea, for in its kindly depths is the very spirit of welcome and home. With meals or between meals; as a social rite or homely hospitable gesture; or in solitude for your own enjoyment . . . anytime is tea time with GOOD tea, the most economical as well as the most beneficial of all beverages. For you always get more out of GOOD tea . . . more cups, more energy, more flavour, more refreshment. Choose any one of the leading packaged brands: their consistent high quality is maintained by tea experts. Everyone can afford and can enjoy GOOD packaged small-leaf tea, Empire-grown for the Empire's homes.



T H E C E Y L O N T E A B U R E A U

• THE LAST WORD •

Our Readers Have It.



Amused

NO WORDS can express the pleasure and help I've derived from your magazine. I have faithfully kept all the recipes and made a very large "cook book" of them in the two years I have had it. I was greatly amused at the comments of Mrs. C. S. I., of Galt, anent the "raw stuff" printed in *Chatelaine*, and in the slang of the day I am sure she referred to two other magazines because I, too, think some of your stories could stand a little more spice.—(Mrs.) R. M. F., Winnipeg.

Loneliness

IS THERE no way, dear *Chatelaine*, of forming a union of stranger wives in big cities? A group for them to join until they at least make some friends and find their own level? This is surely as much an act of kindness as Canadianizing foreigners. My husband and I are, by nature, friendly people, yet when we came here we knew long months of utter loneliness. The clergy and their wives knew their duty. As soon as my husband presented his letters of introduction they enquired our place of abode and called—they and their representative. But that was the end of it. One call and that's all.

I telephoned a few people whom I had known back home and they cheerfully wrote down my address; and that was all. I encountered a friend of the family who is prominent in all organization work. She and my mother had worked on the same committees for years. One day at a meeting—for in the beginning I went to the clubs, organizations and societies to which I had belonged in the East—I told her who I was. "How nice that you are settled here!" she said. "We are always so glad to have young people come to our meetings. You've been here some weeks? Well, well, I must look you up. You live near me, so I'll see you soon." That was eight months ago. Eight long, lonely, nerve-racking, homesick months.

My husband has his work. We have each other. We go to the movies when we can afford it, and otherwise stay home and read. I know there must be other young wives away from home, suffering similarly and I could not reach them. I would have given much to have had someone to walk and talk with, to compare sewing and cooking ideas or other things that make life interesting.

You self-centred women, serene in your circle of friends, why not think sometimes about the strange young brides in your communities?—(Mrs.) E. A. J., Calgary.

Favorite

I CAN truthfully say that *Chatelaine* is my favorite magazine, and I regularly read six of the best quality. I can't help comparing "A Wonderful Bird is the Pelican" and "Appearances Aren't Deceiving" in your February issue. Both seem rather typical of

those published in outside magazines. I liked the first immensely. There was real substance to the story, yet it was highly diverting. The other I thought was common and flat, excusable in some magazines, but I usually expect, and get, something better in *Chatelaine*. Your mystery serial is very compelling and I turn to it first, which is unusual, as I generally read the shorts first.—(Mrs.) M. McK., B. C.

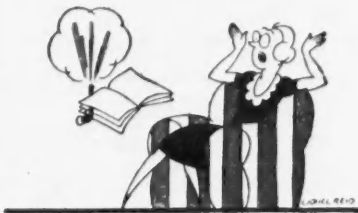


Invaluable

I SUPPOSE you've had a number of letters from loyal and indignant readers about the unjust and foolish letter complaining of the "raw stuff" printed in *Chatelaine*. She only took a real exception to one story, and to condemn the magazine for it, is like throwing away eleven good eggs when you find the first one is bad. As a busy mother of small children I find *Chatelaine* invaluable in many ways. To many Canadian housewives it is more than a magazine of diverting short stories. There is so much to help me lighten my work and brighten my life.—B. C. Subscriber.

Wicked

WHY DO you publish such a story as "The Mystery of the Surgeon's House"? It may be written by a Canadian but it is very American in its free use of guns and crime. You cannot go to a movie or read a novel without a gun in it, and that is what is wrong with the folks today. We Canadians don't want to read such wicked things. We all try so hard to live up to the most wonderful Book in the world and it's awful for writers to write such wicked thoughts. Give us real good thoughts and real good folks. Something to admire.—F. E. H., Windsor.



Disappointed

I AM sorry to see you introducing such a slangy feature into your well-edited magazine as "Fashion Shorts." Is it supposed to be entertaining to have reports of the new

mode presented in such a fashion? It seems to represent the whole spirit of the modern age—flippant, careless, shallow.—A. E. K., Montreal.

Self-reliance

WILL YOU tell this to the writer of "An Open Letter to the Premier" and all who feel like her? She says in it, "Dear Lord, give us a chance. . . ." God is always giving us chances but we do not believe it. By our thoughts and words we make our life. If you feel that you must rely on the Premier or any other human officials for your help, you will not get far. Do not waste your time blaming any government officials. In your mind bless them and forget them. (Mrs.) E. H., West Vancouver.

Nice

MAY I congratulate *Chatelaine* on the very high standard it has attained? I have been a reader for many years and have watched its progress with an ever-increasing pride. At last we have something to wave in the face, of those unthinking, vexing persons who consider a magazine not worth their attention because it "is a Canadian publication."—(Mrs.) E. D., Edmonton.



Proved

I HAPPEN to be a baking chemist whose daily work is in part the developing, compounding and publishing of cake recipes. Your recipes are regularly tested in my laboratory and have always proved of unusual excellence. You are to be commended for the general quality, usefulness and sound compounding and economy of the recipes your Institute issues month by month.—A. E. C., Toronto.

S. O. S.

THROUGH YOUR very interesting "Last Word" page I wonder if you would ask another club if they would help us with our problem? We have an Arts and Letters Club in a western community and in the past years have studied a miscellaneous programme touching on various phases of general interest, such as literature, child psychology, interior decoration, immigration, etc. Some members have suggested that it would be an excellent idea to develop a consistent course of study for next season's

meetings, so that at the end of the year we would have a thorough grasp of it. Have any other clubs tried this plan? Would they help us with advice?—A Western Club-woman.

Come-back

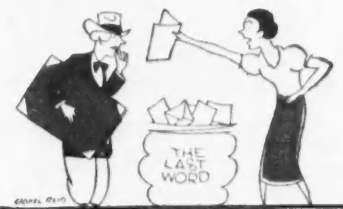
I FEEL impelled to tell you how much we like the opportunity to say what we think in your new "Last Word" page. It is nice to feel that if one wants a "come-back" there is every opportunity for expressing it. Yet how indignant one feels when another reader dislikes a feature we found particularly interesting. It must be bewildering for an editor, for I suppose you like everything you publish; else you would not buy it. For myself I thoroughly enjoy *Chatelaine*. I like its breezy, friendly spirit. And you hear it talked about everywhere these days.—P. E. M., Ontario.

Which?

I ALWAYS feel when I finish *Chatelaine* and put it down, as I feel when I see a train pull out bearing a friend—a sort of an empty, lonely feeling—sorry that it didn't last longer. I wish the next issue was coming next week, not next month. Three cheers for the March issue. I received it at noon, by ten o'clock the same evening I was looking through it carefully for the third time to see if I'd missed anything—even in the advertisements! My only criticism is that I didn't care for the artist, Parker, either inside or out. But I dare say that is because of some lack in my education rather than his. "The Mystery of the Surgeon's House" is getting more interesting than ever. The characters are so real, with the main ones so likeable. I always think mystery story characters are cold, but they are not in this story.—M. M., British Columbia.

Problems

WILL YOU please give us parents more articles like "John and Jane." First of all the illustrations were so real—I imagine every mother saw her son and daughter in one of the poses. How maddening the youngsters can be when they quarrel! But this article had a definitely constructive idea in it—a plan which other parents can follow. I felt that it had really worked with the writer of the article and that it had every chance of working in other homes, too. Why not offer prizes for the best solutions of problems in family life? There are so many that are the same everywhere—and it is very puzzling sometimes for young parents to know just which is the best course to take.—L. A. J., Ottawa.



Exception

ALL YOUR magazine is most interesting and I enjoy every bit of it—unless it is some of the horrible pictures that are supposed to go along with some of the stories.—M. A., Calgary.

Starring Hollywood Fashions ...

The photographs of the new styles as featured by Hollywood and shown on pages 12 and 13 of this issue are shown through the courtesy of Warner Bros., Paramount, and Metro-Goldwyn-Meyer.

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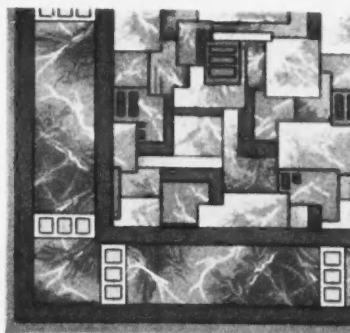
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